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THE GERMAN APOCALYPSE. (Fourteenth Century.)

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R. Garnett.

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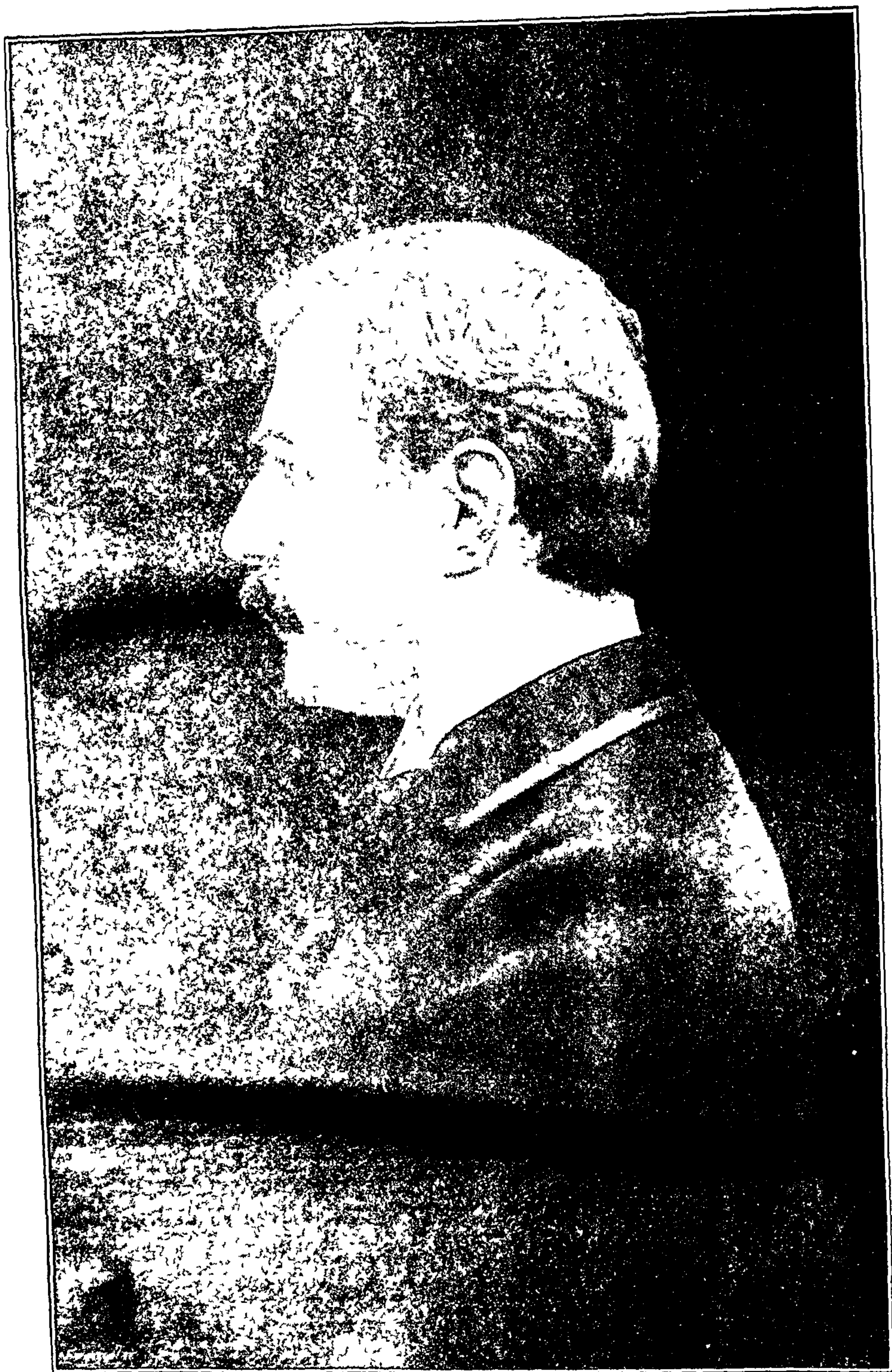
"THE CRITICAL ESSAY IN FRANCE"

WRITTEN FOR

"THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE"

BY

PAUL BOURGET
Paris
Author of "Essais de Psychologique Contemporaine," &c, &c.



PAUL BOURGET, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

L'ESSAI CRITIQUE EN FRANCE

PAR PAUL BOURGET

IL semble bien qu'il y ait, entre ces véritables espèces intellectuelles que l'instinct de la vieille rhétorique a fort heureusement appelées les Genres Littéraires, une lutte pour la vie, de tous points analogue à celle que soutiennent entre elles les espèces animales. Certains de ces genres, après avoir occupé tout le champ de la pensée contemporaine et manifesté leur énergie par la création d'œuvres très nombreuses, s'anémient, s'appauvrissent, végètent, meurent. Ç'a été l'histoire du Poème épique, c'est aujourd'hui l'histoire de la Tragédie en France, du Drame en Angleterre. Au dix-septième siècle, et dans la première moitié du dix-huitième, Rotrou, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire coup sur coup, et autour d'eux une légion d'imitateurs inférieurs, attestent la vitalité d'un genre qui peut bien, au dix-neuvième siècle, produire encore, à intervalles éloignés, un spécimen remarquable, mais c'est là une exception presqu'archaïque. Comparez de même la production dramatique actuelle d'Outre-Manche à celle de la période Elisabéthéenne. Inversement, d'autres genres dont la force créatrice paraissait grêle, atténuée et pauvre, durant les époques précédentes, se développent dans la nôtre avec une vigueur, une richesse, une amplitude inconnues. Ainsi la Poésie Lyrique durant la première moitié du siècle, ainsi de nos jours encore le Roman; et ce que j'appellerai, faute d'un terme plus exact, l'Essai critique. Cette ressemblance entre l'évolution des espèces littéraires et des espèces animales paraît démontrer que la nature emploie les mêmes procédés dans l'univers moral et dans l'univers physique. C'est, entre

parenthèses, une preuve de plus à l'appui du grand principe de l'unité de composition si fortement défendu par Goethe, et où se résume toute la philosophie naturelle d'aujourd'hui.

Je voudrais prendre prétexte d'une des formes littéraires que je viens de mentionner, l'Essai critique, et de son histoire en France depuis ces cent ans, pour dégager quelques-uns des caractères dont s'accompagne une évolution de cet ordre. Peut-être ces caractères sont-ils d'autant plus visibles ici que cette évolution a été plus rapide. Certes, entre un beau roman du dix-huitième siècle, tel que *Gil-Blas* ou *Manon Lescaut*, et un beau roman de notre époque, tel que *Madame Bovary* ou *L'Assommoir*, la distance est énorme Elle est moindre pourtant que d'une page de La Harpe ou de Geoffroy, même de Villemain, à une page de Taine ou de M. Jules Lemaître. Dans le premier cas, vous constatez un simple développement Dans le second, c'est le principe même du genre qui a changé. Pour les écrivains d'il y a cent ans, la critique consistait essentiellement, comme l'indique l'étymologie (κρίνω, je juge, je distingue) dans l'acte de *juger en discernant*. Ils admettaient qu'il existe un code absolu de l'œuvre littéraire, des règles strictes, un canon idéal. Critiquer, pour eux, c'était comparer cette œuvre littéraire à ce canon, marquer les points où elle s'était conformée à ces règles, ceux où elle les avait transgressées, et conclure, en vertu d'un code immuable, par un arrêt motivé. S'ils n'invoquaient plus, comme au moyen-âge, l'autorité sans appel d'Aristote, ils considéraient pourtant comme possible de formuler des lois fixes du Beau. Surtout, ils estimaient que les chefs-d'œuvre légués par les maîtres de l'antiquité et de l'âge classique représentaient des types achevés auxquels il convenait de rapporter toute création nouvelle pour en mesurer la valeur. Ils reconnaissaient,—et sur ce point leur observation était très exacte,—que l'habitude de tels rapprochements développe en nous un sens spécial, *le Goût*, et cette faculté de discerner le bon du mauvais était, à leurs yeux, le don critique par excellence. L'essai de l'Abbé Morellet sur l' *Atala* de Chateaubriand, qui se trouve reproduit d'habitude dans les éditions séparées de ce petit roman, peut être

regardé comme un exemplaire achevé de cette Critique qu'il ne faut pas mépriser. Elle était judicieuse, mesurée, souvent efficace. L'influence excellente de Boileau, un de ses représentants les plus convaincus, en est un témoignage.

La révolution de 1789 éclata, puis l'Empire. Les grandes guerres de ces vingt cinq années eurent cet effet inattendu de mêler singulièrement les nations les unes aux autres. Pour nous borner toujours à la France, ces bouleversements sociaux, en précipitant hors de leur pays un Chateaubriand, une Madame de Stael, un Paul-Louis-Courier, un Benjamin Constant, et combien d'autres, leur apprirent qu'il existait une Europe. Il ne se contentèrent pas de lire dans le texte Shakespeare, Dante et Goethe, comme aurait fait en 1780 un jeune Français curieux, qui aurait su les langues. Ils les lurent sur place, dans leurs pays d'origine, et ils sentirent l'intime lien qui rattachait ces chefs-d'œuvre de littérature aux mœurs, au ciel, à l'âme enfin de l'Angleterre, de l'Italie, de l'Allemagne. Ils démêlèrent, les uns confusément, les autres plus nettement, deux vérités que leurs prédécesseurs ne soupçonnaient pas : la première qu'il y a dans toute création d'art autre chose qu'un effort d'esthétique, qu'elle constitue une nécessaire et presqu'inconsciente manifestation de tous ces éléments dont est fait le génie national : qualités de la race, moment de l'histoire, influence du climat ;—la seconde qu'il existe beaucoup de types de beauté différents, sinon contradictoires, et que le goût n'a aucunement ce caractère fixe dont les Poétiques et les Rhétoriques de l'âge classique faisaient un dogme. De telles découvertes, ainsi résumées, paraissent très simples. Elles comportent un déplacement de point de vue qui, dans l'ordre intellectuel, équivaut à ce qu'est un changement total d'atmosphère dans l'ordre physique. Ce sont des modifications radicales de milieu auxquelles correspondent des modifications radicales pour les organismes placés dans ce milieu. On en saisit ici un exemple très net.

La conséquence immédiate de cet agrandissement de l'imagination française fut ce mouvement, confus jusqu'à l'incohérence, qui s'est appelé le Romantisme. Nous y reconnaissons aujourd'hui la mise en jeu de plusieurs forces très distinctes : par exemple, le sur-

saut d'éveil de la sensibilité plébéienne dans la démocratie commençante, la mélancolie passionnée et le désordre d'un âge de crise religieuse et politique, le déséquilibre produit par le prestige de la prodigieuse personnalité de Napoléon. Surtout,—et c'est assurément la plus inattendue des constatations, celle qui eût le plus étonné les Jeune-France en gilet rouge de la première d'*Hernani*,—nous y apercevons un premier effort de la Critique moderne pour se développer et pour grandir. Nous distinguons en effet parmi les hommes qui prirent part à ce mouvement révolutionnaire les deux écrivains qui représentent encore aujourd'hui l'esprit critique, tel que nous l'entendons d'une manière déjà presque complète· l'un est Stendhal, d'où est issu Taine; l'autre Sainte-Beuve, dont nous sommes tous plus ou moins sortis,—Sainte-Beuve, qui reste avec Balzac la plus puissante influence intellectuelle et la plus féconde du dix-neuvième siècle français.

Stendhal est célèbre aujourd'hui par ses romans. Mais il suffit de consulter la bibliographie de ses ouvrages pour constater que le genre romanesque ne fut chez lui que l'aboutissement suprême de sa pensée, une application particulière d'une méthode et d'un tour d'esprit qui avaient commencé par multiplier les tentatives d'un autre ordre Soldat de Napoléon à dix-huit ans, puis commissaire des guerres et traversant l'Europe avec la Grande Armée, enfin, après la chute de l'Empire, voyageur cosmopolite et tour à tour installé en Italie, à Paris, en Angleterre, il n'avait pas cessé, durant toute sa jeunesse et sa maturité, de poursuivre l'étude qu'il déclarait lui-même avoir été le suprême intérêt de sa vie: "l'analyse des passions du cœur humain et l'expression de ces passions par les arts et la littérature."—Ce sont les propres termes dont il se sert Ils enveloppent cette conception nouvelle de la critique qui, plus tard, précisée par Taine, en a fait une branche de la psychologie. Mesurons la portée de cette formule. Si la principale qualité de l'artiste littéraire: poète, romancier, dramaturge, est de copier la nature humaine dans sa vérité, et, comme disait Stendhal, de "faire ressemblant," son œuvre ne peut plus être jugée d'après ce type unique, et à la mesure de ce canon idéal que proclamait l'ancienne critique. Entre la littérature du Nord et celle du Midi, par

exemple, il doit se rencontrer des différences,—irréductibles puisqu'elles se proposent de reproduire deux sortes de natures humaines irréductibles l'une à l'autre,—et légitimes, puisque ces natures humaines sont également légitimes aussi. La poésie de Shakespeare ne peut pas, ne *doit* pas être pareille à celle de Dante, car celui-ci copie une sensibilité Italienne et celui-là une sensibilité Anglaise L'un écrit pour des Latins qui vivent sous un climat de claire lumière, l'autre pour des Saxons et des Normands, prisonniers d'un ciel de brumes et d'une île où le printemps même a des frissons d'hiver. Ce sont là deux formes d'art, contradictoires mais nécessaires, et, s'il en est ainsi, le rôle du Critique ne consiste pas à condamner l'une au nom de l'autre, ou toutes les deux au nom d'une troisième. Il consiste à les comprendre et non plus à les juger.

C'est l'idée-maîtresse qui circule, appliquée à la littérature, à la musique, à la peinture, d'un bout à l'autre des nombreux ouvrages où la vive intelligence de Stendhal s'est dépensée et qui s'appellent: *Racine et Shakespeare*, *Histoire de la peinture en Italie*, *Mémoires d'un Touriste*, *les Promenades dans Rome*, *Vie de Rossini*.—Je cite au hasard.—Il se dégage de ces livres, même aujourd'hui, un pouvoir d'excitation intellectuelle très remarquable. Il ont gardé ce qui fut la magie de la causerie de leur auteur, ce don d'ébranler, de suggestionner la pensée. Ces livres, pourtant, ne sont encore que des ébauches. L'esprit critique tel que nous le définissons aujourd'hui, les soutient, les anime, sans arriver à cette forme qu'il a trouvée pour la première fois dans les *Portraits*, le *Port-Royal* et les *Lundis* de Sainte-Beuve. Cette insuffisance de Stendhal ne tient pas seulement à ce qu'il était un précurseur, un inventeur, et, à ce titre, condamné au tâtonnement. Elle tient surtout à ce qu'il était, à un degré supérieur, un imaginatif et un passionné plus encore qu'un analyste. Cette complexité de sa nature devait l'amener à se formuler plus complètement dans des œuvres comme *Le Rouge et le Noir* et comme *La Chartreuse de Parme*, romans d'un ordre unique, combinaison singulière de son merveilleux esprit critique et de ses autres facultés. Il peut être considéré, à ce point de vue, comme ayant donné un modèle saisissant du renouvellement d'un genre par l'application à ce genre des méthodes d'un autre

genre. Mais dans le domaine qui nous intéresse, il n'a laissé que des ébauches.

Chez Sainte-Beuve, l'imaginatif et le passionné existaient certes, et très vivaces. *Joseph Delorme*, les *Consolations* et *Volupté* en témoignent éloquemment. Mais la curiosité analytique dominait tout. Il était souverainement intelligent, et son plus grand plaisir était de comprendre, au lieu que pour Stendhal, emporté par l'ardeur de la personnalité la plus indomptable, le plus grand plaisir était de sentir. En outre Sainte-Beuve avait, tout jeune, fait des études de médecine. Il avait été physiologiste avant d'être poète et romancier, et les trois avant d'aborder définitivement l'Essai Critique. Non seulement il reconnut, avec ses amis du romantisme ce que j'indiquais tout à l'heure, cette variabilité légitime du type de l'œuvre d'art, suivant le pays, le moment de l'histoire, la différence du climat et de la race, mais il aperçut, avec un coup d'œil où se retrouve le médecin, ce qu'il faut bien appeler les racines animales de cette œuvre d'art. Tandis que l'ancienne critique considérait un livre comme une chose faite, à examiner en soi et pour soi, Sainte-Beuve se dit que pour comprendre un livre, il fallait le considérer comme une chose en train de se faire et l'examiner dans ses conditions de naissance et d'accomplissement. Derrière la page écrite, il voulut voir la main qui l'avait écrite, le corps auquel tenait cette main, l'âge et les habitudes de ce corps, l'homme en un mot, l'individu qui respirait, qui se mouvait, qui vivait et dont ce poème, ce drame, ce roman, demeurent des gestes fixés. Pour pénétrer de la sorte un individu, il faut se le représenter par le dedans et par le dehors, c'est à dire, reconstituer d'une part sa psychologie et sa physiologie, d'autre part son milieu social : sa famille, sa classe, les idées de son époque,—et voilà l'Essai Critique devenu une peinture de mœurs, et la plus riche, la plus significative. Là non plus, il n'y a guère de place pour le jugement. On a souvent reproché à Sainte-Beuve le caractère ondoyant de ses opinions. Lui-même n'a jamais eu aucune prétention dogmatique. Sur un même écrivain, il a des retouches de plume toutes voisines d'être des contradictions. S'expliquant sur ce point, il a défini sa manière d'entendre la critique : " une histoire naturelle des

esprits." L'esthéticien chez lui s'abîme de plus en plus dans le botaniste moral, et, du même coup l'Essai Critique prend une amplitude qui l'égale aux formes d'art les plus hautes. Dans les quarante volumes des *Lundis* vous trouverez traitées tour à tour, avec une opulence et une sûreté d'information qui tiennent du prodige, comme avec une souplesse d'intelligence à laquelle aucune curiosité ne reste étrangère, des problèmes de religion et de philosophie, des questions d'histoire militaire, et d'histoire politique, de diplomatie et d'exégèse. A propos d'un volume de Thiers sur Napoléon, il vient de vous tracer un portrait lyrique du premier Consul législateur, et la *Fanny* de Feydeau lui sert de prétexte à une monographie de la jalousie Tout à l'heure, il descendàit avec Pascal et les solitaires de Port-Royal jusqu'au plus profond de la scrupuleuse âme Janséniste, le voici qui vous parle de Goethe et de son équilibre mental, de son ataraxie païenne, avec une complaisance admirative. Il vient de graver à l'eau-forte le dur profil de l'auteur des *Commentaires*, de l'héroïque et impitoyable Montluc, et il vous crayonne un délicieux pastel d'une amoureuse du dix-huitième siècle. C'est vraiment l'homme aux mille âmes, comme on a dit de Shakespeare, et, ainsi conçue, la critique tourne tout naturellement à l'évocation, à la vision,—osons le mot, à la poésie.

C'est bien ainsi que l'ont comprise les successeurs de Sainte-Beuve parmi lesquels,—car ils sont légion,—je citerai seulement comme les plus connus et aussi comme les plus distingués, M. Ernest Renan dans la génération précédente, et, dans la contemporaine, MM Jules Lemaître et Anatole France. Il ne faut pas s'y tromper, malgré des différences considérables d'éducation et de tempérament, de sujets d'étude et de manière, l'auteur de la *Vie de Jésus* relève en effet directement de l'auteur des *Lundis* C'est d'abord et surtout un grand critique et pour qui le plaisir suprême est de se représenter des individualités très différentes de la sienne Il a même fait de la souplesse intellectuelle une dialectique constante, une doctrine qu'il a pratiquée d'une façon systématique dans les moindres morceaux sortis de sa plume, aussi bien que dans le long ouvrage sur les *Origines du Christianisme* qui fut le monument de son âge mûr Héritier d'une race religieuse et privé de la foi, ayant

gardé un appétit non satisfait d'émotion mystique, et souffrant d'une contradiction intime entre ce besoin et son intelligence, la critique, telle que l'avait enseignée Sainte-Beuve, lui servit de compromis entre les antithèses de sa nature Appliquant sa faculté de comprendre aux périodes et aux personnes en qui l'ardeur de la foi avait été le plus complète, il s'efforça de vivre ces périodes par la pensée, d'être ces personnes par une sympathie à la fois enthousiaste et lucide, complaisante et désabusée. Vous trouverez dans les essais de M. Jules Lemaître et de M Anatole France le continuel usage d'une méthode analogue, employée à s'assimiler des imaginations et des sensibilités étrangères à la leur. Si nous prenons l'œuvre de ces deux derniers comme le terme d'une évolution dont le point de départ initial aurait été posé par Sainte-Beuve, dont l'étape intermédiaire serait marquée par M. Renan, nous pouvons suivre avec une extrême netteté la courbe de développement du genre lui-même. Avec Sainte-Beuve, l'Essai Critique a déjà cessé de juger, avec M Renan il va jusqu'à cesser de conclure, avec MM. France et Lemaître, il tend de plus en plus vers ce que celui-ci appelle lui-même "un impressionnisme." Pour ces deux perspicaces écrivains, critiquer un livre, c'est noter les idées que ce livre éveille en eux. Ce travail est, comme on voit, très voisin de celui de l'artiste devant la vie, et cette analogie explique pourquoi ceux qui s'y sont complu passent tout naturellement de leur besogne d'essayistes et avec un rare bonheur, à une besogne de dramaturges ou de romanciers. *L'Eau de Jouvence, le Prêtre de Nemi, Caliban,* ces tentatives des dernières années de M. Renan n'ont pas d'autre cause, non plus que les comédies et les contes de M. Lemaître, que les romans et les fantaisies de M. France. A regarder de près toutes ces œuvres, vous verrez que leurs auteurs sont bien demeurés logiques dans ce qui paraît une volte-face de leur talent. C'en est simplement une application nouvelle. Il y a, dans leur art de conter ou de dialoguer, exactement le même tour d'intelligence que dans leurs essais, et leur exemple peut servir à vérifier d'une façon très évidente une des lois qui régissent le développement des genres. Lorsqu'une certaine espèce littéraire est en train de grandir, elle s'efforce de s'emparer des intelligences les meilleures d'une

époque, et, ce faisant, elle s'amplifie finalement jusqu'à presque se dénaturer, tant elle absorbe en elle d'éléments divers. C'est ainsi que le poème épique avec Dante s'enfle et se surcharge de théologie et de philosophie scolastique; que le drame avec Shakespeare se subtilise et se complique jusqu'à mettre en scène un Hamlet et un Prospero, un métaphysicien et un alchimiste, les deux héros les moins dramatiques qui aient jamais été, que le roman avec Balzac emporte et roule dans son intrigue des théories sur la politique (le *Curé de Village*), sur la Banque (*la Maison Nucingen*), sur la mystique (*Louis Lambert, Seraphita*), sur la musique (*Massimilla Doni*), sur la chimie (*la Recherche de l'absolu*) La Critique est en train de faire aujourd'hui de même, et c'est la preuve qu'elle est à l'heure présente une des formes d'art nécessaires, une des plus complètement adaptées à l'homme moderne et aux exigences de sa culture. Nous voulons comprendre, même en sentant, même en agissant, même en rêvant. Cela fait un roman, un théâtre, une poésie absolument neuves et que des critiques seuls peuvent exécuter.

Tandis que l'Essai Critique, avec ces trois beaux talents et d'autres de la même ligne allait se développant dans le sens de l'art, par un mouvement parallèle à celui qui aboutit en Angleterre aux pages d'un Ruskin, d'un Mathew Arnold, d'un Walter Pater, d'un Henry James,—un autre mouvement s'instituait, dont M. Taine fut le chef, qui essayait de donner à la critique toute la rigueur, toute la précision de la Science. Cette seconde école, je l'ai déjà dit, relève de Stendhal plus que de Sainte-Beuve A maintes reprises, et notamment dans la préface de son *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise,* Taine s'est réclamé de cette filiation. Il a pris en effet à Stendhal quelques-unes de ses idées favorites, et aussi le goût de ce que Beyle appelait le trait, le détail concret et significatif, du petit fait indiscutable, de l'anecdote exacte et topique. Mais il y a ajouté ses dons personnels, et d'abord une puissance de construction logique comparable à celle d'un Hegel ou d'un Spinoza. Cette faculté de lier les idées comme un architecte lie les pierres d'un édifice, de telle manière qu'elles se soutiennent les unes les autres et qu'une imbrisable unité fasse de

leur ensemble un miracle de cohésion—aucun de nos contemporains ne l'a possédée comme Taine. *La Littérature Anglaise* n'est qu'un théorème en cinq volumes, *les Origines de la France Contemporaine* un autre théorème en six volumes. Un tel procédé est évidemment très inférieur aux ondoyantes contradictions de Sainte-Beuve quand il s'agit de reproduire les sinuosités et les détours d'une physionomie vivante. Il est admirable pour dégager dans une époque, dans un homme, dans un ouvrage, les nécessités cachées, l'appareil des profondes causes génératrices sous le chatoiement des phénomènes, enfin pour faire toucher au doigt la chaîne qui rattache l'accident,—ce livre, cette page, ce vers,—aux vastes influences de milieu, de moment, de race, antérieures à la fois et intérieures à l'écrivain. Ajoutez à cela que chez Taine l'érudition de côté était immense, qu'il avait étudié, avec une égale conscience, la métaphysique et les langues, l'histoire et les littératures, l'anatomie comparée et les mathématiques, la physique et l'esthétique, la géologie et la peinture. Toutes ces connaissances ont passé dans sa critique, qui s'est trouvée ainsi unir, à la hardiesse de la généralisation la plus large, la plus variée et la plus scrupuleuse des documentations. A t'il réussi, avec un outillage aussi exceptionnel, à réaliser ce qui fut l'ambition de sa haute intelligence, et à créer une psychologie artistique, scientifiquement rigoureuse et indiscutable? A coup sûr il a donné des analyses littéraires d'une pénétration et d'une portée que l'on ne soupçonnait pas avant lui. Il a eu, sur les conditions de naissance, d'efflorescence et de décadence de ces phénomènes mystérieux: le génie et le talent, des vues qui, aujourd'hui encore, nous dominent tous. Ses théories ont eu assez de vertu créatrice pour susciter des ouvrages d'imagination de la valeur de ceux de M. Emile Zola, à la base desquels elles se retrouvent tout entières. Elles l'ont suscité lui-même à des travaux d'un ordre plus large. De même que l'Essai critique tel que l'avait compris Sainte-Beuve devait s'agrandir jusqu'à se confondre avec la poésie, le roman et la théâtre, il devait, compris à la façon de Taine, déborder de la psychologie particulière dans la psychologie générale et dans la sociologie; et c'est ainsi que l'auteur de *La Littérature Anglaise* a

été conduit à composer d'une part un traité de *l'Intelligence*, de l'autre à écrire cette étude sur les *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, qui restera comme le plus grand livre de cette seconde moitié du dix-neuvième siècle. Encore ici, à force de se développer, le genre s'est agrandi jusqu'à presque se dénaturer par l'absorption d'autres genres qu'il a rajeunis en s'y confondant.

Ces courtes notes, n'ayant pas la prétention d'être complètes, ont dû omettre bien des noms. Il serait très injuste, par exemple, de ne pas rappeler à propos des rapports de la Critique avec l'Art les profondes études de M. de Vogué sur l'Orient et la Russie;—à propos des rapports de la Critique avec la Science les travaux de M. Brunetière sur l'évolution des genres;—et à propos des rapports de la Critique avec la Sociologie les remarquables essais de M. Faguet On devrait aussi, pour marquer la vitalité des conceptions nouvelles que se firent de la critique un Stendhal, un Sainte-Beuve, un Taine, montrer que même les partisans de l'ancienne critique ont peu à peu admis les principales théories de ces grands adversaires. On constaterait de la sorte que les portions valables d'un Gustave Planche, par exemple, sont celles où il a doublé son habituel dogmatisme de psychologie passionnelle,—ainsi le célèbre article sur *Adolphe*;—que pareillement, les meilleurs morceaux d'un Nisard ou d'un Saint Marc Girardin sont ceux où l'analyse littéraire se transforme en analyse morale Il faudrait indiquer comment l'Essai Critique s'est trouvé assez souple pour subir une opération inverse de celle que nous avons signalée, c'est à dire pour apparaître comme le moyen d'expression à des intelligences habituées à d'autres études et auxquelles ces études ne suffisaient plus Tel fut le cas de cet incomplet, mais intéressant Edmond Schérer. Tel aussi le cas d'Alexandre Dumas dont les fameuses préfaces ne sont que des Essais de la plus originale saveur. Ces manières si diverses de comprendre et de traiter l'Essai Critique, fourniraient à l'histoire de la littérature Française une occasion de passer en revue tous les talents et tous les génies de ce siècle Balzac n'a t'il pas lui aussi fait œuvre de critique dans sa *Revue Parisienne*, Lamartine dans son *Cours de Littérature*, Hugo dans son *William Shakespeare*,

M. Emile Zola dans ses éloquentes polémiques? Mentionner simplement cette multiplicité de productions, c'est achever de corroborer la vérité d'ordre général qui a servi de point de départ à ces brèves réflexions,—à savoir que, pour une espèce littéraire, se développer, c'est faire la conquête d'un très grand nombre d'esprits, s'enrichir de tout ce que perdent les formes en décadence, et devenir une des deux ou trois expressions nécessaires des plus profondes tendances de l'époque Ç'a été le sort de l'Essai Critique en France depuis cent ans; et la fécondité créatrice de ce genre, regardé longtemps comme le contraire d'un genre créateur, prouve que la nature est en effet toujours pareille à elle-même, et que, dans l'ordre intellectuel comme dans l'ordre physique, partout où le besoin apparaît, l'organe suit.

Paul Bourget

THE CRITICAL ESSAY IN FRANCE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL BOURGET

AMONG the distinct forms of production which the old school of rhetoric felicitously described as "the literary genera," there seems to be a struggle for life quite analogous to the war between the various orders of animals. Certain of these literary forms, after having monopolised the field of contemporary thought, and shown their energy in the production of a great number of works, become anæmic and impoverished, vegetate and die. In France this has been the fate of epic poetry, and to-day it is the position, in France, of tragedy, and in England, of the drama as a whole. During the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth, Rotrou, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, time after time, and with them a legion of imitators, attest the vitality of a form of literature, which, even in the nineteenth century, produces, infrequently, remarkable specimens, so rarely, indeed, as to seem almost archaic. Compare, in the same way, the English drama of our day with that of the Elizabethan period. On the other hand, some literary forms, of which the creative power seemed slender and attenuated during earlier epochs, develop, in our time, a new vigour and richness This was, during the first half of the century, the case with lyric poetry, and is to-day the case with the novel and with what I will call, for want of a more exact term, the Critical Essay. The resemblance between the evolution of literary species and that of animal species, seems to show that nature employs the same processes in the moral and in the physical world. It is also, by the way, a further proof of the grand principle of unity of com-

position so strongly defended by Goethe, in which is summarised the whole of our modern system of natural philosophy.

I propose to make this mention of the Critical Essay, and of its history in France for the past hundred years, the pretext for indicating some of the characteristics which mark an evolution of the sort described; characteristics which are perhaps all the more perceptible because the evolution has in this case been so rapid. The distance which separates an eighteenth-century novel, such as *Gil-Blas* or *Manon Lescaut*, from a novel of our time, like *Madame Bovary* or *L'Assommoir*, is, no doubt, enormous. Yet it is less than the disparity between a page of La Harpe or of Geoffrey, of Villemain even, and a page of Taine or of M. Jules Lemaître. In the former apposition you detect no more than a development. But in the latter, the underlying principle of the literary form has itself changed For the writers of a hundred years ago, criticism consisted essentially of the act of judging with discernment (as the derivation indicates: κρίνειν—to separate, to judge). They held that there was an absolute code of literature, a body of strict rules, an infallible canon To criticise was, they thought, to compare a literary work with this canon, to observe in what respects the work conformed to the canon, and in what respects it transgressed, and then to conclude, in virtue of an immutable code, by a pronouncement setting forth the grounds for their decision If they no longer invoked, as in the Middle Ages, the final authority of Aristotle, they at any rate believed that it was possible to formulate a fixed law of the Beautiful. Above all, they were sure that the masterpieces of antiquity and of the classic age represented finished types, by comparison with which the value of all new work was to be judged. They perceived, too—and here they were in the right—that the habit of such comparisons develops a special sense, a literary taste; and this faculty of discriminating between good work and bad was, in their belief, the highest form of critical power. The Abbé Morellet's essay on Chateaubriand's *Atala* (to be found in most of the editions in which the little romance is separately printed), may be regarded as a finished example of this sort of criticism—a sort not to be despised. It was judicious,

deliberate, and often efficacious The influence of Boileau, one of the most earnest critics of this type, is an evidence of the merit of the school

The revolution of 1789 broke out, and then came the Empire. The great wars of these twenty-five years had the unexpected effect of bringing the nations into closer contact one with another. Limiting our observations to France, the social upheavals of this period cast forth from their country Chateaubriand, Madame de Stael, Paul-Louis-Courier, Benjamin Constant, and many others, teaching them all that there was a Europe beyond the frontiers of France. They did not merely read Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe in the originals, as a young Frenchman of inquiring mind, who was familiar with the three languages, might have done in 1780. They did more, for they read these authors in the countries, as well as in the languages, to which their varied product belonged; and they became sensible of the intimate connection between these masterpieces and the customs, the skies, the national spirit, of England, of Italy, and of Germany. They apprehended, some more, and some less, clearly, two truths which their predecessors had not approached: first, that there is in every work of art something more than an æsthetic effort, that each creation is inevitably and almost unconsciously a manifestation of all the elements which make the national character; the specific moment of history, the specific racial and climatic condition; and second, that there are many types of the Beautiful, diverse, if not indeed contradictory, and that taste has none of the fixity which the poets and rhetoricians of the classic period had made their dogma. Such discoveries as these, summarised in this fashion, seem obvious enough. Yet they entailed a shifting of the point of view which, in the domain of intellect, is equivalent to a complete change of atmosphere in the physical world. They are radical modifications of the element in which organisms live, involving radical changes in the organisms themselves. The transition just described is a case in point

The immediate consequence of this enlargement of the French imagination was the movement, so confused as to be almost

incoherent, which is called Romanticism. We recognise in it, to-day, the play of several distinct forces; for example, the sudden awakening of plebeian sensibility in the new democracy, the passionate melancholy and the moral disorder of a period of religious and political crises, the disequilibration produced by the power of Napoleon's prodigious personality, more than all (and this is certainly the most surprising conclusion to which this train of thought leads us, the conclusion which would most have astounded the men of the "Young France," who displayed their red waist-coats at the first night of *Hernani*) we find, in these turbulent conditions, a first effort—the earliest effort—of modern criticism toward a higher development and a broader point of view. We find among the men who took part in the revolutionary movement the two writers who are, even now, to our modern appreciation the loftiest exemplars of the critical art: Stendhal, to whose influence we owe Taine, and Sainte-Beuve, to whom we are all more or less directly indebted, Sainte-Beuve, who shares with Balzac the primacy of influence upon the French nineteenth century.

Stendhal is known to-day by his novels Yet one has only to glance at the catalogue of his works in order to perceive that fiction was only the final blossom of his intellectual antithesis, one particular application of a method of study, a turn of thought, which had at an earlier stage of his florescence, invited him to quite dissimilar paths. A soldier under Napoleon when he was only eighteen years old, then a war commissioner, marching across Europe with the *Grande Armée*, and, after the fall of the Empire, a cosmopolitan traveller, living in Italy, in Paris, in England, he pursued, throughout his youth and his maturity, the study which he himself declared to have been the supreme interest of his life, "the analysis of the human passions and the expression of these passions in art and literature." This is his own summary of his life, and it embodies the new conception of criticism which, afterwards formulated by Taine, became a branch of psychology. This formula implies the negation of the old theory of criticism, for if the chief function of the writer, whether he be poet, novelist, or

dramatist, is to give us a true picture of human nature, to make a portrait (as Stendhal said), his work can no longer be judged by comparing it with any one type of excellence, in accordance with the abstract canon of the older criticism. Between the literature of the north and that of the south, for instance, there ought to be lasting differences, since the two are concerned with the representation of two different sorts of human nature, two types refractory to connotation. Both methods are justifiable, because both types of humanity possess the right to exist. The poetry of Shakespeare cannot, and should not, resemble the poetry of Dante, for the one depicts Italian emotion the other English emotion. The one writes for a Latin race, brilliantly insolated, the other for Saxons and Normans, pent by thick mists, shivering even in the springtime. The two forms of art are contradictory, yet both are necessary; and it is not the critic's duty to condemn the one because it differs from the other, or both because they differ from a third. His function is to comprehend, and not to judge, the two methods.

It is this conception of criticism that permeates Stendhal's generous and admirable product; *Racine et Shakespeare*, *Histoire de la peinture en Italie*, *Mémoires d'un Touriste*, *les Promenades dans Rome*, *Vie de Rossini*,—I cite these titles at hazard; and all these books retain, to-day, their extraordinary stimulus; they have not lost the magic quality of Stendhal's conversation, the power to arouse the mind, to suggest new thoughts Yet all these works are sketches, at most. The spirit of modern criticism informs and animates them, but it is not shown in the form which Sainte-Beuve first gave to it in the *Portraits*, the *Port Royal*, and the *Lundis*. This insufficiency of Stendhal's is not altogether due to the fact that he was a precursor, an inventor, and, in that quality, condemned to feel his way. It springs, rather, from the circumstance that his power of analysis was subordinate to his imagination and his ardour. It was because of this complexity of his nature that he gave himself more clearly to his readers in such works as *Le Rouge et le Noir*, and *La Chartreuse de Parme*, revealing the remarkable combination of his critical faculty and his other gifts.

From this point of view, he may be said to have given one of the most astounding examples of the reanimation of one branch of art by infusion of the methods of another branch. And yet, considered as critical essays, his studies are no more than sketches.

In the case of Sainte-Beuve, ardour and imagination are certainly not lacking *Joseph Delorme*, the *Consolations*, and *Volupté*, eloquently attest their presence But the spirit of the analytical inquiry is always dominant. Sainte-Beuve was, above all, intelligent, and his greatest pleasure was to comprehend; while Stendhal, carried away by the ardour of his indomitable personality, enjoyed nothing so much as his emotions. Apart from this, Sainte-Beuve had, in his youth, studied medicine He had been a physiologist before he became a poet or a novelist, and had been all three before he devoted himself to the Critical Essay. He not only recognised, as did his friends of the Romantic School, the legitimate variability of the type of literary art, its relation to a specific country, a specific moment of history, a specific climatic and racial condition; but he also saw, with the physician's eye, the physiological foundations of art. The old school of criticism regarded a book as a completed product, to be judged as it stood, but Sainte-Beuve perceived that in order to understand a book, its processes of creation must be studied, its origin and its development. It was his aim to see, through the printed page, the hand that had the pen, the body to which that hand belonged, the age and the habits of that body, the man himself, in a word, as he breathed and moved, and lived, the man whose action is arrested and depicted in this particular poem, or novel, or drama. In order thus to penetrate the inner being of a man, one must be cognisant of his interior individuality, as well as of his physical and moral individuality, and portray, too, his social environment, his family, the class to which he belongs, the views of life which he obtained in his epoch—and when all this is done, the Critical Essay has become the richest and most significant picture of manners and customs. Here, again, the judicial attitude is excluded It has often been urged against Sainte-Beuve that his opinions were elastic, and he himself never tried to dogmatise. He would enrich his obser-

vations upon a writer by the addition of other observations of an almost directly contradictory character.

By way of explaining this diversity, he gave us his definition of criticism as "the natural history of minds." The æsthete in his composition becomes more and more completely absorbed in the moral botanist, and, coincidently, the Critical Essay expands to the proportions of the loftiest forms of art. In the forty volumes of the *Lundis*, religious and philosophical problems, questions of military and political history, of diplomacy and of exegesis are treated, one after another, with a suppleness of intellection which leaves no field of inquiry unsearched. In the course of discussing Thiers's *Napoleon*, Sainte-Beuve gives us his own striking portrait of the First Consul, and Feydeau's *Fanny* is his pretext for a monograph on the passion of jealousy. At one moment he plunges with Pascal and the solitaries of Port-Royal to the last profundities of the Jansenist doctrine, and an instant later we find him dwelling with pleasure upon Goethe's mental equilibrium and pagan ataraxy. No sooner has he put the final touches to an etching of the heroic and pitiless Montluc, the author of the *Commentaires*, than he takes up his chalks to give us a delicious pastel of an eighteenth-century Phryne He may, in short, be called, as Shakespeare has been called, one man with a thousand souls, and in such hands as his, criticism inevitably becomes evocation, visions become apparent to the critic, and the treatise becomes a poem.

It is in this fashion that the critic's function was apprehended by Sainte-Beuve's successors, among whom—their names are legion—I will cite only the best known and the most distinguished, M. Ernest Renan in the last generation, and in our own time M. Jules Lemaître and M Anatole France. One must not forget that, notwithstanding very broad disparities of training and of temperament, the author of the *Vie de Jésus* is the direct offspring of the author of the *Lundis*. M. Renan is, first and foremost, a great critic who delights in depicting personalities quite unlike his own. It is his theory of art that the utmost flexibility of mind should find sufficient expression in the simplest phraseology, and he has shown us how this is to be accomplished, not only in his voluminous

Origines du Christianisme, but also in the most fragmentary of his writings. Born of a religious race, yet himself naked of faith, he felt always the unsatisfied need for mystic emotions; he suffered always the irreconcilable strife between this craving and his keenness of intellect; and the practice of the critical art, in accordance with the example of Sainte-Beuve, served as a compromise between the antithetic aspects of his temperament. Applying his facility of comprehension to periods, and to persons pre-eminently dominated by the ardour of belief, he compelled himself to live, for the moment, in these periods, to be for the moment these persons, and he was at once fervent and lucid, sympathetic and undeceived. The essays of M. Jules Lemaître and of M Anatole France evinced the continued application of an analogous method, an unceasing assimilation of thoughts and passions quite foreign to their own. If we regard the work of these two writers as the terminal of a process of evolution initiated by Sainte-Beuve, and treat M Renan's work as an intermediate phase, we are enabled to trace with exactitude the whole line of development With Sainte-Beuve the critical essay ceased to be dogmatic, with Renan it ceased to be concludent, with M. France and M. Lemaître it tended more and more to impressionism These two perspicacious writers hold that to criticise a book is to note the ideas to which the book gives rise in their minds This attitude closely resembles the attitude of the artist who depicts life itself, and it is because of this resemblance that those who take this point of view pass so simply, so naturally, and so successfully from the essayist's function to that of the dramatist or the novelist *L'Eau de Jouvence,* the *Prêtre de Nemi,* the *Caliban,* the works of M. Renan's latter years, have no other origin than this, and the same is to be said of the comedies and the tales of M Lemaître, as well as of the romances and the novels of M. France. When one scrutinises these works, one sees that their authors have been quite logical when they gave to their talents so antipodean a new direction It was no more than a new application of the same art The art with which they construct a story, and the dexterity of their dialogue, display precisely the same bent of mind that we find revealed in their essays, and this

fact is conclusive evidence of the truth of one of the laws which regulate the development of literary genera As any one form of literary activity thrives and enlists the services of the finest minds of an age, its flood obliterates its banks for the very reason that it has absorbed so many tributaries. It is in the course of such an exudation that Dante's epic verse impinges upon the fields of theology and scholastic philosophy, that Shakespeare's plays become so complex and so subtle, that we find upon his stage a Hamlet and a Prospero, the metaphysician and the alchemist, two heroes less dramatic than had ever before confronted an audience; that Balzac's fiction seizes and makes part of its argument a theory of politics (in the *Curé de Village*), of finance (the *Maison Nucingen*), of mysticism (*Louis Lambert Seraphita*), of music (*Massimilla Doni*), of chemistry (the *Recherche de l'absolu*). Criticism is to-day expanding in the same way, and this shows that it is at the present moment a necessary form of art, fully adapted to the modern man and the exigencies of his culture We desire, nowadays, to understand; even while we feel and act, even while we dream, and this makes an altogether new scheme of fiction of drama and of poetry which only critics can undertake.

While the Critical Essay, enriched by these three rich talents and by others not less important, became more and more an art, by a transition, which in England made possible the work of Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, and Walter Pater and Henry James, another movement began, at the head of which we find M. Taine, who tried to impart to criticism all the vigour and precision of a science. This second school, as I have already said, was influenced by Stendhal rather than Sainte-Beuve. Time after time, and notably, for instance, in the preface to his *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, Taine laid claim to this paternity. He took from Stendhal some of his favourite ideas, and from him, too, the love of what Beyle called the "trait," the specific and significant detail, the minute but indisputable fact, the anecdote which is in itself an exact and characteristic document He added, however, his own personal gifts, and the first of these was a constructive power as great as Hegel's or Spinoza's. This faculty of super-

imposing ideas, as a builder superimposes the stones of his edifice, the one supporting the other until their resistent unity makes the whole a miracle of cohesion—no one of our contemporaries possesses this as fully as did Taine. The *Littérature Anglaise* is in fact a theorem in five volumes, his *Origines de la France Contemporaine* another in six Such a method is evidently inferior to the undulating contradictions of Sainte-Beuve when the sinuous contours of a living character are to be reproduced It is, however, admirable, when the writer desires to extract from an epoch, from a man, from a book, the secret of the concealed necessities, the mechanism of antecedent causatives, which underlie the glistening fabric, desires, in short, to put his finger on the link which unites the particular event—the book, the page, the line—to the vast influences of the environment, of the moment, of the race influences at work both within and without the writer's mind. It must be considered, too, that Taine's erudition was immense, that he had studied, with equal thoroughness, metaphysics and linguistics, history and the various literatures, comparative anatomy and mathematics, physics and æsthetics, geology and painting All these varieties of learning entered into his critical work, and it was because they were present that he could combine the boldest generalisation with the most scrupulous accuracy of detail Did he succeed, with so exceptional a wealth of implements at hand, in reaching the good of his lofty ambition, in creating a system of psychology at once artistic and scientific, precise and incontrovertible? He certainly left us literary analyses more penetrating and farther reaching than had been attempted before his day. We are all dominated, to-day, by his views upon the conditions which govern the birth, the efflorescence, and the decay of these mysterious phenomena which we call genius and talent. His theories had enough creative force to evoke novels as valuable as those of M. Emile Zola, at the very base of whose method these theories manifest themselves in their entirety. They reacted upon Taine himself, calling him to larger fields of labour. Just as the Critical Essay, treated from Sainte-Beuve's point of view, extended itself until it was indistinguishable from poetry and fiction and

the drama, Taine's conception of the same literary form induced its expansion from the field of individual psychology to that of psychology at large and sociology; and it is thus that the author of the *Littérature Anglaise* was led to write the treatise on the *Intelligence* on the one hand, and on the other to write the study of the *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, which will perhaps prove to have been the greatest book of the second half of the nineteenth century. In this case, again, a literary form has been enlarged, almost to the point of losing its individuality, by the absorption of other forms to which it has given new life in the process of incorporation.

These brief notes, incomplete as they are, necessarily leave many names unmentioned. It would be unjust, for example, not to recall, in discussing the relations of criticism to art, the prodigious studies of M. de Vogüé in regard to the Orient and Russia; unjust to overlook, in discussing the relations of criticism to science, the labours of M. Brunetière on the evolution of genera, and unjust to forget, in discussing the relations of criticism to sociology, the remarkable studies of M. Faguet. One ought, also, to dwell upon the vitality of the new conceptions of criticism which originated with Stendhal, Sainte-Beuve, and Taine, and show how even the partisans of the old school of criticism have gradually accepted the chief theories of their great antagonists. It becomes evident, from this point of view, that the best of Gustave Planche's works are those in which he has added the psychology of the passions to his habitual dogmatism—as in the celebrated article on *Adolphe*, and that, in the same way, the finest writings of Nisard and Saint Marc Girardin are those in which literary analysis transforms itself into moral analysis. One ought to show how the Critical Essay has been flexible enough to undergo a change inverse to that which we have indicated, and has become a vehicle for minds habituated to other occupations, and to which these other occupations had ceased to be sufficient. This was the case of Edmond Schérer—whose talent was at once interesting and incomplete. It was the case of Alexandre Dumas, whose famous prefaces are Essays of the most original quality. These diverse

ways of comprehending and of producing the Critical Essay will give future historians of French literature an opportunity to pass in review all the men of genius, and all the men of talent who have appeared during the past century. Has not Balzac given himself to criticism in his *Revue Parisienne*, Lamartine in his *Cours de Littérature*, Hugo in his *William Shakespeare*, M. Emile Zola in his eloquent polemics? The mere mention of these productions clenches the general proposition upon which these brief reflections originated; the proposition that the development of any one literary form means that it must attract a great number of minds, enrich itself with all that the decadent forms are losing, and become one of the two or three expressions of the most profound tendencies of the epoch. Such has been the lot of the Critical Essay in France during the last hundred years, and the creative fertility of this form, so long regarded as directly opposed to creative work, shows that nature is always herself, and that in the intellectual as in the physical world, an organ is developed as soon as it is needed.

Paul Bourget

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FAMOUS LITERATURE.



PENELOPE GOES TO COURT.[1]

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN.

(From "White Aprons")

[MAUD WILDER GOODWIN: An American historical novelist; born in New York state in 1856 She has published: "Open Sesame" (3 vols., 1890–1893), edited, with Blanche Wilder Bellamy, "The Colonial Cavalier" (1894), "The Head of a Hundred" (1895), "White Aprons, a Romance of Bacon's Rebellion" (1896), "Dolly Madison," a biography (1896), and "Fort Amsterdam in the Days of the Dutch" (1897).]

IN burst Godfrey Kneller, one morning, bubbling over with joy and well-nigh breathless with excitement.

He had been at Whitehall, so his story ran, for a sitting of Queen Catherine,—the last before the finishing of her portrait,—and having with him the sketch of Penelope, had shown it to the Queen as a fancy piece, to be called "Spring"; and she, being mightily taken therewith, had called His Majesty, and bade him say if ever he had seen a face so fair at once and so sad. "'Tis 'Spring' indeed," quoth she, "and a very pretty conceit, with the sun on the hair and the dew in the eyes and April in the showery smiling o' the lips."

But His Majesty took the picture to the window, and, after studying it close, looked up and said to the artist, while he twirled his mustachios:—

"Kneller, this is no fancy piece. 'Tis a portrait, and a close study at that. This eye, with its tiny mole on the under lid, hath the very trick of life in't, and that ripple of red brown hair was never imagined save by him who had seen it. Out

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with it, man, — what name bears thy 'Spring' when she steps forth from this canvas?"

"Thus commanded by royalty," said the painter, "I dared not dissemble, but told him straight 'twas the niece of Samuel Pepys, — one Mistress Penelope Payne, but lately come to London from the colony of Virginia.

"'Pepys?' quoth the King; 'Pepys of the Navy Office, I trow. He hath besieged me with letters of late, since he hath been in disgrace, begging to come kiss my hand. Well, perchance his banishment hath lasted long enough, — how say you, Kate, shall we have this Mistress Spring and her uncle to our mask next week?'

"The Queen, who, methought, was but too happy at hearing herself thus kindly spoke to by His Majesty, smiled right graciously, and declared she would give much to see the beautiful young stranger; whereupon the Chamberlain, in my hearing, was bidden to dispatch a card." . . .

On a February morning a great card arrived at the door of the small house in Seething Lane, — a card with gilt lettering, bidding Mr. Pepys and his niece to a mask at Whitehall a week from that night. Penelope wavered between the heights of hope and the depths of despair; but her uncle was all delight, and talked of costumes till his niece was nearly distracted. She strove to gain his permission to go as a nun, in a black domino; but he would hear no such word.

"If you would catch the King's ear," said Master Worldly-Wise-Man, "ye must first catch his eye," so he talked now of a shepherdess, that the turn of the foot might show to advantage; then of Diana with a bow and arrows, leaving the arm bare; then of the part of St. Cecilia, which, as he said, need cost but little, as his cousin Roger would lend the harp, only that would prevent moving about, and Penelope's walk was the most seizing thing about her.

At last, wearied out, poor Penelope cried: "If in very truth I must trick out a sad heart in such like mummeries, I will go as *Virginia.*"

"Ay, and so thou shalt," answered her uncle. "'Tis an extraordinary good idea and do please me mightily. For myself, I will be a Spanish cardinal, for I love a scarlet robe, and considering the silver cup I have promised to the clothworkers, methinks I should get the making on't for nothing." And so the matter was settled.

It was scarcely two o'clock on the afternoon of the ball when Betty and Dolly came to Penelope's chamber bearing the dress which her uncle had provided. It was indeed a marvel of ingenuity, and did credit to his taste and imagination. The petticoat was of white satin, wrought richly about the edge with a design of tobacco leaves worked in golden thread. The bodice was finished with a fall of soft yellow lace, and the girdle fell to meet the hem in tassels like the tassels of the Indian corn. About her neck Penelope wore her mother's string of pearls; and on her head they set a crown made in the form of five golden bands, one above the other, and on the upper was writ in brilliants,—

"*Virginia adds a fifth crown.*"

When Penelope looked into her bit of mirror, her heart gave a sudden leap, in spite of all her trouble, at the loveliness which smiled back at her, though she could scarcely connect that radiant vision in any fashion with herself; but when she went downstairs, she read in her uncle's eyes a repetition of the flattering story her glass had told her above. It was indeed a tribute that none could fail to pay who saw her as she was that night,—beautiful, exceedingly, with a loveliness far above and beyond that of mere sense; a flame blazing out through her great dark eyes, and burning on her red lips, and breathing from her heaving bosom. She was indeed the soul of love incarnate.

"Child!" cried Master Pepys, "thy cause is as good as won. If the King set eyes on thee as thou art, he can refuse thee naught. Prithee, Pen, what think ye of *my* looks?"

With this, the tailor in him much delighted with his trappings, he strutted thrice up and down the room in his red cap and gown, with the church lace in front hanging clear to his knees, and with such a solemn air as gave his niece great trouble to keep a grave face. In the midst of his showing off his finery, Betty came running up to say that it was past seven, and the chairs were at the door. . . .

Dolly felt herself a fine lady in a chair of her own. The linkboys went before and behind; yet so bad were the streets that, despite their lights, the bearer of Penelope's chair stumbled twice, and the jerk went nigh to throw poor *Virginia* into the mud, and so shook her crown that she feared it could never be set straight, and she fell to crying secretly, which was very weak and foolish.

At the last, when they were come within sight of the palace, her heart quite failed her, and she would have gone back; but she knew her uncle would not hear of it: and I would rather believe that she herself would not in the end have shown herself such a coward. Up the marble steps they went, and, having shown their card, Penelope entered into the disrobing room, and there, after what seemed an eternity, her uncle came for her, and together they passed down the corridor and entered the great ballroom, where was much twanging of fiddles, and tightening of strings, and rosining of bows.

The room was so large that, though many were gathered, they seemed scarcely a handful therein; and as they walked about, so highly polished was the floor, they seemed like two companies walking with their feet together. A subdued buzz of talk was going round, with much laughter and merrymaking; but as they entered, Mr. Pepys and his niece, with turbaned Dolly holding up the young lady's train, the talk died away, and but for the protection of her mask Penelope thought she would have died of fright.

In truth the sight itself might well have frightened a maid, for here was such a crew as never gathered save round the lady in "Comus." Satyrs with goatskin legs jostled devils with horns and hoofs and wicked eyes gleaming through their red masks. Nymphs there were in plenty, and rustic maids, whose bare necks and arms put Penelope to the blush, and made her wonder if the ladies of the Court fancied that country people went thus half clad. It made Penelope smile, though her heart was in her throat, to fancy such costumes at Middle Plantation.

After the hush which had greeted her entrance, the talk began again, livelier than ever, and Penelope caught some comments which she felt sure concerned herself.

"Who is she?"

"I know not. but know I will ere the evening ends."

"Be not too bold. By the carriage of her head, I could swear she is meet company for thy betters."

"Look at that strange blackamoor who bears her train. Is she really black, or a maid of honor, disguised like the Jennings and her mischievous friend, when they scandalized the Court by playing at orange girl before the theater doors?"

So vext and wrought up, half with wrath and half with terror, was Penelope at all this bold talk, that she would even now have run away; but it was too late. A blare of trumpets

and a crash of all the instruments together announced the coming of the King's party, and the Lord Chamberlain with a wave of his white wand crowded every one back against either wall to make room for the royal entry.

Oh, how Penelope's heart beat as she turned her eyes to the door! In they came. First the King and Queen, together and unmasked; then a bevy of ladies, who, as it seemed to the little provincial maiden, must wear their masks to hide their shame at the bareness of their bosoms; and after them, again, a crowd of gallants in every sort of fantastic costume.

As the King and Queen passed close before Penelope, she had opportunity to study them both. The Queen was short and dumpy of figure, but full of a comely graciousness which lent beauty to a face otherwise ill-favored, with large protruding teeth which pushed out her lips like a negro's. The King, Penelope thought, with his tall figure and rich dress, was all a king should be, though the deep furrows of brow and cheek belied his title of "The Merry Monarch." Even to Penelope's untutored eye that saturnine face spoke a melancholy which strove in vain to find mirth in excess.

Their Majesties moved slowly down the hall, pausing now to note and smile at some costume stranger, if possible, than the rest, where all were strange; now to comment on some extraordinarily rich and striking dress. When they had reached the head of the room, His Majesty with great courtliness handed the Queen to her seat upon a gilded chair covered in velvet with an embroidered canopy above it; but instead of taking the chair which stood beside it, he returned to the other end of the room, and summoned to his side one who played the rôle of soothsayer,—a tall figure in Oriental garb, with long white beard, and flowing robes over which hung chains and rich jewelry, which, had they been real, must have exhausted the treasure-houses of the East.

"Come, good Master Soothsayer!" cried the King, "draw near and I will have you test your powers. We will have up the ladies of the Court one by one, and I will try if that keen eye of yours can see through a mask, and that wagging beard let slip a true prophecy."

At these words, all who could decently leave the Queen circled close about the group at the lower end of the hall, and one after another the ladies drew near; and by the peals of laughter which followed the soothsayer's words Penelope

judged that they must have struck home. Absorbed in looking and listening as she was, she had wholly forgotten herself, when of a sudden, to her infinite alarm, the usher of the white rod plucked her softly by the sleeve, saying: "Lady, the soothsayer wishes to tell your fortune, and the King bids you come forward."

Poor Penelope shrank back in terror very unsuited to her part, and would have begged to be excused; but her uncle frowned upon her, which frightened her more than aught else, and at the same time his arm seized and fairly pushed her forward, till she found herself the center of the brilliant, laughing circle which had gathered about the King and the sorcerer.

Here Penelope's natural grace and courtesy untaught of courts came to her aid, and made her a fit center for even such a circle. Kneeling, as she had observed the rest do, she bent her head and kissed the King's hand, and then, rising, bowed after a more stately fashion to the soothsayer.

"Are you prepared, young woman, to listen to your fate?" asked the sham sorcerer, with a solemnity which would have befitted the cardinal saying mass at St. Peter's.

"Let it be a kind one," murmured Penelope, with fast-beating heart.

"Hearken, then; I say it, and even as I say it so shall it be. Ye shall have many strange experiences; but all shall end well, — at least for yourself. Honor and fortune await you, if you have the wit and the courage to grasp them. It is your destiny to live to a good old age here in England, loaded with riches, and never more to return to that wilderness whence you came hither and where all the land is divided 'twixt savages and rebels."

What with amazement that the soothsayer had guessed so much of her history, and a superstitious feeling which she could not shake off that there was something of omen in the words, Penelope was quite overcome. She gave a great gasp, swayed to and fro, and would have fallen but for the outstretched hand of the King, which caught her.

"Enough of this folly," cried His Majesty's voice. "Chamberlain, bid every one unmask!"

The diversion which these words made gave Penelope time to recover herself, so that when she too withdrew her mask, her color and her self-command had both come back. But when on looking up she recognized in the unmasked soothsayer the

man who had stood in her uncle's dining room only a fortnight since, she was nearly overcome once more.

"Your Majesty," said Buckingham, returning Penelope's gaze of surprise with a look of amusement, "here is the young Virginia damsel for whom I craved a card to your mask to-night."

"By Heaven! and 'tis the original of Kneller's 'Spring' also. Those bright eyes have won two knights at once. Well done, Villiers!" cried the King, who seemed to Penelope quite transformed by the smile which lighted up his face; "ye had always good taste in women,—far better, to our thinking, than in men."

At this Buckingham looked suddenly abashed, though Penelope knew not why.

"Young lady," continued the King, graciously turning to Penelope, "be ye 'Spring' or 'Virginia,' or some fair unknown visitor from our provinces oversea, ye are welcome to your mother country! And is your father with you?"

"Nay, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, hardly able from fright to utter a word, "my mother was too ill to permit his leaving her."

"Ah, then, 'tis your brother, perchance, who hath been your guardian?"

"Alas, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, "I have no brother."

"Neither father nor brother!" exclaimed the King. "It must be pressing business indeed that brings a young maid three thousand miles alone. To whose charge prithee did you come, for I suppose ye dwell not alone in London?"

"I am come to the care of mine uncle, who is come hither with me to-night, and who stands near the wall yonder."

"Ah, yes, yes, I do recall now," began His Majesty, when a lady who stood near him, very handsome, but bold of eye and bare of bosom, said, addressing Penelope with scant courtesy of tone or manner, "How dare ye come across the ocean, and to the very door of the Court, with no better guardian?"

"Pray, Madam," answered Penelope, lifting her clear eyes full upon the speaker, "what harm could befall me at Court? Is not the *King* here?"

Penelope was at a loss to comprehend the effect of her words; but she feared there was something sadly out of the way in them, for she saw the ladies hide their faces behind

their fans, and the gentlemen bite their mustachios and stare hard at the toes of their boots, while the Duke of Buckingham shook with laughter, and whispered to his next neighbor, "The Duchess hath caught it fair from the little savage,—she'd best not meddle with her again. Besides, my Lady hath need to mark her words carefully, for she can no longer take such liberties with the King as when she was the Countess of Castlemaine."

Only His Majesty kept the gravity of his face unmoved, and replied still more kindly to Penelope, "Ay, ye have said aright,—the King is here and ye have naught to fear. Now gentlemen," he added, turning to those around, "choose your partners for the brantle. Buckingham, bid the musicians strike a tune!"

With this there was much moving to and fro. Very noble the procession was, and a great pleasure to see; but there were two in that hall who gave it little heed, those left thus for an instant alone together,—the man who ruled it all, and the little rustic who looked on it for the first time: yet somehow Penelope feared the King least of all.

"Tell me," he said in a voice which of itself gave her courage, so kind was it, "is it some sorrow that hath driven you thus overseas, my child? Your face is too sad for one so young, and surely you have ne'er made such a journey without grave occasion."

"The time and place, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, "scarce befit my sad story, else would I crave the boon of laying it before you."

The maid choked and could say no more. "You say truly," said the King, "that this is neither the time nor the place; but we will set a time and find a place for the hearing. Mr. Pepys," he added, turning to that gentleman, who, courtier like, stood just near enough to catch what was going forward without appearing to hear, "ye have twice written asking permission to come kiss our hand. Your petition is granted; we will arrange an audience both for you and your niece. Let it be to-morrow—stay—to-morrow is mortgaged to the ambassadors of Spain and Sweden. We will say Friday—no, Friday is unlucky; and on Saturday I go a hunting at Windsor. Well, ye shall hear of the time later."

Pepys would fain have burst out with a florid speech of gratitude, but the King cut him short and bade him make

ready to take his niece in to supper, whither he shortly led the way with a lady whose beauty was so dazzling that it fairly took away Penelope's breath. She was dressed as Britannia, with a burnished helmet from which rose a great cluster of white ostrich plumes, whose whiteness could not surpass the brow beneath, or the neck, bare save for a shower of raven-black curls which fell over it. Her breastplate was of beaten gold, with a group of pearls in the center worth a man's ransom, and her mantle was caught at the shoulder with a brooch of rubies, and the sheer lawn of the sleeve was bound above the elbow with a band of gems which flashed in Penelope's eyes as the radiant vision passed.

"Who is she? O uncle, who is she, — that lovely lady, queenlier than the queen, whose beauty strikes me breathless?"

"Ay, mark her," quoth Pepys, as he carefully gathered his robe over his arm and prepared to follow the procession. "Ye'll ne'er see anything to match her. Did ever ye set eyes on such an excellent *taille* or such a complexion (all her own too); and then that sweet eye and little Roman nose, — oh, there is none like *La Belle* Stuart in the whole of England! And yet, child, I heard three gentlemen say that you were the fairer of the two, and that there was none could match you for grace and stateliness."

As the procession moved into the Banqueting Hall with much mirth and laughter, Penelope fell to wondering how the son of the martyred king could find heart to make merry on the spot where his father had suffered, — ay, and gone forth to his death beneath that very window now hung gayly with lanterns. As she gazed around upon the panels blazoned with heraldry, and upon the great oaken beams which supported the open-timbered roof, her mind was carried strangely back to the rude rafters and bare boards of the rough Courthouse at Middle Plantation. Yes, she could see once more the grim faces of the fierce old Governor and his counselors; and the crowd of figures that thronged around her as she sat on that Courthouse bench seemed far more substantial than the liveried lackeys who stood before her now, waiting to bring her portions of the pheasants which lay in state on their platters of gold, or of the great peacock, which, with his tail outspread, decorated one end of the long board beneath the twinkling candles.

Penelope raised her hand to her brow as if to brush away

the fog which clung around her mind. "Which," she wondered, "is the true Penelope, — the maiden in the prisoner's dock, hand clasping hand with a convicted felon, or this princess with golden crown and sweeping draperies at the King's levee?" A conviction flashed upon her, as it does on all of us at certain crises, that she was but a puppet, made to dance and laugh and sing, or to kneel and weep and pray, according as the hand behind the scenes pulled the strings. Thus she sat silent and cast down, and could touch no morsel of the feast spread before her; but her uncle had no such sentimental scruples.

"'Tis a fine supper," quoth he, "a prodigious fine supper; but the venison pasty is very palpable beef; which is not handsome."



THE TRIAL OF DELIVERANCE WENTWORTH.[1]

BY PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

(From "Ye Lyttle Salem Maide.")

AT last one fair June day brought her trial.

Her irons were removed, and she was conducted by the constable with a guard of four soldiers to the meetinghouse. In the crowd that parted at the great door to make way for them were many familiar faces, but all were stern and sad. In all eyes she read her accusation. The grim silence of this general condemnation made it terrible; the whispered comments and the looks cast upon her expressed stern pity mingled with abhorrence.

On the outskirts of the throng she observed a young man of ascetic face and austere bearing, clothed in black velvet, with neckbands and tabs of fine linen. He wore a flowing white periwig, and was mounted on a magnificent white horse. In one hand he held the reins, in the other, a Bible.

Upon entering the meetinghouse, Deliverance was conducted by the Beadle to a platform and seated upon a stool, above the level of the audience and in plain sight.

In front of the pulpit, the seven judges seated in a row

[1] By permission of Lamson, Wolffe & Co; copyright, 1898.

faced the people. Clothed in all the dignity of their office of crimson velvet gowns and curled white horsehair wigs, they were an imposing array. One judge, however, wore a black skullcap, from beneath which his brown locks, streaked with gray, fell to his shoulders, around a countenance at once benevolent and firm, but which now wore an expression revealing much anguish of mind. This was the great Judge Samuel Sewall, who, in later years, was crushed by sorrow and mortification that at these trials he had been made guilty of shedding innocent blood, so that he rose in his pew in the Old South Church in Boston Town, acknowledging and bewailing his great offense, and asking the prayers of the congregation "that God would not visit the sin of him or of any other upon himself, or any of his, nor upon the land."

In the center of the group sat Lieutenant Governor Stoughton, chosen to be chief justice, in that he was a renowned scholar, rather than a great soldier. Hard and narrow as he was said to be, he yet possessed that stubbornness in carrying out his convictions of what was right, which exercised in a better cause might have won him reputation for wisdom rather than obstinacy.

To the end of his days he insisted that the witch trials had been meet and proper, and that the only mistakes made had been in checking the prosecutions. It was currently reported that when the panic subsided, and the reprieve for several convicted prisoners came from Governor Phipps to Salem, he left the bench in anger and went no more into that court.

"For," said he, "we were in a fair way to clear the land of witches. Who it is that obstructs the cause of justice, I know not. The Lord be merciful unto the country!"

On the left of the prisoner was the jury.

After Deliverance had been duly sworn to tell the truth, she sat quietly, her hands folded in her lap. Now and then she raised her eyes and glanced over the faces upturned to hers. She observed her father not far distant from her. But he held one hand over his eyes and she could not meet his gaze. Beside him sat Goodwife Higgins, weeping.

There was one other who should have been present, her brother Ronald, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The authorities had not deemed it wise to send for him, as it was known he had to a certain extent fallen in with dissenters and freethinkers in Boston Town, and it was

feared that, in the hot-blooded impetuosity of youth, he might by some disturbance hinder the trial.

The first witness called to the stand was Goodwife Higgins.

Deliverance, too dazed with trouble to feel any active grief, watched her with dull eyes.

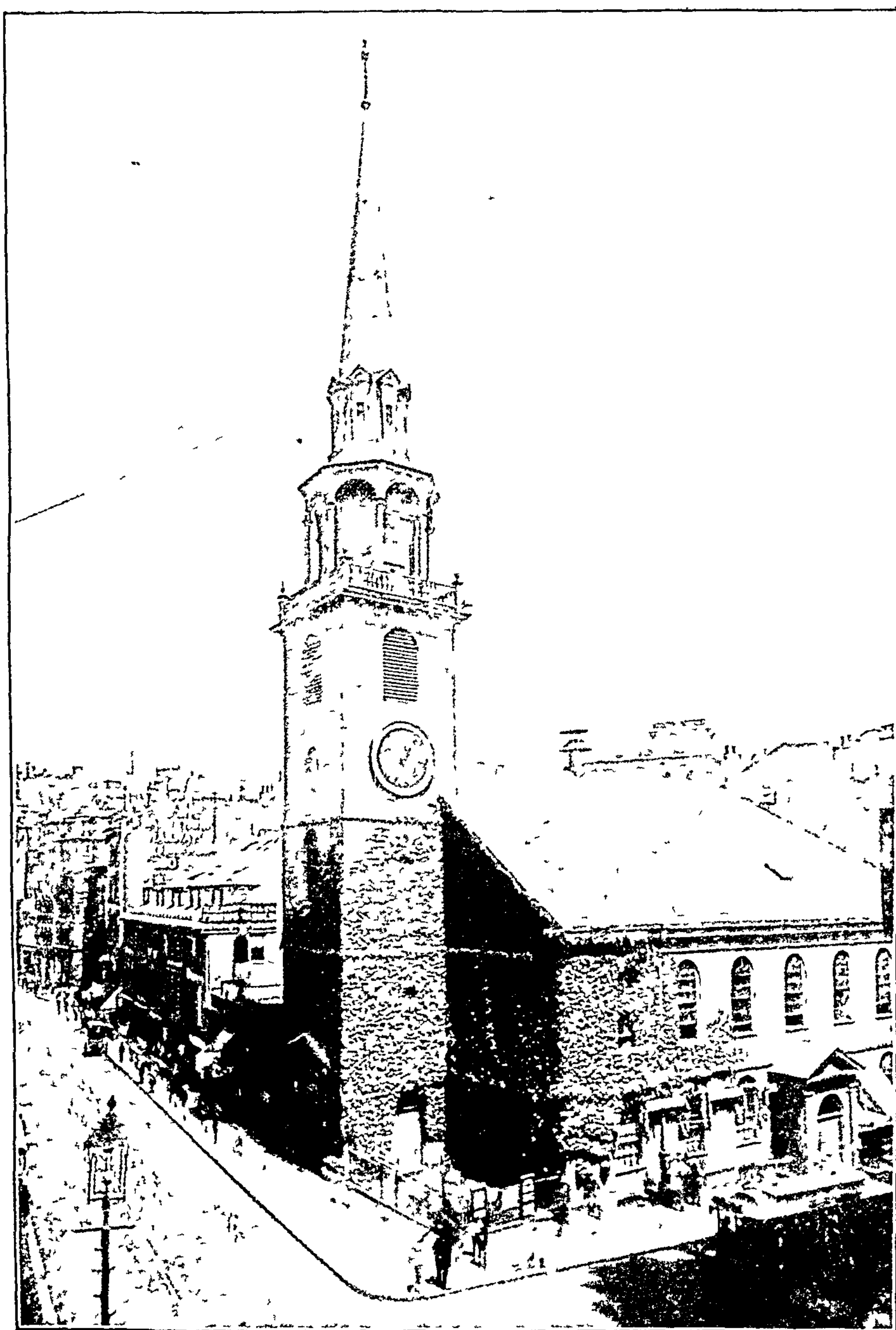
Weeping, the good dame related the episode of finding the prisoner's bed empty one morning, and the yellow bird on the window ledge. Groans and hisses greeted her testimony. There was no reason to doubt her word. It was plainly observed that she was suffering, and that she walked over her own heart in telling the truth. It was not simply terror and superstition that actuated Goodwife Higgins, but rather the stern determination bred in the very bone and blood of all Puritans to meet Satan face to face and drive him from the land, even though those dearest and best beloved were sacrificed.

The next witness was the prisoner's father. The heart-broken man had nothing to say which would lead to her conviction. Save the childish naughtiness with which all parents were obliged to contend, the prisoner had been his dear and dutiful daughter, and God would force them to judge her righteously.

"She has bewitched him. She has not even spared her father. See how blind he is to her sinfulness," the whisper passed from mouth to mouth. And hearts hardened still more toward the prisoner.

Master Wentworth was then dismissed. While on the stand he had not glanced at his daughter. Doubtless the sight of her wan little face would have been more than he could have endured.

Sir Jonathan Jamieson was then called upon to give his testimony. As his name was cried by the constable, Deliverance showed the first signs of animation since she had been taken from the jail. Surely, she thought, he who understood better than she the meaning of her words to him, would explain them and save her from hanging. Her eyes brightened, and she watched him intently as he advanced up the aisle. A general stir and greater attention on the part of the people was apparent at his appearance. A chair was placed for him in the witness box, for he was allowed to sit, being of the gentry. As usual he was clothed in somber velvet. He seated himself, took off his hat and laid it on



OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON

the floor beside his chair. Deliverance then saw that the hair on his head was quite as red as his beard, and that he wore it cropped short, uncovered by a wig. Deliberately, while the judges and people waited, he drew off his leathern gauntlets that he might lay his bare hand upon the Bible when he took the oath.

Deliverance for once forgot her fear of him. She leant forward eagerly. So near was he that she could almost have touched him with her hand.

"Oh, sir," she cried, using strong old Puritan language, "tell the truth and mortify Satan and his members, for he has gotten me in sore straits."

"Hush," said one of the judges, sternly, "let the prisoner keep silent."

"Methinks that I be the only one not allowed to speak," said Deliverance to herself, "which be not right, seeing I be most concerned." And she shook her head, very greatly perplexed and troubled.

Sir Jonathan was then asked to relate what he knew about the prisoner. With much confidence he addressed the court. Deliverance was astonished at the mild accents of his voice which had formerly rung so harshly in her ears.

"I have had but short acquaintance with her," he said, "though I may have passed her often on the street, not observing her in preference to any other maid; but some several weeks ago as I did chance to stop at the town pump for a draught o' cold water, the day being warm and my throat dry, I paused as is meet and right before drinking to give thanks, when suddenly something moved me to glance up, and I saw the prisoner standing on a block near by, laughing irreverently, which was exceeding ill mannered."

At this Deliverance's cheeks flushed scarlet, for she knew his complaint was quite just. "I did not mean to laugh," she exclaimed humbly, "but some naughty boys had pinned a placard o' the edge o' your cape, and 'twas a fair comical sight."

At this interruption, the seven judges all frowned upon her so severely that she did not dare say another word.

"Now, while I did not suspicion her at the time," continued Sir Jonathan, "I was moved to think there was a spell cast upon the water, for after drinking I had great pain and needs must strengthen myself with a little rum. Later I met our

godly magistrate and chanced to mention the incident. He telled me the prisoner's name, and how her vanities and backslidings were a sore torment to her father, and that he knew neither peace nor happiness on her account."

At these words Master Wentworth started to his feet. "I protest against the scandalous words uttered by our magistrate," he cried; "ne'er has my daughter brought me aught save peace and comfort. She has been my sole consolation, since her mother went to God."

He sat down again with his hand over his eyes, while many pitying glances were cast upon him.

"Mind him not," said one of the judges to Sir Jonathan; "he is sorely afflicted and weighs not his utterances. Oh, 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child,'" and he glanced sternly at Deliverance.

At these words, she could no longer contain herself, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud, remembering all her willfulness in the past.

"What I have to say," continued Sir Jonathan, "is not much. But straws show the drift of the current, and little acts the soul's bent. The night of the same day on which I saw the prisoner standing on the block near the town pump, I went with a recipe to Master Wentworth's home to have him brew me a concoction of herbs. The recipe I brought from England. Knowing he was very learned in the art of simpling, I took it to him. I found him in his stillroom, working. Having transacted my business, I seated myself and we lapsed into pleasant converse. While thus talking, he opened the door, called his daughter from the kitchen, and gave her a small task. At last, as it drew near the ninth hour, when the night watchman would make his rounds, I rose and said farewell to Master Wentworth, he scarce hearing me, absorbed in his simples. As I was about to pass the prisoner, my heart not being hardened toward her for all her vanities, I paused, and put my hand in my doublet pocket, thinking to pleasure her by giving her a piece of silver, and also to admonish her with a few well-chosen words. But as my fingers clasped the silver piece, my attention was arrested by the expression of the prisoner's face. So full of malice was it that I recoiled. And at this she uttered a terrible imprecation, the words of which I did not fully understand, but at the instant of her uttering them a most excruciating pain

seized upon me. It racked my bones so that I tossed sleepless all that night."

He paused and looked around solemnly over the people. "And since then," he added, "I have not had one hour free from pain and dread."

As Sir Jonathan finished his testimony, he glanced at Deliverance, whose head had sunk on her breast and from whose heart all hope had departed. If he would say naught in explanation, what proof could she give that she was no witch? Her good and loyal word had been given not to betray her meeting with the mysterious stranger.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said Chief Justice Stoughton, "have you aught to say to the charge brought against you by this godly gentleman?"

As she glanced up to reply, she encountered the malevolent glance of Sir Jonathan defying her to speak, and she shook with fear. With an effort she looked away from him to the judges.

"I be innocent o' any witchery," she said in her tremulous, sweet voice. The words of the woman who had been in jail with her returned to her memory: "There is another judgment, dear child." So now the little maid's spirits revived. "I be innocent o' any witchery, your Lordships," she repeated bravely, "and there be another judgment than that which ye shall put upon me."

Strange to say, the sound of her own voice calmed and assured her, much as if the comforting words had been again spoken to her by some one else. Surely, she believed, being innocent, that God would not let her be hanged.

The fourth witness, Bartholomew Stiles, a yeoman, bald and bent nearly double by age, was then cried by the Beadle.

Leaning on his stick he pattered up the aisle, and stumblingly ascended the steps of the platform.

"Ye do me great honor, worships," he cackled, "to call on my poor wit."

"Give him a stool, for he is feeble," said the chief justice; "a stool for the old man, good Beadle."

So a stool was brought and old Bartholomew seated upon it. He looked over the audience and at the row of judges. Then he spied Deliverance. "Ay, there her be, worships, there be the witch." He pointed his trembling finger at her. "Ay, witch, the old man kens ye."

"When did you last see the prisoner?" asked the chief justice.

"There her be, worships," repeated the witness, "there be the witch, wi' a white neck for stretching. Best be an old throat wi' free breath, than a lassie's neck wi' a rope around it."

Deliverance shuddered.

"Methinks no hag o' the Evil One," said she to herself, "be more given o'er to malice than this old fule, Lord forgive me for the calling o' him by that name."

Now the judge in the black silk cap was moved to pity by the prisoner's shudder, and spoke out sharply. "Let the witness keep to his story and answer the questions put to him in due order, or else he shall be put in the stocks."

"Up with your pate, goody," admonished the Beadle, "and speak out that their worships may hear, or into the stocks ye go to sweat in the sun while the boys tickle the soles o' your feet"

The witness wriggled uneasily as having had experience.

"A week ago, or it be twa or three or four past, your worships, the day afore this time, 'twixt noon an' set o' sun, there had been thunder an' crook'd lightning, an' hags rode by i' the wind on branches. All the milk clabbered, if that will holpen ye to 'membrance o' the day, worships."

"Ay, reverend judges," called out a woman's voice from the audience, "sour milk the old silly brought me, four weeks come next Thursday. Good pence took he for his clabbered milk, and I was like to cuff ——"

"The ducking stool awaits scolding wives," interrupted the chief justice, with a menacing look, and the woman subsided.

"That day at set o' sun I was going into toone wi' my buckets o' milk when I spied a bramble rose. 'Blushets,' says I to them, 'ye must be picked;' for I thought to carry them to the toone an' let them gae for summat gude to eat. So I set doone my pails to pull a handful o' the pretty blushets. O' raising my old een, my heart was like to jump out my throat, for there adoon the forest path, 'twixt the green, I saw the naughty maid i' amiable converse wi' Satan."

"Dear Lord," interrupted the little maid, sharply, "he was a very pleasant gentleman."

"Silence!" cried the Beadle, tapping her head with his staff, on the end of which was a pewter ball.

"As ye ken," continued the old yeoman, "the Devil be most often a black man, but this time he was o' fair color, attired in most ungodly fashion in a gay velvet dooblet wi' high boots. So ta'en up wi' watching o' the wickedness o' Deliverance Wentworth was I, that I clean forgot myself——"

The speaker, shuddering, paused.

"Lose not precious time," admonished the chief justice, sternly.

"O' a sudden I near died o' fright," moaned the old yeoman.

A tremor as at something supernatural passed over the people.

"Ay," continued the witness, "wi' mine very een, I beheld the prisoner turn an' run towards her hame, whilst the Devil rose an' come doone the path towards me, Bartholomew Stiles!"

"And then?" queried the chief justice, impatiently.

"It was too late to hide, an' I be no spry a' running. Plump o' my marrow boones I dropped, an' closed my een an' prayed wi' a loud voice. I heard Satan draw near. He stopped aside me. 'Ye old silly,' says he, 'be ye gane daffy?' Ne'er word answered I, but prayed the louder. I heard the vision take a lang draught o' milk from the bucket wi' a smackin' o' his lips. Then did Satan deal me an ungentle kick an' went on doon the path."

"Said he naught further?" asked one of the judges.

"Nae word more, worships," replied the yeoman. "I ha' the caution not to open my een for a lang bit o' time. Then I saw that what milk remained i' the bucket out o' which Satan drank had turned black, an' I ha' some o' it here to testify to the sinfu' company kept by Deliverance Wentworth."

From his pocket the old yeoman carefully drew a small bottle filled with a black liquid, and, in his shaking hand, extended it to the judge nearest him.

Solemnly the judge took it and drew out the cork.

"It has the smell of milk," he said, "but milk which has clabbered;" and he passed it to his neighbor.

"It has the look of clabbered milk," assented the second judge.

"Beshrew me, but it is clabbered milk," asserted the third judge; "methinks 'twould be wisdom to keep the bottle corked, lest the once good milk, now a malignant fluid, be spilled on one of us and a tiny drop do great evil."

Thus the bottle was passed from one judicial nose to the other, and then given to the Beadle, who set it carefully on the table.

There may be seen to this day in Salem a bottle containing the pins which were drawn from the bodies of those who were victims of witches. But the bottle which stood beside it for over a century was at last thrown away, as it was empty save for a few grains of some powder or dust. Little did they who flung it away realize that that pinch of grayish dust was the remains of the milk which Satan, according to Bartholomew Stiles, had bewitched, and which was a large factor in securing the condemnation of Deliverance Wentworth.

The next witness was the minister who had conducted the services on the afternoon of that late memorable Sabbath, when the Devil had sought to destroy the meetinghouse during a thunderstorm.

He testified to having seen the prisoner raise her eyes, as she entered the church in disgrace ahead of the tithing man, and instantly an invisible demon, obeying her summons, tore down that part of the roof whereon her glance rested.

This evidence, further testified to by other witnesses, was in itself sufficient to condemn her.

The little maid heard the minister sadly. In the past he had been kind to her, and was her father's friend, and his young daughter had attended the Dame School with her.

Later, this very minister was driven from the town by his indignant parishioners, who blamed him not that he had shared in the general delusion, but that many of his persecutions had been actuated by personal malice.

And by a formal and public act, the repentant people canceled their excommunication of one blameless woman who had been his especial victim.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said the chief justice, "the supreme test of witchery will now be put to you. Pray God discover you if you be guilty. Let Ebenezer Gibbs appear."

"Ebenezer Gibbs," cried the Beadle, loudly.

At this there was a great stir and confusion in the rear of the meetinghouse.

Deliverance saw the stern faces turn from her, and necks craned to see the next witness. There entered the young man whom she had noticed, mounted on a white horse, at the out-

skirts of the crowd. A buzz of admiration greeted him, as he advanced slowly up the aisle, with a pomposity unusual in so young a man. His expression was austere. His right hand was spread upon a Bible, which he held against his breast. His hand, large, of a dimpled plumpness, with tapering fingers, was oddly at variance with his handsome face, which was thin, and marked by lines of hard study; a fiery zeal smoldered beneath the self-contained expression, ready to flame forth at a word. He ascended the platform reserved for the judges, and seated himself. Then he laid the Bible on his knees, and folded his arms across his breast.

A pitiful wailing arose in the back of the house, and the sound of a woman's voice hushing some one.

A man's voice in the audience cried out, "Let the witch be hanged. She be tormenting her victim."

"I be no witch," cried Deliverance, shrilly. "Dear Lord, give them a sign I be no witch."

The Beadle pounded his staff for silence.

"Let Ebenezer Gibbs come into court."

In answer to these summons, a child came slowly up the aisle, clinging to his mother's skirts. His thin little legs tottered under him; his face was peaked and wan, and he hid it in his mother's dress. When the Beadle sought to lift him, he wept bitterly, and had to be taken by force, and placed upon the platform where the accused was seated. The poor baby gasped for breath. His face grew rigid, his lips purple. His tiny hands, which were like bird's claws, so thin and emaciated were they, clinched, and he fell in convulsions.

An angry murmur from the people was instantly succeeded by the deepest silence.

The magistrates and people breathlessly awaited the result of the coming experiment.

The supreme test in all cases of witchery was to bring the victim into court, when he would generally fall into convulsions, or scream with agony on beholding the accused.

The Beadle and his assistants would then conduct or carry the sufferer to the prisoner, who was bidden by the judge to put forth his hand and touch the flesh of the afflicted one. Instantly the convulsions and supposed diabolical effects would cease, the malignant fluid passing back, like a magnetic current, into the body of the witch.

Tenderly the Beadle lifted the small convulsed form of Ebenezer Gibbs and laid it at the prisoner's feet.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said the chief justice, "you are bidden by the court to touch the body of your victim, that the malignant fluid, with which you have so diabolically afflicted him, may return into your own body. Again I pray God in His justice discover you if you be guilty."

Despite the severity of her rule, the little assistant teacher of the Dame School had a most tender heart for her tiny scholars. She bent now and lifted this youngest of her pupils into her lap.

"Oh, Ebenezer," she cried, stricken with remorse, "I no meant to rap your pate so hard as to make ye go daffy."

Doubtless the familiar voice pierced to the child's benumbed faculties, for he was seen to stir in her arms.

"Ebenezer," murmured the little maid, "do ye no love me, that ye will no open your eyes and look at me? Why, I be no witch, Ebenezer. Open your eyes and see. I will give ye a big sugarplum and ye will."

The beloved voice touched the estranged child heart. Perhaps the poor, stricken baby believed himself again at his knitting and primer lesson at the Dame School. In the awed silence he was seen to raise himself in the prisoner's arms and smile. With an inarticulate, cooing sound, he stroked her cheek with his little hand. The little maid spoke in playful chiding. Suddenly a weak gurgle of laughter smote the strained hearing of the people.

"Ye see, ye see I be no witch," cried Deliverance, raising her head, "ye see he be no afeared o' me."

But as soon as the words left her lips, she shrank and cowered, for she realized that the test of witchery had succeeded, that she was condemned. From her suddenly limp and helpless arms the Beadle took the child and returned it to its mother. And from that hour it was observed that little Ebenezer Gibbs regained strength.

The prisoner's arms were then bound behind her that she might not touch any one else.

After quiet had been restored, and the excitement at this direct proof of the prisoner's guilt had been quelled, the young minister, who had entered at a late hour of the trial, rose and addressed the jury. He was none other than the famous Cotton Mather, of Boston Town, being then about thirty years old and

in the height of his power. He had journeyed thither, he said, especially to be present at this trial, inasmuch as he had heard that some doubters had protested that the prisoner being young and a maiden, it was a cruel deed to bring her to trial, as if it had not been proven unto the people, yea, unto these very doubters, that the Devil, in his serpent cunning, often takes possession of seemingly innocent persons.

"Atheism," he said, tapping his Bible, "is begun in Sadduceeism, and those that dare not openly say, 'There is no God,' content themselves for a fair step and introduction thereto by denying there are witches. You have seen how this poor child had his grievous torment relieved as soon as the prisoner touched him. Yet you are wrought upon in your weak hearts by her round cheek and tender years, whereas if the prisoner had been an hag, you would have cried out upon her. Have you not been told this present assault of evil spirits is a particular defiance unto you and your ministers? Especially against New England is Satan waging war, because of its greater godliness. For the same reason it has been observed that demons, having much spite against God's house, do seek to demolish churches during thunderstorms. Of this you have had terrible experience in the incident of this prisoner. You know how hundreds of poor people have been seized with supernatural torture, many scalded with invisible brimstone, some with pins stuck in them, which have been withdrawn and placed in a bottle, that you all may have witness thereof. Yea, with mine own eyes have I seen poor children made to fly like geese, but just their toes touching now and then upon the ground, sometimes not once in twenty feet, their arms flapping like wings!"

The courthouse was very warm this June morning. Cotton Mather paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow. As he returned his kerchief to his pocket his glance rested momentarily on the prisoner.

For the first time he realized her youth. He noted her hair had a golden and innocent shining like the hair of a little child.

"Surely," he spoke aloud, yet more to himself than to the people, "the Devil does indeed take on at times the appearance of a very angel of light!"

He felt a sudden stirring of sympathy for those weak natures wrought upon by "a round cheek and tender years." The consciousness of this leaning in himself inspired him to greater vehemence.

"The conviction is most earnestly forced upon me that God has made of this especial case a very trial of faith, lest we embrace Satan when he appears to us in goodly disguise, and persecute him only when he puts on the semblance of an old hag or a middle-aged person. Yet, while God has thus far accorded the most exquisite success to our endeavor to defeat these horrid witchcrafts, there is need of much caution lest the Devil outwit us, so that we most miserably convict the innocent and set the guilty free. Now, the prisoner being young, meseemeth she was, perchance, more foolish than wicked. And when I reflect that men of much strength and hearty women have confessed that the Black man did tender a book unto them, soliciting them to enter into a league with his Master, and when they refused this abominable specter did summon his demons to torture these poor people, until by reason of their weak flesh, but against their real desires, they signed themselves to be the servants of the Devil forever, — and, I repeat, that when I reflect on this, that they who were hearty and of mature age could not withstand the torture of being twisted and pricked and pulled, and scalded with burning brimstone, how much less could a weak, tender maid resist their evil assaults? And I trust that my poor prayers for her salvation will not be refused, but that she will confess and save her soul."

He turned his earnest gaze upon Deliverance, and, perceiving she was in great fear, he spoke to her gently, bidding her cast off all dread of the Devil, abiding rather in the love of God, and thus strong in the armor of light, make her confession.

But the little maid was too stupefied by terror to gather much intelligent meaning from his words, and she stared helplessly at him as if stricken dumb.

At her continued, and to him, stubborn, silence, his patience vanished.

"Then you are indeed obstinate and of hard heart, and the Lord has cast you off," he cried. He turned to the judges with an impassioned gesture. "What better proof could you have that the Devil would indeed beguile the court itself by a fair outward show? Behold a very Sadducee! See in what dire need we stand to permit no false compassion to move us, lest by not proceeding with unwavering justice in this witchery business we work against the very cause of Christ. Still, while I would thus caution you not to let one witch go free, meseemeth it is yet worth while to consider other punishment than by halter

or burning. I have lately been impressed by a Vision from the Invisible World, that it would be pleasing to the Lord to have the lesser criminals punished in a mortifying public fashion until they renounce the Devil. I am apt to think there is some substantial merit in this peculiar recommendation."

A ray of hope was in these last words for the prisoner.

Deliverance raised her head eagerly. A lesser punishment! Then she would not be hanged. Oh, what a blessed salvation that she would be placed only in the stocks, or made to stand in a public place until she should confess! And it flashed through her mind that she could delay her confession from day to day until the Cavalier should return.

Cotton Mather caught her sudden changed expression.

The wan little face with its wide, uplifted eyes and half-parted lips acquired a fearful significance. That transfiguring illumination of hope upon her face was to him the phosphorescent playing of diabolical lights.

His compassion vanished. He now saw her only as a subtle instrument of the Devil's to defeat the ministers and the Church. He shuddered at the train of miserable consequences to which his pity might have opened the door, had not the mercy of God showed him his error in time.

"But when you have catched a witch of more than ordinary devilment," he cried, striking the palm of one hand with his clinched fist, "and who, by a fair and most subtle showing, would betray the cause of Christ to her Master, let no weak pity unnerve you, but have at her and hang her, lest but one such witch left in the land acquire power to wreak untold evil and undo all we have done."

Still once again did his deeply concerned gaze seek the prisoner's face, hoping to behold therein some sign of softening.

Beholding it not, he sighed heavily. He would willingly have given his life to save her soul to the good of God and to the glory of his own self-immolation.

"I become more and more convinced that my failure to bring this miserable maid to confession, and indeed the whole assault of the Evil Angels upon the country," he continued, using those words which have been generally accepted as a revelation of his marvelous credulity and self-righteousness, "were intended by Hell as a particular defiance unto my poor endeavors to bring the souls of men unto heaven. Yet will I wage personal war with Satan to drive him from the land."

He raised his eyes, a light of exaltation sweeping over his face.

"And in God's own appointed time," he cried in a voice that quivered with emotion, "His Peace will again descend upon this fair and gracious land, and we shall be at rest from persecution."

Whatever of overweening vanity his words expressed, none present seeing his enraptured face might have judged him harshly.

No infatuated self-complacency alone prompted his words, but rather his earnest conviction that he was indeed the instrument of God, and believed himself by reason of his long fastings and prayer, more than any person he knew, in direct communion with the invisible world.

And if his vanity and self-sufficiency held many from loving him, there were few who did not involuntarily do him honor.

Having finished, he sat down, laid his Bible on his knee, and folded his arms across his breast as heretofore. None, looking at him then as he sat facing the people, his chest puffed out with incomparable pride, young, with every sign of piety, withal a famous scholar, and possessed of exceptional personal comeliness, saw how the shadow of the future already touched him, when for his honest zeal in persecuting witches he should be an object of insult and ridicule in Boston Town, people naming their negroes Cotton Mather after him.

During his speech, Deliverance had at first listened eagerly, but, as he continued, her head sank on her breast and hope vanished. Dimly, as in a dream, she heard the judges' voices, the whispering of the people. At last, as a voice speaking a great distance off, she heard her name spoken.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said Chief Justice Stoughton, "you are acquaint with the law. If any man or woman be a witch and hath a familiar spirit, or hath consulted with one, he or she shall be put to death. You have by full and fair trial been proven a witch and found guilty in the extreme. Yet the court will show mercy unto you, if you will heartily, and with a contrite heart, confess that you sinned through weakness, and repent that you did transfer allegiance from God to the Devil."

"I be no witch," cried Deliverance, huskily, "I be no witch. There be another judgment."

The tears dropped from her eyes into her lap and the sweat

rolled down her face. But she could not wipe them away, her arms being bound behind her.

The judge nearest her, he who wore his natural hair and the black cap, was moved to compassion. He leant forward, and with his kerchief wiped the tears and sweat from her face.

"You poor and pitiful child," he said, "estranged from God by reason of your great sin, confess, confess, while there is yet time, lest you be hanged in sin and your soul condemned to eternal burning."

Deliverance comprehended but the merciful act and not the exhortation. She looked at him with the terror and entreaty of a last appeal in her eyes, but was powerless to speak.

Thus because she would not confess to the crime of which she had been proven guilty in the eyes of the law, she was sentenced to be hanged within five days, on Saturday, not later than the tenth nor earlier than the eighth hour. Also, owing to the fact of the confusion and almost ungovernable excitement among the people, it was forbidden any one to visit her, excepting of course the officers of the law, or the ministers to exhort her to confession.

At noon the court adjourned.

First, the judges in their velvet gowns went out of the meetinghouse. With the chief justice walked Cotton Mather, conversing learnedly.

Following their departure, two soldiers entered and bade Deliverance rise and go out with them. So, amidst a great silence, she passed down the aisle.



THE WISE WOMAN.

By Mme Darmesteter (Mary Robinson).

[Mary Robinson: Born at Leamington, Feb 27, 1857. An English poet. In 1888 she married M. Darmesteter, the French Orientalist. She has written: "A Handful of Honeysuckles" (1878), "The Crowned Hippolytus" (1880), a translation of Euripides (1881), "The End of the Middle Ages" (1889: a historical work), etc.]

In the last low cottage in Blackthorn Lane
  The Wise Woman lives alone;
The broken thatch lets in the rain,
And the glass is shattered in every pane
  With stones the boys have thrown.

For who would not throw stones at a witch,
Take any safe revenge
For the father's lameness, the mother's stitch,
The sheep that died on its back in a ditch,
And the mildewed corn in the grange?

Only be sure to be out of sight
Of the witch's baleful eye!
So the stones, for the most, are thrown at night,
Then a scuffle of feet, a hurry of fright—
How fast those urchins fly!

And a shattered glass is gaping sore
In the ragged window frame,
Or a horseshoe nailed against the door,
Whereunder the witch should pass no more,
Were sayings and doings the same

The witch's garden is run to weeds,
Never a phlox or a rose,
But infamous growths her brewing needs,
Or slimy mosses the rank soil breeds,
Or tares such as no man sows.

This is the house. Lift up the latch—
Faugh, the smoke and the smell!
A broken bench, some rags that catch
The drip of the rain from the broken thatch—
Are these the wages of Hell?

Is it for this she earns the fear
And the shuddering hate of her kind?
To molder and ache in the hovel here,
With the horror of death ever brooding near,
And the terror of what is behind?

The witch—who wonders?—is bent with cramp,
Satan himself cannot cure her,
For the beaten floor is oozing damp,
And the moon, through the roof, might serve for a lamp,
Only a rushlight's surer.

And here some night she will die alone,
When the cramp clutches tight at her heart
Let her cry in her anguish, and sob, and moan,
The tenderest woman the village has known
Would shudder—but keep apart.

Should she die in her bed! A likelier chance
  Were the dog's death, drowned in the pond
The witch when she passes it looks askance:
They ducked her once, when the horse bit Nance;
  She remembers, and looks beyond.

For then she had perished in very truth,
  But the Squire's son, home from college,
Rushed to the rescue, himself forsooth
Plunged after the witch. — Yes, I like the youth
  For all his new-fangled knowledge.

How he stormed at the cowards! What a rage
  Heroic flashed in his eyes!
But many a struggle and many an age
Must pass ere the same broad heritage
  Be given the fools and the wise.

"Cowards!" he cried. He was lord of the land,
  He was mighty to them, and rich.
They let him rant; but on either hand
They shrank from the devil's unseen brand
  On the sallow face of the witch

They let him rant; but deep in each heart
  Each thought of something of his own
Wounded or hurt by the Wise Woman's art;
Some friend estranged, or some lover apart.
  Each heart grew cold as stone

And the Heir spoke on, in his eager youth,
  His blue eyes full of flame;
And he held the witch, as he spoke of the Truth;
And the dead, cold Past; and of Love and of Ruth —
  But their hearts were still the same.

Till at last — "For the sake of Christ who died,
  Mother, forgive them," he said
"Come, let us kneel, let us pray!" he cried
But horror-stricken, aghast, from his side
  The witch broke loose and fled!

Fled right fast from the brave amends
  He would make her then and there,
From the chance that Heaven so seldom sends
To turn our bitterest foes to friends, —
  Fled at the name of a prayer.

Poor lad, he stared so; amazed and grieved.
He had argued nearly an hour;
And yet the beldam herself believed,
No less than the villagers she deceived,
In her own unholy power!

Though surely a witch should know very well
'Tis the lie for which she will burn
She surely has learned that the deepest spell
Her art includes could never compel
A quart of cream to turn.

And why, knowing this, should one sell one's soul
To gain such a life as hers,—
The life of the bat and the burrowing mole,—
To gain no vision and no control,
Not even the power to curse?

'Tis strange, and a riddle still in my mind
To-day as well as then.
There's never an answer I could find
Unless — O folly of humankind!
O vanity born with men!

Rather it may be than merely remain
A woman poor and old,
No longer like to be courted again
For the sallow face deep lined with pain,
Or the heart grown sad and cold

Such bitter souls may there be, I think,
So craving the power that slips,
Rather than lose it, they would drink
The waters of Hell, and lie at the brink
Of the grave, with eager lips.

Who sooner would, than slip from sight,
Meet every eye askance;
Whom threatened murder can scarce affright;
Who sooner would live as a plague and a blight
Than just be forgotten: perchance.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

By JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

[For biographical sketch, see Vol XV., page 7047.]

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with her gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbinger of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet;
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon's mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,

And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink below
Each gallant arm that strikes beneath
That awful messenger of death!

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye!

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?



COLONIAL AMERICA.

By GEORGE BANCROFT.

(From the "History of the United States"[1])

[George Bancroft, American historian, was born in Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800; graduated at Harvard; studied and took a Ph D. at Göttingen, studied also at Berlin, Jena, and Heidelberg He was long in public life, being Secretary of the Navy in 1845, acting Secretary of War for a month; minister to Great Britain, 1846–1849, to Prussia in 1867, to the North German Confederation, 1868–1871, and to the German Empire, 1871–1874. His life work, however, was his great "History of the United States," published at intervals from 1834 to 1882, and a revised complete edition in 1885. He died January 17, 1891.]

In 1754, David Hume, who had discovered the hollowness of the prevailing systems of thought in Europe, yet without

[1] Copyright by George Bancroft, 1876, 1883



GEORGE BANCROFT

offering any better philosophy than a selfish ideal skepticism, or hoping for any other euthanasia to the British constitution than its absorption in monarchy, said of America, in words which he never need have erased, and in a spirit which he never disavowed: "The seeds of many a noble state have been sown in climates kept desolate by the wild manners of the ancient inhabitants, and an asylum is secured in that solitary world for liberty and science." The thirteen American colonies, of which the union was projected, contained, at that day, about one million one hundred and sixty-five thousand white inhabitants, and two hundred and sixty-three thousand negroes: in all, one million four hundred and twenty-eight thousand souls. The board of trade reckoned a few thousands more, and revisers of their judgment less.

Of persons of European ancestry, perhaps fifty thousand dwelt in New Hampshire, two hundred and seven thousand in Massachusetts, thirty-five thousand in Rhode Island, and one hundred and thirty-three thousand in Connecticut; in New England, therefore, four hundred and twenty-five thousand souls.

Of the middle colonies, New York may have had eighty-five thousand; New Jersey, seventy-three thousand; Pennsylvania, with Delaware, one hundred and ninety-five thousand; Maryland, one hundred and four thousand: in all, not far from four hundred and fifty-seven thousand.

In the southern provinces, where the mild climate invited emigrants into the interior, and where the crown lands were often occupied on mere warrants of surveys or even without warrants, there was room for glaring mistakes in the enumerations. To Virginia may be assigned one hundred and sixty-eight thousand white inhabitants; to North Carolina, scarcely less than seventy thousand; to South Carolina, forty thousand; to Georgia, not more than five thousand; to the whole country south of the Potomac, two hundred and eighty-three thousand.

The white population of any one of five, or perhaps even of six, of the American provinces was greater, singly, than that of all Canada; and the aggregate in America exceeded that in Canada fourteen fold.

Of persons of African lineage the home was chiefly determined by climate. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Maine may have had six thousand negroes; Rhode Island, four thousand five hundred; Connecticut, three thousand five hundred: all New England, therefore, about fourteen thousand.

New York alone had not far from eleven thousand; New Jersey, about half that number; Pennsylvania, with Delaware, eleven thousand; Maryland, forty-four thousand: the central colonies, collectively, seventy-one thousand.

In Virginia, there were not less than one hundred and sixteen thousand; in North Carolina, perhaps more than twenty thousand; in South Carolina, full forty thousand; in Georgia, about two thousand: so that the country south of the Potomac may have had one hundred and seventy-eight thousand.

Of the southern group, Georgia, the asylum of misfortune, had been languishing under a corporation whose action had not equaled the benevolence of its designs. The council of its trustees had granted no legislative rights to those whom they assumed to protect, but, meeting at a London tavern, by their own power imposed taxes on its Indian trade. Industry was disheartened by the entail of freeholds; summer, extending through months not its own, engendered pestilent vapors from the lowlands, as they were first opened to the sun; American silk was admitted into London, duty free, but the wants of the wilderness left no leisure to feed the silkworm and reel its thread; nor was the down of the cotton plant as yet a staple; the indigent, for whom charity had proposed a refuge, murmured at an exile that had its sorrows; the few men of substance withdrew to Carolina. In December, 1751, the trustees unanimously desired to surrender their charter; and, with the approbation of the great lawyer Murray, all authority for two years emanated from the king alone. In 1754, when the first royal governor with a royal council entered upon office, a legislative assembly convened under the sanction of his commission. The crown instituted the courts, and appointed executive officers and judges, with fixed salaries paid by England; but the people, through its representative body, and the precedents of older colonies, gained vigor in its infancy to restrain every form of delegated power.

The people of South Carolina had used every method of encroaching on the executive, but they did not excite English jealousy by manufactures or large illicit trade; and British legislation was ever lenient to their interests. In favor of rice, the laws of navigation were mitigated; the planting of indigo, like the production of naval stores, was cherished by a bounty from the British exchequer; and they thought it in return no hardship to receive through England even foreign manu-

factures, which, by the system of partial drawbacks, came to them burdened with a tax, yet at a less cost than to the consumer in the metropolis. They had desired and had obtained the presence of troops to intimidate the wild tribes on their frontiers, and to overawe their slaves. The people were yeoman, owing the king small quitrents, which could never be rigorously exacted; the royal domain was granted on easy terms; and who would disturb the adventurer that, at his own will, built his cabin and pastured his herds in savannas and forests which had never been owned in severalty? The slave merchant supplied laborers on credit. Free from excessive taxation, protected by soldiers in British pay, the frugal planter enjoyed the undivided returns of his enterprise, and might double his capital in three or four years. The love for rural life prevailed universally; the thrifty mechanic abandoned his workshop, the merchant the risks of the sea, to plant estates of their own.

North Carolina, with nearly twice as many white inhabitants as its southern neighbor, had not one considerable village. Its swamps near the sea produced rice; its alluvial lands teemed with maize; free labor, little aided by negroes, drew turpentine and tar from the pines of its white, sandy plains; a rapidly increasing people lay scattered among its fertile uplands. There, through the boundless wilderness, emigrants, careless of the strifes of Europe, ignorant of deceit, free from tithes, answerable to no master, fearlessly occupied lands that seemed without an owner. Their swine had the range of the forest; the greenwood was the pasture of their untold herds. Their young men trolled along the brooks that abounded in fish, and took their sleep under the forest tree; or trapped the beaver; or, with gun and pouch, lay in wait for the deer, as it slaked its thirst at the running stream; or, in small parties, roved the spurs of the Alleghanies, in quest of marketable skins. When Arthur Dobbs, the royal governor, an author of some repute, insisted on introducing the king's prerogative, the legislature did not scruple to leave the government unprovided for. When he attempted to establish the Anglican church, they were ready to welcome the institution of public worship, if their own vestries might choose their ministers. When he sought to collect quitrents from a people who were nearly all tenants of the king, they deferred indefinitely the adjustment of the rent roll.

For the Carolinas and for Virginia, as well as other royal governments, the king, under his sign manual, appointed the governor and the council; these constituted a court of chancery; the provincial judges, selected by the king or the royal governor, held office at the royal pleasure; for the courts of vice admiralty, the lords of the admiralty named a judge, register, and marshal; the commissioners of the customs appointed the comptrollers and the collectors, of whom one was stationed at each considerable harbor; the justices and the militia officers were named by the governor in council. The freeholders elected but one branch of the legislature; and here, as in every royal government, the council formed another. In Virginia there was less strife than elsewhere between the executive and the assembly: partly because the king had a permanent revenue from quitrents and perpetual grants; partly because the governor resided in England, and was careful that his deputy should not hazard his sinecure by controversy. In consequence, the council, by its weight of personal character, gained unusual influence. The church of England was supported by legislative authority, and the plebeian sects were as yet proscribed; but the great extent of the parishes prevented unity of public worship. Bedford, when in office, had favored the appointment of an Anglican bishop in America; but, as his decisive opinion and the importunities of Sherlock and Secker had not prevailed, the benefices were filled by priests ordained in England, and for the most part of English birth. The province had not one large town; the scattered mode of life made the system of free schools not easily practicable. Sometimes the sons of wealthy planters repaired to Europe; here and there a man of great learning, some Scottish loyalist, some exile around whom misfortune spread a mystery, sought safety and gave instruction in Virginia. The country within tide water was divided among planters, who, in the culture of tobacco, were favored by British legislation. Insulated on their large estates, they were cordially hospitable. In the quiet of their solitary life, unaided by an active press, they learned from nature what others caught from philosophy—to reason boldly. The horse was their pride; the country courts, their holidays; the racecourse, their delight. On permitting the increase of negro slavery, opinions were nearly equally divided; but England kept slave marts open at every courthouse, as far, at least, as the Southwest Mountain: partly to enrich her slave merchants,



ADDRESS OF PATRICK HENRY BEFORE THE CONVENTION OF DELEGATES, MARCH 28, 1775

From a painting by Rothermel

partly, by balancing the races, to weaken the power of colonial resistance. The industry of the Virginians did not compete with that of the mother country; they had few mariners, took no part in the fisheries, and built no ships for sale. British factors purchased their products and furnished their supplies, and fixed the price of both. Their connection with the metropolis was more intimate than with the northern colonies. England was their market and their storehouse, and was still called their home.

Yet the prerogative had little support in Virginia. Its assembly sent, when it would, its own special agent to England, elected the colonial treasurer, and conducted its deliberations with dignity. Among the inhabitants, the pride of individual freedom paralyzed royal influence. They were the more independent because they were the oldest colony, the most numerous, the most opulent, and, in territory, by far the most extensive. The property of the crown in its unascertained domain was admitted, yet they easily framed theories that invested the rightful ownership in the colony itself. Its people spread more and more widely over the mild, productive, and enchanting interior. They ascended rivers to the valleys of its mountain ranges, where the red soil bore wheat luxuriantly. Among the half-opened forests of Orange County, in a home of plenty, there sported on the lawn the child Madison, round whom clustered the hopes of American union. On the highlands of Albemarle, Thomas Jefferson, son of a surveyor, dwelt on the skirt of forest life, with no intercepting range of hills between his dwelling place and the far distant ocean. Beyond the Blue Ridge, men came from the glades of Pennsylvania; of most various nations, Irish, Scottish, and German, ever in strife with the royal officers, occupying lands without allotment, or on mere warrants of survey, without patents of payment of quitrents. Everywhere in Virginia the sentiment of individuality was the parent of its republicanism.

North of the Potomac, at the center of America, were the proprietary governments of Maryland and of Pennsylvania, with Delaware. There the king had no officers but in the customs and the admiralty courts; his name was scarcely known in the acts of government.

During the last war, Maryland enjoyed unbroken quiet, furnishing no levies of men for the army, and very small contributions of money. Its legislature hardly looked beyond its

own internal affairs, and its growth in numbers proved its prosperity. The youthful Frederic, Lord Baltimore, sixth of that title, dissolute and riotous, fond of wine to madness and of women to folly, as a prince zealous for prerogative, though negligent of business, was the sole landlord of the province. On acts of legislation, to him belonged a triple veto, by his council, by his deputy, and by himself. He established courts and appointed all their officers; punished convicted offenders, or pardoned them; appointed at pleasure councilors, all officers of the colony, and all the considerable county officers; and possessed exclusively the unappropriated domain. Reserving choice lands for his own manors, he had the whole people for his tenants on quitrents, which, in 1754, exceeded twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and were rapidly increasing. On every new grant from the wild domain he received caution money; his were all escheats, wardships, and fruits of the feudal tenures. Fines of alienation, though abolished in England, were paid for his benefit on every transfer, and fines upon devises were still exacted. He enjoyed a perpetual port duty of fourteen pence a ton, on vessels not owned in the province, yielding not far from five thousand dollars a year; and he exacted a tribute for licenses to hawkers and peddlers, and to ordinaries.

These were the private income of Lord Baltimore. For the public service he needed no annual grants. By an act of 1704, which was held to be permanent, an export tax of a shilling on every hogshead of tobacco gave an annually increasing income of already not much less than seven thousand dollars, more than enough for the salary of his lieutenant governor; while other officers were paid by fees and perquisites. Thus the assembly scarcely had occasion to impose taxes, except for the wages of its own members.

Besides the untrammeled power of appointing colonial officers, Lord Baltimore, as prince palatine, could raise his liegemen to defend his province. His was also the power to pass ordinances for the preservation of order, to erect towns and cities, to grant titles of honor, and his the advowson of every benefice. The colonial act of 1702 had divided Maryland into parishes, and established the Anglican church by an annual tax of forty pounds of tobacco on every poll. The parishes were about forty in number, increasing in value, some of them promising a thousand pounds sterling a year. Thus the lewd Lord Baltimore had more church patronage than any landholder in

England; and, as there was no bishop in America, ruffians, fugitives from justice, men stained by intemperance and lust (I write with caution, the distinct allegations being before me), nestled themselves, through his corrupt and easy nature, in the parishes of Maryland.

The king had reserved no right of revising the laws of Maryland; nor could he invalidate them, except as they should be found repugnant to those of England. The royal power was by charter restrained "from imposing, or causing to be imposed, any customs or other taxations, quotas, or contributions whatsoever, within the province, or upon any merchandise, while being laden or unladen in its ports." Of its people, about one twelfth were Roman Catholics; and these suffered the burden of double taxation.

In Pennsylvania, with the counties on Delaware, the people, whose numbers appeared to double in sixteen years, were already the masters, and to dispute their authority was but to introduce an apparent anarchy. Of the noble territory, the joint proprietors were Thomas and Richard Penn, the former holding three quarters of the whole. Inheritance might subdivide it indefinitely. The political power that had been bequeathed to them brought little personal dignity or benefit.

The lieutenant governor had a negative on legislation; but he depended on the assembly for his annual support, and had often to choose between compliance and poverty. To the council, whom the proprietaries appointed, and to the proprietaries themselves, the right to revise legislative acts was denied; and long usage confirmed the denial. The legislature had but one branch, and of that branch Benjamin Franklin was the soul.

It had an existence of its own; could meet on its own adjournments, and no power could prorogue or dissolve it; but a swift responsibility brought its members annually before their constituents. The assembly would not allow the proprietaries in England to name judges; they were to be named by the lieutenant governor on the spot, and, like him, depended for their salaries on the yearly vote of the assembly. All sheriffs and coroners were chosen by the people. Moneys were raised by an excise, and were kept and were disbursed by provincial commissioners. The land office was under proprietary control; and, to balance its political influence, the assembly kept the loan office of paper money under their own supervision.

The laws established for Pennsylvania complete enfran-

chisement in the domain of thought. Its able press developed the principles of civil rights; its chief city cherished science; and, by private munificence, a ship, at the instance of Franklin, had attempted to discover the northwestern passage. A library, too, was endowed, and an academy chartered. No oaths or tests barred the avenue to public posts. The church of England, unaided by law, competed with all forms of dissent. The Presbyterians, who were willing to fight for their liberties, began to balance the men who were prepared to suffer for them. Yet the Quakers, humblest among plebeian sects, and boldest of them all — disjoined from the middle age without even a shred or a mark of its bonds; abolishing not the aristocracy of the sword only, but all war; not prelacy and priestcraft only, but outward symbols and ordinances, external sacraments and forms — pure spiritualists, and apostles of the power and the freedom of mind, still swayed legislation and public opinion. Ever restless under authority, they were jealous of the new generation of proprietaries who had fallen off from their society, regulated the government with a view to their own personal profit, and shunned taxation of their colonial estates.

New Jersey, now a royal government, enjoyed, with the aged Belcher, comparative tranquillity. He parried for them the oppressive disposition of the board of trade, and the rapacity of the great claimants of lands who held seats in the council. "I have to steer," he would say, "between Scylla and Charybdis; to please the king's ministers at home, and a touchy people here; to luff for one, and bear away for another." Sheltered by its position, New Jersey refused to share the expense of Indian alliances, often left its own annual expenses unprovided for, and its obstinate enthusiasts awaited the completion of the prophecies that "nation shall not lift up sword against nation."

There, too, on the banks of the Delaware, John Woolman, a tailor by trade, "stood up like a trumpet, through which the Lord speaks to his people," to make the negro masters sensible of the evil of holding the people of Africa in slavery; and, by his testimony at the meetings of Friends, recommended that oppressed part of the creation to the notice of each individual and of the society.

"Though we make slaves of the negroes, and the Turks make slaves of the Christians," so he persistently taught, "liberty is the natural right of all men equally." "The slaves

look to me like a burdensome stone to such who burden themselves with them. The burden will grow heavier and heavier till times change in a way disagreeable to us." "It may be just," observed one of his hearers, "for the Almighty so to order it." It was a matter fixed in his mind, that this trade of importing slaves, and way of life in keeping them, were dark gloominess hanging over the land. "The consequences would be grievous to posterity." Therefore he went about persuading men that the "practice of continuing slavery was not right;" and he endeavored "to raise an idea of a general brotherhood." Masters of negroes on both banks of the Delaware began the work of setting them free, "because they had no contract for their labor, and liberty was their right." A general epistle from the yearly meeting of Friends, in 1754, declared it to be their "concern" to bear testimony against the iniquitous practice of slave dealing, and to warn their members against making any purchase of slaves.

New York was at this time the central point of political interest. Its position invited it to foster American union. Having the most convenient harbor on the Atlantic, with bays expanding on either hand and a navigable river penetrating the interior, it held the keys of Canada and the lakes. The forts at Crown Point and Niagara were encroachments upon its limits. Its unsurveyed inland frontier, sweeping round on the north, disputed with New Hampshire the land between Lake Champlain and the Connecticut, and extended into unmeasured distances in the west. Within its bosom, at Onondaga, burned the council fire of the Six Nations, whose irregular bands had seated themselves near Montreal, on the northern shore of Ontario, and on the Ohio; whose hunters roamed over the Northwest and the West. Here were concentrated by far the most important Indian relations, round which the idea of a general union was shaping itself into a reality. It was to still the hereditary warfare of the Six Nations with the southern Indians that South Carolina and Massachusetts first met at Albany; it was to confirm friendship with them and their allies that New England and all the central states but New Jersey had assembled in congress.

England never possessed the affection of the country which it had acquired by conquest. British officials sent home complaints of "the Dutch republicans" as disloyal. The descendants of the Huguenot refugees were taunted with their origin,

and invited to accept English liberties as a boon. Nowhere was the collision between the royal governor and the colonial assembly so violent or so inveterate; nowhere had the legislature, by its method of granting money, so nearly exhausted and appropriated to itself all executive authority; nowhere had the relations of the province to Great Britain been more sharply controverted. The board of trade esteemed the provincial legislature to rest for its existence on acts of the royal prerogative, while the people looked upon their representatives as existing by an inherent right, and coordinate with the British House of Commons.

The laws of trade excited still more resistance. Why should a people, of whom one half were of foreign ancestry, be cut off from all the world but England? Why must the children of Holland be debarred from the ports of the Netherlands? Why must their ships seek the produce of Europe and, by a later law, the produce of Asia, in English harbors alone? Why were negro slaves the only considerable object of foreign commerce which England did not compel to be first landed on its shores? The British restrictive system was transgressed by all America, but most of all by New York, the child of the Netherlands. Especially the British ministry had been invited, in 1752, to observe that, while the consumption of tea was annually increasing in America, the export from England was decreasing; and meantime, the little island of St. Eustatius, a heap of rocks but two leagues in length by one in breadth, without a rivulet or a spring, gathered in its storehouses the products of Holland, of the Orient, of the world; and its harbor was more and more filled with fleets of colonial trading vessels, which, if need were, completed their cargoes by entering the French islands with Dutch papers. Under the British statutes, which made the commercial relations of America to England not a union, but a bondage, America bought of England hardly more than she would have done on the system of freedom; and this small advantage was dearly purchased by the ever-increasing cost of cruisers, customhouse officers, and vice-admiralty courts, and the discontent of the merchants.

The large landholders were jealous of British authority, which threatened to bound their pretensions, or question their titles, or, through parliament, to burden them with a land tax. The lawyers of the colony, chiefly Presbyterians, and educated in Connecticut, joined heartily with the merchants and the

great proprietors to resist every encroachment from England. In no province was the very near approach of independence discerned so clearly, or so openly predicted.

New York had been settled under large patents of lands to individuals; New England under grants to towns; and the institution of towns was its glory and its strength. The inhabited part of Massachusetts was recognized as divided into little territories, each of which, for its internal purposes, constituted an integral government, free from supervision; having power to choose annually its own officers; to hold meetings of all freemen at its pleasure; to discuss in those meetings any subject of public interest; to see that every able-bodied man within its precincts was enrolled in the militia and provided with arms, ready for immediate use; to elect and to instruct its representatives; to raise and appropriate money for the support of the ministry, of schools, of highways, of the poor, and for defraying other necessary expenses within the town. It was incessantly deplored, by royalists of later days, that the law which confirmed these liberties had received the unreflecting sanction of William III., and the most extensive interpretation in practice. Boston, on more than one occasion, ventured in town meeting to appoint its own agent to present a remonstrance to the board of trade. New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Maine, which was a part of Massachusetts, had similar regulations; so that all New England was an aggregate of organized democracies. But the complete development of the institution was to be found in Connecticut and the Massachusetts bay. There each township was substantially a territorial parish; the town was the religious congregation; the independent church was established by law; the minister was elected by the people, who annually made grants for his support. There the system of free schools was carried to such perfection that an adult born in New England and unable to write and read could not be found. He that will understand the political character of New England in the eighteenth century must study the constitution of its towns, its congregations, its schools, and its militia.

Yet in these democracies the hope of independence, as a near event, had not dawned; the inhabitants still clung with persevering affection to the land of their ancestry and their language. They were of homogeneous origin, nearly all tracing their descent to English emigrants of the reigns of Charles I.

and Charles II. They were frugal and industrious. Along the seaside, wherever there was a good harbor, fishermen, familiar with the ocean, gathered in hamlets; and each returning season saw them, with an ever-increasing number of mariners and vessels, taking the cod and mackerel, and sometimes pursuing the whale into the northern seas. At Boston a society was formed for promoting domestic manufactures: on one of its anniversaries, three hundred young women appeared on the Common, clad in homespun, seated in a triple row, each with a spinning wheel, and each busily transferring the flax from the distaff to the spool. The town built "a manufacturing house," and there were bounties to encourage the workers in linen. How the board of trade were alarmed at the news! How they censured Shirley for not having frowned on the business! How committees of the House of Commons examined witnesses, and made proposals for prohibitory laws, till the Boston manufacturing house, designed to foster home industry, fell into decay! Of slavery there was not enough to affect the character of the people, except in the southeast of Rhode Island, where Newport was conspicuous for engaging in the slave trade, and where, in two or three towns, negroes composed even a third of the inhabitants.

In the settlements which grew up in the interior, on the margin of the greenwood, the plain meetinghouse of the congregation for public worship was everywhere the central point; near it stood the public school. The snug farmhouses, owned as freeholds, without quitrents, were dotted along the way. In every hand was the Bible; every home was a house of prayer; all had been taught, many had comprehended, a methodical theory of the divine purpose in creation, and of the destiny of man.

God is the absolute sovereign, doing according to his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants on earth. Scorning the thought of free agency as breaking the universe of action into countless fragments, the greatest number in New England held that very volition, even of the humblest of the people, is obedient to the fixed decrees of Providence, and participates in eternity.

Yet, while the common mind of New England was inspired by the great thought of the sole sovereignty of God, it did not lose personality and human freedom in pantheistic fatalism.

Like Augustine, who made war both on Manicheans and Pelagians; like the Stoics, whose morals it most nearly resembled, it asserted by just dialectics, or, as some would say, by a sublime inconsistency, the power of the individual will. In every action it beheld the union of the motive and volition. The action, it saw, was according to the strongest motive; and it knew that what proves the strongest motive depends on the character of the will. The Calvinist of New England, who longed to be "morally good and excellent," had, therefore, no other object of moral effort than to make "the will truly lovely and right."

Action, therefore, as flowing from an energetic, right, and lovely will, was the ideal of New England. It rejected the asceticism of one-sided spiritualists, and fostered the whole man, seeking to perfect his intelligence and improve his outward condition. It saw in every one the divine and the human nature. It subjected but did not extirpate the inferior principles. It placed no merit in vows of poverty or celibacy, and spurned the thought of non-resistance. In a good cause its people were ready to take up arms and fight, cheered by the conviction that God was working in them both to will and to do.



THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

By WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

[1819–1881.]

He lay upon his dying bed,
  His eye was growing dim,
When, with a feeble voice, he called
  His weeping son to him:
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
  "I bow to heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring,
  The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
  Lit with a sudden flame;
And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
  He murmured Warren's name;

Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me, now,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised his blade on me,
I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will;
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh! keep this sword," his accents broke,—
A smile,—and he was dead;
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
Upon that dying bed.
The sun remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.



ADDRESS OF PATRICK HENRY BEFORE THE CONVENTION OF DELEGATES, MARCH 28, 1775.

[PATRICK HENRY, American statesman and orator, was born at Studley, Hanover County, Va., May 29, 1736 *Having* failed utterly in farming and trade, he became a lawyer, and first brought himself into notice by his pleading in a case respecting the legal income of the clergy. He vigorously opposed the Stamp Act in the Virginia House of Burgesses (1765), and in the Continental Congress (1774) opened the proceedings with a speech in which he declared "I am not a Virginian, but an American." He was several times governor of his native state, retired into private life in 1791, and died at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Va., June 6, 1799.]

MR. PRESIDENT,—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope that it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if,

entertaining as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with these warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motives for it? Has

Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of the means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy case of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by

any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!



THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

By THOMAS PAINE.

(From "Common Sense.")

[THOMAS PAINE, polemic writer and devotee of human rights, was born in Norfolk, England, January 29, 1737; was first a stay maker, then exciseman, teacher, and Dissenting lay preacher, and a pamphleteer of such ability as to attract the attention of Franklin, on whose invitation he came to America in 1774. He became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine;* wrote "Common Sense," a pamphlet advocating total separation of the colonies from Great Britain; and *The Crisis*, a sort of occasional journal to keep up the courage of the new confederacy. He was aid to General Greene, secretary to the congressional committee on foreign affairs, clerk of the Pennsylvania legislature, and associated with Colonel Laurens in obtaining loans from France and Holland. Going to France at the opening of the Revolution, he published a pamphlet advocating the abolition of monarchy. In 1791 he published in England the "Rights of Man," in reply to Burke, was outlawed for it, and returned to France, where

the Jacobins were enraged at his opposition to the beheading of the king, and Robespierre imprisoned him for a year. His "Age of Reason" was published in 1794–1795. He returned to the United States in 1801, and died June 8, 1809.]

IN the following pages I offer nothing more than simple facts, plain arguments, and common sense; and have no other preliminaries to settle with the reader than that he will divest himself of prejudice and prepossession, and suffer his reason and his feelings to determine for themselves; that he will put *on*, or rather that he will not put *off* the true character of a man, and generously enlarge his views beyond the present day.

Volumes have been written on the subject of the struggle between England and America. Men of all ranks have embarked in the controversy, from different motives, and with various designs; but all have been ineffectual, and the period of debate is closed. Arms, as the last resource, must decide the contest; the appeal was the choice of the king, and the continent hath accepted the challenge.

It has been reported of the late Mr. Pelham (who, though an able minister, was not without his faults) that on his being attacked in the house of commons, on the score that his measures were only of a temporary kind, replied, "*They will last my time.*" Should a thought so fatal or unmanly possess the colonies in the present contest, the name of ancestors will be remembered by future generations with detestation.

The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent — of at least one eighth part of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in the contest, and will be more or less affected even to the end of time, by the proceedings now. Now is the seedtime of continental union, faith, and honor. The least fracture now will be like a name engraved with the point of a pin on the tender rind of a young oak; the wound will enlarge with the tree, and posterity read it in full-grown characters.

By referring the matter from argument to arms, a new area for politics is struck; a new method of thinking hath arisen. All plans, proposals, etc., prior to the nineteenth of April, *i.e.* to the commencement of hostilities, are like the almanacs of last year; which, though proper then, are superseded and useless now. Whatever was advanced by the advocates on either side of the question then, terminated in one and the same point,

viz. a union with Great Britain; the only difference between the parties was the method of effecting it; the one proposing force, the other friendship; but it hath so far happened that the first has failed, and the second has withdrawn her influence.

As much hath been said of the advantages of reconciliation, which, like an agreeable dream, hath passed away and left us as we were, it is but right that we should examine the contrary side of the argument, and inquire into some of the many material injuries which these colonies sustain, and always will sustain, by being connected with and dependent on Great Britain. To examine that connection and dependence, on the principles of nature and common sense, to see what we have to trust to, if separated, and what we are to expect, if dependent.

I have heard it asserted by some that as America has flourished under her former connection with Great Britain, the same connection is necessary towards her future happiness, and will always have the same effect. Nothing can be more fallacious than this kind of argument. We may as well assert that because a child has thrived upon milk, that it is never to have meat, or that the first twenty years of our lives is to become a precedent for the next twenty. But even this is admitting more than is true, for I answer roundly that America would have flourished as much, and probably much more, had no European power had anything to do with her. The articles of commerce by which she has enriched herself are the necessaries of life, and will always have a market while eating is the custom of Europe.

But she has protected us, say some. That she hath engrossed us is true, and defended the continent at our expense as well as her own, is admitted, and she would have defended Turkey from the same motives, viz. for the sake of trade and dominion.

Alas! we have been long led away by ancient prejudices, and made large sacrifices to superstition. We have boasted the protection of Great Britain, without considering that her motive was *interest*, not *attachment;* and that she did not protect us from *our enemies* on *our account*, but from *her enemies* on *her own account*, from those who had no quarrel with us on any *other account*, and who will always be our enemies on the *same account*. Let Britain waive her pretensions to the continent, or the continent throw off the dependence, and we should be at peace with France and Spain, were they at war with

Britain. The miseries of Hanover last war ought to warn us against connections.

It hath lately been asserted in parliament that the colonies have no relation to each other but through the parent country, *i.e.* that Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, and so on for the rest, are sister colonies by way of England; that is certainly a very roundabout way of proving relationship, but it is the nearest and only true way of proving enemy-ship, if I may so call it. France and Spain never were, nor perhaps ever will be, our enemies as *Americans*, but as our being the *subjects of Great Britain.*

But Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families; wherefore the assertion, if true, turns to her reproach; but it happens not to be true, or only partly so, and the phrase *parent* or *mother country* hath been jesuitically adopted by the king and his parasites, with a low papistical design of gaining an unfair bias on the credulous weakness of our minds. Europe, and not England, is the parent country of America. This new world hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from *every part* of Europe. Hither have they fled, not from the tender embraces of the mother, but from the cruelty of the monster; and it is so far true of England, that the same tyranny which drove the first emigrants from home pursues their descendants still.

In this extensive quarter of the globe, we forget the narrow limits of three hundred and sixty miles (the extent of England) and carry our friendship on a larger scale; we claim brotherhood with every European Christian, and triumph in the generosity of the sentiment.

It is pleasant to observe with what regular gradations we surmount local prejudices, as we enlarge our acquaintance with the world. A man born in any town in England divided into parishes, will naturally associate with most of his fellow-parishioners (because their interest in many cases will be common) and distinguish him by the name of *neighbor;* if he meet him but a few miles from home, he drops the narrow idea of a street, and salutes him by the name of *townsman;* if he travel out of the county, and meets him in any other, he forgets the minor divisions of street and town, and calls him *countryman*, *i.e. countyman;* but if in their foreign excursions they should as-

sociate in France or any other part of *Europe*, their local remembrance would be enlarged into that of *Englishman*. And by a just parity of reasoning, all Europeans meeting in America, or any other quarter of the globe, are *countrymen;* for England, Holland, Germany, or Sweden, when compared with the whole, stand in the same places on the larger scale, which the divisions of street, town, and county do on the smaller one; distinctions too limited for continental minds. Not one third of the inhabitants, even of this province, are of English descent. Wherefore, I reprobate the phrase of parent or mother country applied to England only, as being false, selfish, narrow, and ungenerous.

But, admitting that we were all of English descent, what does it amount to? Nothing. Britain, being now an open enemy, extinguishes every other name and title: and to say that reconciliation is our duty is truly farcical. The first king of England, of the present line (William the Conqueror), was a Frenchman, and half the peers of England are descendants from the same country; wherefore, by the same method of reasoning, England ought to be governed by France.

Much hath been said of the united strength of Britain and the colonies, that in conjunction they might bid defiance to the world. But this is mere presumption; the fate of war is uncertain, neither do the expressions mean anything; for this continent would never suffer itself to be drained of inhabitants, to support the British arms in either Asia, Africa, or Europe.

Besides, what have we to do with setting the world at defiance? Our plan is commerce, and that, well attended to, will secure us the peace and friendship of all Europe; because it is the interest of all Europe to have America a *free port.* Her trade will always be a protection, and her barrenness of gold and silver secure her from invaders.

I challenge the warmest advocate for reconciliation, to show a single advantage that this continent can reap by being connected with Great Britain. I repeat the challenge; not a single advantage is derived. Our corn will fetch its price in any market in Europe, and our imported goods must be paid for, buy them where we will.

But the injuries and disadvantages which we sustain by that connection are without number; and our duty to mankind at large as well as to ourselves instructs us to renounce the alliance; because any submission to or dependence on Great Britain tends directly to involve this continent in European wars

and quarrels, and sets us at variance with nations who would otherwise seek our friendship, and against whom we have neither anger nor complaint. As Europe is our market for trade we ought to form no partial connection with any part of it. It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she never can do while, by her dependence on Britain, she is made the makeweight in the scale of British politics.

Europe is too thickly planted with kingdoms to be long at peace, and whenever a war breaks out between England and any foreign power the trade of America goes to ruin *because of her connection with Britain.* The next war may not turn out like the last, and should it not the advocates for reconciliation now will be wishing for separation then, because neutrality in that case would be a safer convoy than a man-of-war. Everything that is right or natural pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature, cries *'tis time to part.* Even the distance at which the Almighty hath placed England and America, is a strong and natural proof that the authority of the one over the other was never the design of heaven. The time likewise at which the continent was discovered adds weight to the argument, and the manner in which it was peopled increases the force of it. The reformation was preceded by the discovery of America, as if the Almighty graciously meant to open a sanctuary to the persecuted in future years, when home should afford neither friendship nor safety.

The authority of Great Britain over this continent is a form of government which sooner or later must have an end: and a serious mind can draw no true pleasure by looking forward under the painful and positive conviction, that what he calls "the present constitution" is merely temporary. As parents, we can have no joy, knowing that *this government* is not sufficiently lasting to insure anything which we may bequeath to posterity; and by a plain method of argument, as we are running the next generation into debt, we ought to do the work of it, otherwise we use them meanly and pitifully. In order to discover the line of our duty rightly, we should take our children in our hand, and fix our station a few years farther into life; that eminence will present a prospect which a few present fears and prejudices conceal from our sight.

Though I would carefully avoid giving unnecessary offense, yet I am inclined to believe that all those who espouse the doc-

trine of reconciliation may be included within the following descriptions.

Interested men, who are not to be trusted; weak men, who *cannot* see; prejudiced men, who *will not* see; and a certain set of moderate men, who think better of the European world than it deserves: and this last class, by an ill-judged deliberation, will be the cause of more calamities to this continent than all the other three.

It is the good fortune of many to live distant from the scene of sorrow; the evil is not sufficiently brought to *their* doors to make *them* feel the precariousness with which all American property is possessed. But let our imaginations transport us a few moments to Boston; that seat of wretchedness will teach us wisdom, and instruct us forever to renounce a power in whom we can have no trust. The inhabitants of that unfortunate city, who but a few months ago were in ease and affluence, have now no other alternative than to stay and starve, or turn out to beg. Endangered by the fire of their friends if they continue within the city, and plundered by the soldiery if they leave it. In their present situation they are prisoners without the hope of redemption, and in a general attack for their relief, they would be exposed to the fury of both armies.

Men of passive tempers look somewhat lightly over the offenses of Britain, and, still hoping for the best, are apt to call out, "*Come, come, we shall be friends again, for all this.*" But examine the passions and feelings of mankind, bring the doctrine of reconciliation to the touchstone of nature, and then tell me whether you can hereafter love, honor, and faithfully serve the power that hath carried fire and sword into your land? If you cannot do all these, then are you only deceiving yourselves, and by your delay bringing ruin upon your posterity. Your future connection with Britain, whom you can neither love nor honor, will be forced and unnatural, and being formed only on the plan of present convenience, will in a little time fall into a relapse more wretched than the first. But if you say you can still pass the violations over, then I ask, hath your house been burnt? Hath your property been destroyed before your face? Are your wife and children destitute of a bed to lie on, or bread to live on? Have you lost a parent or a child by their hands, and yourself the ruined and wretched survivor? If you have not, then are you not a judge of those who have. But if you have, and can still shake hands with the murderers,

then are you unworthy the name of husband, father, friend, or lover, and whatever may be your rank or title in life, you have the heart of a coward and the spirit of a sycophant.

This is not inflaming or exaggerating matters, but trying them by those feelings and affections which nature justifies, and without which we should be incapable of discharging the social duties of life, or enjoying the felicities of it. I mean not to exhibit horror for the purpose of provoking revenge, but to awaken us from fatal and unmanly slumbers, that we may pursue determinately some fixed object. It is not in the power of Britain or of Europe to conquer America, if she does not conquer herself by *delay* and *timidity*. The present winter is worth an age if rightly employed, but if lost or neglected, the whole continent will partake of the misfortune; and there is no punishment which that man will not deserve, be he who, or what, or where he will, that may be the means of sacrificing a season so precious and useful.

It is repugnant to reason, and the universal order of things, to all examples from former ages, to suppose that this continent can longer remain subject to any external power. The most sanguine in Britain do not think so. The utmost stretch of human wisdom cannot, at this time, compass a plan short of separation, which can promise the continent even a year's security. Reconciliation is *now* a fallacious dream. Nature hath deserted the connection, and art cannot supply her place. For, as Milton wisely expresses, "never can true reconcilement grow, where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

Every quiet method for peace hath been ineffectual. Our prayers have been rejected with disdain; and only tended to convince us that nothing flatters vanity, or confirms obstinacy in kings more than repeated petitioning — nothing hath contributed more than this very measure to make the kings of Europe absolute: witness Denmark and Sweden. Wherefore, since nothing but blows will do, for God's sake let us come to a final separation, and not leave the next generation to be cutting throats, under the violated, unmeaning names of parent and child.

To say they will never attempt it again, is idle and visionary; we thought so at the repeal of the stamp act, yet a year or two undeceived us: as well may we suppose that nations, which have been once defeated, will never renew the quarrel.

As to government matters, it is not in the power of Britain

to do this continent justice: the business of it will soon be too weighty and intricate to be managed, with any tolerable degree of convenience, by a power so distant from us, and so very ignorant of us; for if they cannot conquer us, they cannot govern us. To be always running three or four thousand miles with a tale or a petition, waiting four or five months for an answer, which, when obtained, requires five or six more to explain it in, will in a few years be looked upon as folly and childishness — there was a time when it was proper, and there is a proper time for it to cease.

Small islands, not capable of protecting themselves, are the proper objects for kingdoms to take under their care; but there is something absurd in supposing a continent to be perpetually governed by an island. In no instance hath nature made the satellite larger than its primary planet; and as England and America, with respect to each other, reverse the common order of nature, it is evident that they belong to different systems: England to Europe — America to itself.

I am not induced by motives of pride, party, or resentment to espouse the doctrine of separation and independence; I am clearly, positively, and conscientiously persuaded that it is the true interest of this continent to be so; that everything short of *that* is mere patchwork; that it can afford no lasting felicity, — that it is leaving the sword to our children, and shrinking back at a time when going a little further would have rendered this continent the glory of the earth.

As Britain hath not manifested the least inclination towards a compromise, we may be assured that no terms can be obtained worthy the acceptance of the continent, or any ways equal to the expense of blood and treasure we have been already put to.

The object contended for ought always to bear some just proportion to the expense. The removal of North, or the whole detestable junto, is a matter unworthy the millions we have expended. A temporary stoppage of trade was an inconvenience which would have sufficiently balanced the repeal of all the acts complained of, had such repeals been obtained; but if the whole continent must take up arms, if every man must be a soldier, it is scarcely worth our while to fight against a contemptible ministry only. Dearly, dearly do we pay for the repeal of the acts, if that is all we fight for; for, in a just estimation, it is as great a folly to pay a Bunker-hill price for law as for land. I have always considered the independency

of this continent as an event which sooner or later must take place, and, from the late rapid progress of the continent to maturity, the event cannot be far off. Wherefore, on the breaking out of hostilities, it was not worth the while to have disputed a matter which time would have finally redressed, unless we meant to be in earnest; otherwise, it is like wasting an estate on a suit at law, to regulate the trespasses of a tenant, whose lease is just expiring. No man was a warmer wisher for a reconciliation than myself, before the fatal nineteenth of April, 1775, but the moment the event of that day was made known, I rejected the hardened, sullen-tempered Pharaoh of England forever: and disdain the wretch, that with the pretended title of *Father of his people*, can unfeelingly hear of their slaughter, and composedly sleep with their blood upon his soul.

But admitting that matters were now made up, what would be the event? I answer, the ruin of the continent. And that for several reasons.

1st, The powers of governing still remaining in the hands of the king, he will have a negative over the whole legislation of this continent. And as he hath shown himself such an inveterate enemy to liberty, and discovered such a thirst for arbitrary power: is he, or is he not, a proper person to say to these colonies, "*You shall make no laws but what I please?*" And is there any inhabitant of America so ignorant as not to know that, according to what is called the *present constitution*, this continent can make no laws but what the king gives leave to? and is there any man so unwise as not to see that (considering what has happened) he will suffer no law to be made here, but such as suits *his* purpose? We may be as effectually enslaved by the want of laws in America as by submitting to laws made for us in England. After matters are made up (as it is called) can there be any doubt but the whole power of the crown will be exerted to keep this continent as low and humble as possible? Instead of going forward we shall go backward, or be perpetually quarreling, or ridiculously petitioning.—We are already greater than the king wishes us to be, and will he not hereafter endeavor to make us less? To bring the matter to one point, Is the power who is jealous of our prosperity a proper power to govern us? Whoever says *No* to this question is an *independent*, for independency means no more than this, whether we shall make our own laws, or, whether the king, the greatest enemy which this continent

hath, or can have, shall tell us, "*There shall be no laws but such as I like.*"

But the king, you will say, has a negative in England; the people there can make no laws without his consent. In point of right and good order, it is something very ridiculous that a youth of twenty-one (which hath often happened) shall say to several millions of people, older and wiser than himself, I forbid this or that act of yours to be law. But in this place I decline this sort of reply, though I will never cease to expose the absurdity of it; and only answer, that England being the king's residence, and America not, makes quite another case. The king's negative *here* is ten times more dangerous and fatal than it can be in England; for *there* he will scarcely refuse his consent to a bill for putting England into as strong a state of defense as possible, and in America he would never suffer such a bill to be passed.

America is only a secondary object in the system of British politics — England consults the good of *this* country no further than it answers her *own* purpose. Wherefore, her own interest leads her to suppress the growth of *ours* in every case which doth not promote her advantage, or in the least interferes with it. A pretty state we should soon be in under a second-hand government, considering what has happened! Men do not change from enemies to friends by the alteration of a name; and in order to show that reconciliation *now* is a dangerous doctrine, I affirm, *that it would be policy in the king, at this time, to repeal the acts, for the sake of reinstating himself in the government of the provinces;* in order that *he may accomplish by craft and subtlety, in the long run, what he cannot do by force in the short one.* Reconciliation and ruin are nearly related.

2dly, That as even the best terms, which we can expect to obtain, can amount to no more than a temporary expedient, or a kind of government by guardianship, which can last no longer than till the colonies come of age, so the general face and state of things, in the interim, will be unsettled and unpromising. Emigrants of property will not choose to come to a country whose form of government hangs but by a thread, and which is every day tottering on the brink of commotion and disturbance; and numbers of the present inhabitants would lay hold of the interval to dispose of their effects, and quit the continent.

But the most powerful of all arguments is, that nothing but

independence, *i.e.* a continental form of government, can keep the peace of the continent and preserve it inviolate from civil wars. I dread the event of a reconciliation with Britain now, as it is more than probable that it will be followed by a revolt somewhere or other, the consequences of which may be far more fatal than all the malice of Britain.

Thousands are already ruined by British barbarity. (Thousands more will probably suffer the same fate.) Those men have other feelings than us who have nothing suffered. All they *now* possess is liberty, what they before enjoyed is sacrificed to its service, and having nothing more to lose, they disdain submission. Besides, the general temper of the colonies, towards a British government, will be like that of a youth who is nearly out of his time; they will care very little about her. And a government which cannot preserve the peace is no government at all, and in that case we pay our money for nothing; and pray what is it that Britain can do, whose power will be wholly on paper, should a civil tumult break out the very day after reconciliation? I have heard some men say, many of whom I believe spoke without thinking, that they dreaded an independence, fearing that it would produce civil wars. It is but seldom that our first thoughts are truly correct, and that is the case here; for there is ten times more to dread from a patched-up connection than from independence. I make the sufferer's case my own, and I protest that were I driven from house and home, my property destroyed, and my circumstances ruined, that as a man, sensible of injuries, I could never relish the doctrine of reconciliation, or consider myself bound thereby.

The colonies have manifested such a spirit of good order and obedience to continental government as is sufficient to make every reasonable person easy and happy on that head. No man can assign the least pretense for his fears on any other grounds than such as are truly childish and ridiculous, viz. that one colony will be striving for superiority over another.

Where there are no distinctions there can be no superiority; perfect equality affords no temptation. The republics of Europe are all (and we may say always) in peace. Holland and Switzerland are without wars, foreign or domestic; monarchical governments, it is true, are never long at rest: the crown itself is a temptation to enterprising ruffians at home; and that degree of pride and insolence ever attendant on regal authority swells into a rupture with foreign powers, in instances where a re-

publican government, by being formed on more natural principles, would negotiate the mistake.

If there is any true cause of fear respecting independence, it is because no plan is yet laid down. Men do not see their way out; wherefore, as an opening into that business, I offer the following hints; at the same time modestly affirming that I have no other opinion of them myself than that they may be the means of giving rise to something better. Could the straggling thoughts of individuals be collected, they would frequently form materials for wise and able men to improve into useful matter.

Let the assemblies be annual, with a president only. The representation more equal. Their business wholly domestic, and subject to the authority of a continental congress.

Let each colony be divided into six, eight, or ten, convenient districts, each district to send a proper number of delegates to congress, so that each colony send at least thirty. The whole number in congress will be at least three hundred and ninety. Each congress to sit . . . and to choose a president by the following method. When the delegates are met, let a colony be taken from the whole thirteen colonies by lot, after which let the congress choose (by ballot) a president from out of the delegates of that province. In the next congress, let a colony be taken by lot from twelve only, omitting that colony from which the president was taken in the former congress, and so proceeding on till the whole thirteen shall have had their proper rotation. And in order that nothing may pass into a law but what is satisfactorily just, not less than three fifths of the congress to be called a majority. He that will promote discord, under a government so equally formed as this, would have joined Lucifer in his revolt.

But as there is a peculiar delicacy, from whom, or in what manner this business must first arise, and as it seems most agreeable and consistent that it should come from some intermediate body between the governed and the governors, that is, between the congress and the people, let a *Continental Conference* be held, in the following manner, and for the following purpose.

A committee of twenty-six members of congress, viz. two for each colony. Two members from each house of assembly, or provincial convention; and five representatives of the people at large, to be chosen in the capital city or town of each prov-

ince, for, and in behalf of the whole province, by as many qualified voters as shall think proper to attend from all parts of the province for that purpose; or, if more convenient, the representatives may be chosen in two or three of the most populous parts thereof. In this conference, thus assembled, will be united the two grand principles of business, *knowledge* and *power*. The members of congress, assemblies, or conventions, by having had experience in national concerns, will be able and useful counselors, and the whole, being empowered by the people, will have a truly legal authority.

The conferring members being met, let their business be to frame a *Continental Charter*, or Charter of the United Colonies (answering to what is called the Magna Charta of England); fixing the number and manner of choosing members of congress, and members of assembly, with their date of sitting, and drawing the line of business and jurisdiction between them (always remembering, that our strength is continental, not provincial): securing freedom and property to all men, and above all things, the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience; with such other matter as it is necessary for a charter to contain. Immediately after which, the said conference to dissolve, and the bodies which shall be chosen conformable to the said charter, to be the legislators and governors of this continent for the time being: whose peace and happiness, may God preserve, Amen.

Should any body of men be hereafter delegated for this or some similar purpose, I offer them the following extracts from that wise observer on governments, Dragonetti. "The science," says he, "of the politician consists in fixing the true point of happiness and freedom. Those men would deserve the gratitude of ages who should discover a mode of government that contained the greatest sum of individual happiness, with the least national expense."

But where, say some, is the king of America? I'll tell you, friend, he reigns above, and doth not make havoc of mankind like the royal brute of Britain. Yet that we may not appear to be defective even in earthly honors, let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the charter; let it be brought forth placed on the divine law, the word of God; let a crown be placed thereon, by which the world may know, that so far as we approve of monarchy, that in America *the law is king*. For as in absolute governments the king is law, so in free countries

the law ought to be king; and there ought to be no other. But lest any ill use should afterwards arise, let the crown at the conclusion of the ceremony be demolished, and scattered among the people whose right it is.

A government of our own is our natural right: and when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced that it is infinitely wiser and safer to form a constitution of our own in a cool, deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. If we omit it now, some Massanello may hereafter arise, who, laying hold of popular disquietudes, may collect together the desperate and the discontented, and by assuming to themselves the powers of government, finally sweep away the liberties of the continent like a deluge. Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain, the tottering situation of things will be a temptation for some desperate adventurer to try his fortune; and in such a case, what relief can Britain give? Ere she could hear the news, the fatal business might be done; and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under the oppression of the Conqueror. Ye that oppose independence now, ye know not what ye do; ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of government. There are thousands and tens of thousands who would think it glorious to expel from the continent that barbarous and hellish power which hath stirred up the Indians and negroes to destroy us—the cruelty hath a double guilt, it is dealing brutally by us, and treacherously by them.

To talk of friendship with those in whom our reason forbids us to have faith, and our affections, wounded through a thousand pores, instruct us to detest, is madness and folly. Every day wears out the little remains of kindred between us and them; and can there be any reason to hope, that as the relationship expires, the affection will increase, or that we shall agree better when we have ten times more and greater concerns to quarrel over than ever?

Ye that tell us of harmony and reconciliation, can ye restore to us the time that is past? Can ye give to prostitution its former innocence? Neither can ye reconcile Britain and America. The last cord now is broken, the people of England are presenting addresses against us. There are injuries which nature cannot forgive; she would cease to be nature if she did.

As well can the lover forgive the ravisher of his mistress as the continent forgive the murders of Britain. The Almighty hath implanted within us these unextinguishable feelings, for good and wise purposes. They are the guardians of his image in our hearts, and distinguish us from the herd of common animals. The social compact would dissolve, and justice be extirpated from the earth, or have only a casual existence, were we callous to the touches of affection. The robber and the murderer would often escape unpunished, did not the injuries which our tempers sustain provoke us into justice.

O ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted around the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. Oh, receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.



NATHAN HALE.

By FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

[Born in Ithaca, N.Y., June 9, 1827; is a judge of the U. S. District Court. The following lyric and "The Blue and the Gray" establish his poetic reputation.]

To drum beat and heart beat,
  A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
  There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum beat and heart beat
  In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
  He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
  And the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
  His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
  He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
  By the gaunt and shadowy pine;



NATHAN HALE

From the Monument in City Hall Park, New York

And his slow tread and still tread
  Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
  It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
  Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
  On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
  And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
  In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
  The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
  He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
  Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
  He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
  He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
  E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
  He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
  He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
  But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
  His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
  They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
  A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
  A soldier's battle cry.

From Fame leaf and Angel leaf,
  From mo[illegible] urn,

The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame leaf and Angel leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!



POWERS CONFERRED BY NEW CONSTITUTION IN REGARD TO NATIONAL FORCES.

BY ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

[ALEXANDER HAMILTON, American statesman, was born in the West Indian island of Nevis, January 11, 1757, and while a student at Columbia College wrote a series of papers in defense of the rights of the colonies against Great Britain. During the Revolution, as captain of artillery, he served in New York and New Jersey, and was appointed aid-de-camp to Washington. After the war he became one of the most eminent lawyers in New York, was a member of the Continental Congress (1782–1783), took a leading part in the Constitutional Convention (1787), and while Secretary of the Treasury (1789–1795) under Washington showed remarkable financial ability As Daniel Webster afterwards said of him, "He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet." He was commander in chief of the army (1799), and was mortally wounded in a duel with Aaron Burr, his political rival, at Weehawken, N.J., July 11, 1804. Hamilton was the chief author of "The Federalist," a collection of essays which did much to secure the adoption of the Constitution by the several states.]

To the People of the State of New York, —

To the powers proposed to be conferred upon the federal government, in respect to the creation and direction of the national forces, I have met with but one specific objection, which, if I understand it right, is this—that proper provision has not been made against the existence of standing armies in time of peace; an objection which I shall now endeavor to show rests on weak and unsubstantial foundations.

It has indeed been brought forward in the most vague and general form, supported only by bold assertions, without the appearance of argument; without even the sanction of theoretical opinions; in contradiction to the practice of other free nations and to the general sense of America as expressed in most of the existing constitutions. The propriety of this remark will appear the moment it is recollected that the objection under consideration turns upon a supposed necessity of restraining the LEGISLATIVE authority of the nation, in the

article of military establishments; a principle unheard of, except in one or two of our State constitutions, and rejected in all the rest.

A stranger to our politics who was to read our newspapers at the present juncture, without having previously inspected the plan reported by the convention, would be naturally led to one of two conclusions: either that it contained a positive injunction that standing armies should be kept up in time of peace; or that it vested in the EXECUTIVE the whole power of levying troops without subjecting his discretion, in any shape, to the control of the legislature.

If he came afterward to peruse the plan itself, he would be surprised to discover that neither the one nor the other was the case; that the whole power of raising armies was lodged in the *Legislature*, not in the *Executive;* that this legislature was to be a popular body, consisting of the representatives of the people, periodically elected; and that instead of the provision he had supposed in favor of standing armies, there was to be found, in respect to this object, an important qualification even of the legislative discretion, in that clause which forbids the appropriation of money for the support of an army for any longer period than two years—a precaution which, upon a nearer view of it, will appear to be a great and real security against the keeping up of troops without evident necessity.

Disappointed in his first surmise, the person I have supposed would be apt to pursue his conjectures a little further. He would naturally say to himself, it is impossible that all this vehement and pathetic declamation can be without some colorable pretext. It must needs be that this people, so jealous of their liberties, have, in all the preceding models of the constitutions which they have established, inserted the most precise and rigid precautions on this point, the omission of which, in the new plan, has given biith to all this apprehension and clamor.

If, under this impression, he proceeded to pass in review the several State constitutions, how great would be his disappointment to find that *two only* of them contained an interdiction of standing armies in time of peace; that the other eleven had either observed a profound silence on the subject, or had in express terms admitted the right of the legislature to authorize their existence.

Still, however, he would be persuaded that there must be some plausible foundation for the cry raised on this head. He

would never be able to imagine, while any source of information remained unexplored, that it was nothing more than an experiment upon the public credulity, dictated either by a deliberate intention to deceive or by the overflowings of a zeal too intemperate to be ingenuous. It would probably occur to him that he would be likely to find the precautions he was in search of in the primitive compact between the States. Here at length he would expect to meet with a solution of the enigma. No doubt, he would observe to himself, the existing Confederation must contain the most explicit provisions against military establishments in time of peace; and a departure from this model, in a favorite point, has occasioned the discontent which appears to influence these political champions.

If he should now apply himself to a careful and critical survey of the articles of Confederation, his astonishment would not only be increased, but would acquire a mixture of indignation at the unexpected discovery that these articles, instead of containing the prohibition he looked for, and though they had, with jealous circumspection, restricted the authority of the State legislatures in this particular, had not imposed a single restraint on that of the United States. If he happened to be a man of quick sensibility or ardent temper, he could now no longer refrain from regarding these clamors as the dishonest artifices of a sinister and unprincipled opposition to a plan which ought at least to receive a fair and candid examination from all sincere lovers of their country! How else, he would say, could the authors of them have been tempted to vent such loud censures upon that plan, about a point in which it seems to have conformed itself to the general sense of America as declared in its different forms of government, and in which it has even superadded a new and powerful guard unknown to any of them? If, on the contrary, he happened to be a man of calm and dispassionate feelings, he would indulge a sigh for the frailty of human nature, and would lament that, in a matter so interesting to the happiness of millions, the true merits of the question should be perplexed and entangled by expedients so unfriendly to an impartial and right determination. Even such a man could hardly forbear remarking that a conduct of this kind has too much the appearance of an intention to mislead the people by alarming their passions, rather than to convince them by arguments addressed to their understandings.

But however little this objection may be countenanced, even

by precedents among ourselves, it may be satisfactory to take a nearer view of its intrinsic merits. From a close examination it will appear that restraints upon the discretion of the legislature in respect to military establishments in time of peace would be improper to be imposed, and if imposed, from the necessities of society, would be unlikely to be observed.

Though a wide ocean separates the United States from Europe, yet there are various considerations that warn us against an excess of confidence or security. On one side of us, and stretching far into our rear, are growing settlements subject to the dominion of Britain. On the other side, and extending to meet the British settlements, are colonies and establishments subject to the dominion of Spain. This situation and the vicinity of the West India Islands, belonging to these two powers, create between them, in respect to their American possessions and in relation to us, a common interest. The savage tribes on our Western frontier ought to be regarded as our natural enemies, their natural allies, because they have most to fear from us, and most to hope from them. The improvements in the art of navigation have, as to the facility of communication, rendered distant nations, in a great measure, neighbors. Britain and Spain are among the principal maritime powers of Europe. A future concert of views between these nations ought not to be regarded as improbable. The increasing remoteness of consanguinity is every day diminishing the force of the family compact between France and Spain. And politicians have ever, with great reason, considered the ties of blood as feeble and precarious links of political connection. These circumstances, combined, admonish us not to be too sanguine in considering ourselves as entirely out of the reach of danger.

Previous to the Revolution, and ever since the peace, there has been a constant necessity for keeping small garrisons on our Western frontier. No person can doubt that these will continue to be indispensable, if it should only be against the ravages and depredations of the Indians. These garrisons must either be furnished by occasional detachments from the militia or by permanent corps in the pay of the government. The first is impracticable; and, if practicable, would be pernicious. The militia would not long, if at all, submit to be dragged from their occupations and families to perform that most disagreeable duty in times of profound peace. And if they could be pre-

vailed upon or compelled to do it, the increased expense of a frequent rotation of service, and the loss of labor and disconcertion of the industrious pursuits of individuals, would form conclusive objections to the scheme. It would be as burdensome and injurious to the public as ruinous to private citizens. The latter resource of permanent corps in the pay of the government amounts to a standing army in time of peace; a small one, indeed, but not the less real for being small. Here is a simple view of the subject, that shows us at once the impropriety of a constitutional interdiction of such establishments and the necessity of leaving the matter to the discretion and prudence of the legislature.

In proportion to our increase in strength, it is probable, nay, it may be said certain, that Britain and Spain would augment their military establishments in our neighborhood. If we should not be willing to be exposed, in a naked and defenseless condition, to their insults and encroachments, we should find it expedient to increase our frontier garrisons in some ratio to the force by which our Western settlements might be annoyed. There are, and will be, particular posts, the possession of which will include the command of large districts of territory, and facilitate future invasions of the remainder. It may be added that some of those posts will be keys to the trade with the Indian nations. Can any man think it would be wise to leave such posts in a situation to be at any instant seized by one or the other of two neighboring and formidable powers? To act this part would be to desert all the usual maxims of prudence and policy.

If we mean to be a commercial people, or even to be secure on our Atlantic side, we must endeavor, as soon as possible, to have a navy. To this purpose there must be dockyards and arsenals; and for the defense of these, fortifications and probably garrisons. When a nation has become so powerful by sea that it can protect its dockyards by its fleets, this supersedes the necessity of garrisons for that purpose; but where naval establishments are in their infancy, moderate garrisons will, in all likelihood, be found an indispensable security against descents for the destruction of the arsenals and dockyards, and sometimes of the fleet itself.

GENERAL POWER OF NATIONAL TAXATION.

By ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

To the People of the State of New York,—

It has been already observed that the Federal government ought to possess the power of providing for the support of the national forces; in which proposition was intended to be included the expense of raising troops, of building and equipping fleets, and all other expenses in any wise connected with military arrangements and operations. But these are not the only objects to which the jurisdiction of the Union, in respect to revenue, must necessarily be empowered to extend. It must embrace a provision for the support of the national civil list; for the payment of the national debts contracted, or that may be contracted; and in general, for all those matters which will call for disbursements out of the national treasury. The conclusion is that there must be interwoven in the frame of the government a general power of taxation, in one shape or another.

Money is with propriety considered as the vital principle of the body politic; as that which sustains its life and motion, and enables it to perform its most essential functions. A complete power, therefore, to procure a regular and adequate supply of it, as far as the resources of the community will permit, may be regarded as an indispensable ingredient in every constitution. From a deficiency in this particular, one of two evils must ensue: either the people must be subjected to continual plunder as a substitute for a more eligible mode of supplying the public wants, or the government must sink into a fatal atrophy, and, in a short course of time, perish.

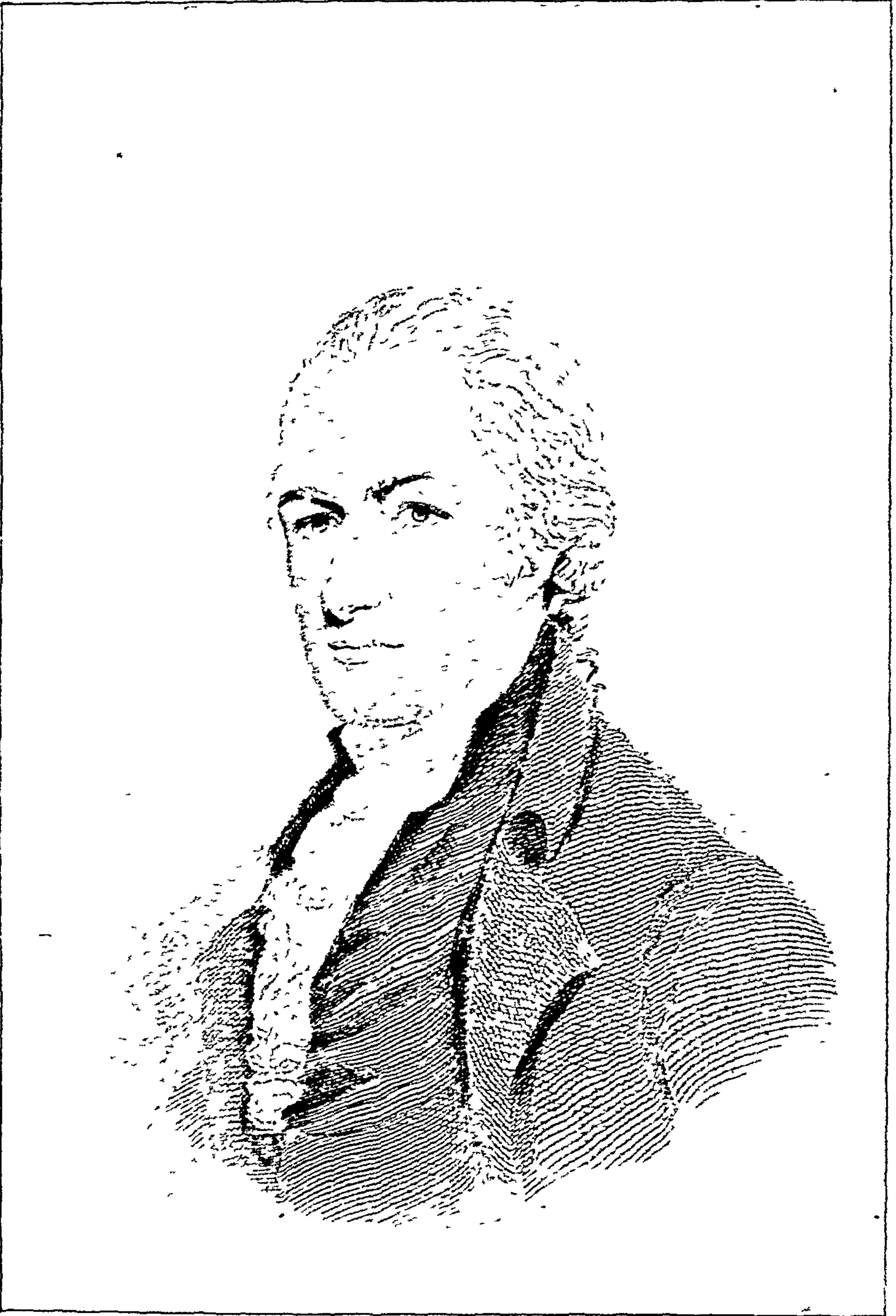
In the Ottoman or Turkish empire, the sovereign, though in other respects absolute master of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, has no right to impose a new tax. The consequence is that he permits the bashaws or governors of provinces to pillage the people without mercy; and, in turn, squeezes out of them the sums of which he stands in need to satisfy his own exigencies and those of the state. In America, from a like cause, the government of the Union has gradually dwindled into a state of decay approaching nearly to annihilation. Who can doubt that the happiness of the people in both countries

would be promoted by competent authorities in the proper hands, to provide the revenues which the necessities of the public might require.

The present Confederation, feeble as it is, intended to repose in the United States an unlimited power of providing for the pecuniary wants of the Union. But proceeding upon an erroneous principle, it has been done in such a manner as entirely to have frustrated the intention. Congress, by the articles which compose that compact (as has already been stated), are authorized to ascertain and call for any sums of money necessary, in their judgment, to the service of the United States; and their requisitions, if conformable to the rule of apportionment, are in every constitutional sense obligatory upon the States. These have no right to question the propriety of the demand; no discretion beyond that of devising the ways and means of furnishing the sums demanded. But though this be strictly and truly the case; though the assumption of such a right would be an infringement of the articles of Union; though it may seldom or never have been avowedly claimed, yet in practice it has been constantly exercised, and would continue to be so, as long as the revenues of the Confederacy should remain dependent on the intermediate agency of its members. What the consequences of this system have been is within the knowledge of every man the least conversant in our public affairs, and has been amply unfolded in different parts of these inquiries. It is this which has chiefly contributed to reduce us to a situation which affords ample cause both of mortification to ourselves and of triumph to our enemies.

What remedy can there be for this situation, but in a change of the system which has produced it — in a change of the fallacious and delusive system of quotas and requisitions? What substitute can there be imagined for this *ignis fatuus* in finance, but that of permitting the national government to raise its own revenues by the ordinary methods of taxation authorized in every well-ordered constitution of civil government? Ingenious men may declaim with plausibility on any subject; but no human ingenuity can point out any other expedient to rescue us from the inconveniences and embarrassments naturally resulting from defective supplies of the public treasury.

The more intelligent adversaries of the new Constitution admit the force of this reasoning; but they qualify their ad-



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

mission by a distinction between what they call *internal* and *external* taxation. The former they would reserve to the State governments; the latter, which they explain into commercial imposts, or rather duties on imported articles, they declare themselves willing to concede to the federal head. This distinction, however, would violate the maxim of good sense and sound policy which dictates that every POWER ought to be in proportion to its OBJECT; and would still leave the general government in a kind of tutelage to the State governments, inconsistent with every idea of vigor or efficiency. Who can pretend that commercial imposts are, or would be, alone equal to the present and future exigencies of the Union? Taking into the account the existing debt, foreign and domestic, upon any plan of extinguishment which a man moderately impressed with the importance of public justice and public credit could approve, in addition to the establishments which all parties will acknowledge to be necessary, we could not reasonably flatter ourselves that this resource alone, upon the most improved scale, would even suffice for its present necessities. Its future necessities admit not of calculation or limitation; and upon the principle, more than once adverted to, the power of making provision for them as they arise ought to be equally unconfined. I believe it may be regarded as a position warranted by the history of mankind, that, *in the usual progress of things, the necessities of a nation, in every stage of its existence, will be found at least equal to its resources.*

To say that deficiencies may be provided for by requisitions upon the States is on the one hand to acknowledge that this system cannot be depended upon, and on the other hand to depend upon it for everything beyond a certain limit. Those who have carefully attended to its vices and deformities, as they have been exhibited by experience or delineated in the course of these papers, must feel invincible repugnancy to trusting the national interests in any degree to its operation. Its inevitable tendency, whenever it is brought into activity, must be to enfeeble the Union and sow the seeds of discord and contention between the federal head and its members, and between the members themselves. Can it be expected that the deficiencies would be better supplied in this mode than the total wants of the Union have heretofore been supplied in the same mode? It ought to be recollected that if less will be requi[illegible] States, they will have propor-

tionably less means to answer the demand. If the opinions of those who contend for the distinction which has been mentioned were to be received as evidence of truth, one would be led to conclude that there was some known point in the economy of national affairs at which it would be safe to stop and to say: Thus far the ends of public happiness will be promoted by supplying the wants of government, and all beyond this is unworthy of our care or anxiety. How is it possible that a government half supplied and always necessitous can fulfill the purposes of its institution, can provide for the security, advance the prosperity, or support the reputation of the commonwealth? How can it ever possess either energy or stability, dignity or credit, confidence at home or respectability abroad? How can its administration be anything else than a succession of expedients temporizing, impotent, disgraceful? How will it be able to avoid a frequent sacrifice of its engagements to immediate necessity? How can it undertake or execute any liberal or enlarged plans of public good?

Let us attend to what would be the effects of this situation in the very first war in which we should happen to be engaged. We will presume, for argument's sake, that the revenue arising from the impost duties answers the purposes of a provision for the public debt and of a peace establishment for the Union. Thus circumstanced, a war breaks out. What would be the probable conduct of the government in such an emergency? Taught by experience that proper dependence could not be placed on the success of requisitions, unable by its own authority to lay hold of fresh resources, and urged by considerations of national danger, would it not be driven to the expedient of diverting the funds already appropriated from their proper objects to the defense of the State? It is not easy to see how a step of this kind could be avoided; and if it should be taken, it is evident that it would prove the destruction of public credit at the very moment that it was becoming essential to the public safety. To imagine that at such a crisis credit might be dispensed with, would be the extreme of infatuation. In the modern system of war nations the most wealthy are obliged to have recourse to large loans. A country so little opulent as ours must feel this necessity in a much stronger degree. But who would lend to a government that prefaced its overtures for borrowing by an act which demonstrated that no reliance could be placed on the steadiness of its measures for paying? The loans it

might be able to procure would be as limited in their extent as burdensome in their conditions. They would be made upon the same principles that usurers commonly lend to bankrupt and fraudulent debtors—with a sparing hand and at enormous premiums.

It may perhaps be imagined that, from the scantiness of the resources of the country, the necessity of diverting the established funds, in the case supposed, would exist, though the national government should possess an unrestrained power of taxation. But two considerations will serve to quiet all apprehension on this head: one is that we are sure the resources of the community, in their full extent, will be brought into activity for the benefit of the Union; the other is that whatever deficiencies there may be can without difficulty be supplied by loans.

The power of creating new funds upon new objects of taxation, by its own authority, would enable the national government to borrow as far as its necessities might require. Foreigners, as well as the citizens of America, could then reasonably repose confidence in its engagements; but to depend upon a government that must itself depend upon thirteen other governments for the means of fulfilling its contracts, when once its situation is clearly understood, would require a degree of credulity not often to be met with in the pecuniary transactions of mankind, and little reconcilable with the usual sharp-sightedness of avarice.

Reflections of this kind may have trifling weight with men who hope to see realized in America the halcyon scenes of the poetic or fabulous age; but to those who believe we are likely to experience a common portion of the vicissitudes and calamities which have fallen to the lot of other nations, they must appear entitled to serious attention. Such men must behold the actual situation of their country with painful solicitude, and deprecate the evils which ambition or revenge might, with too much facility, inflict upon it.

INCOHERENCE OF THE OBJECTIONS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

By JAMES MADISON.

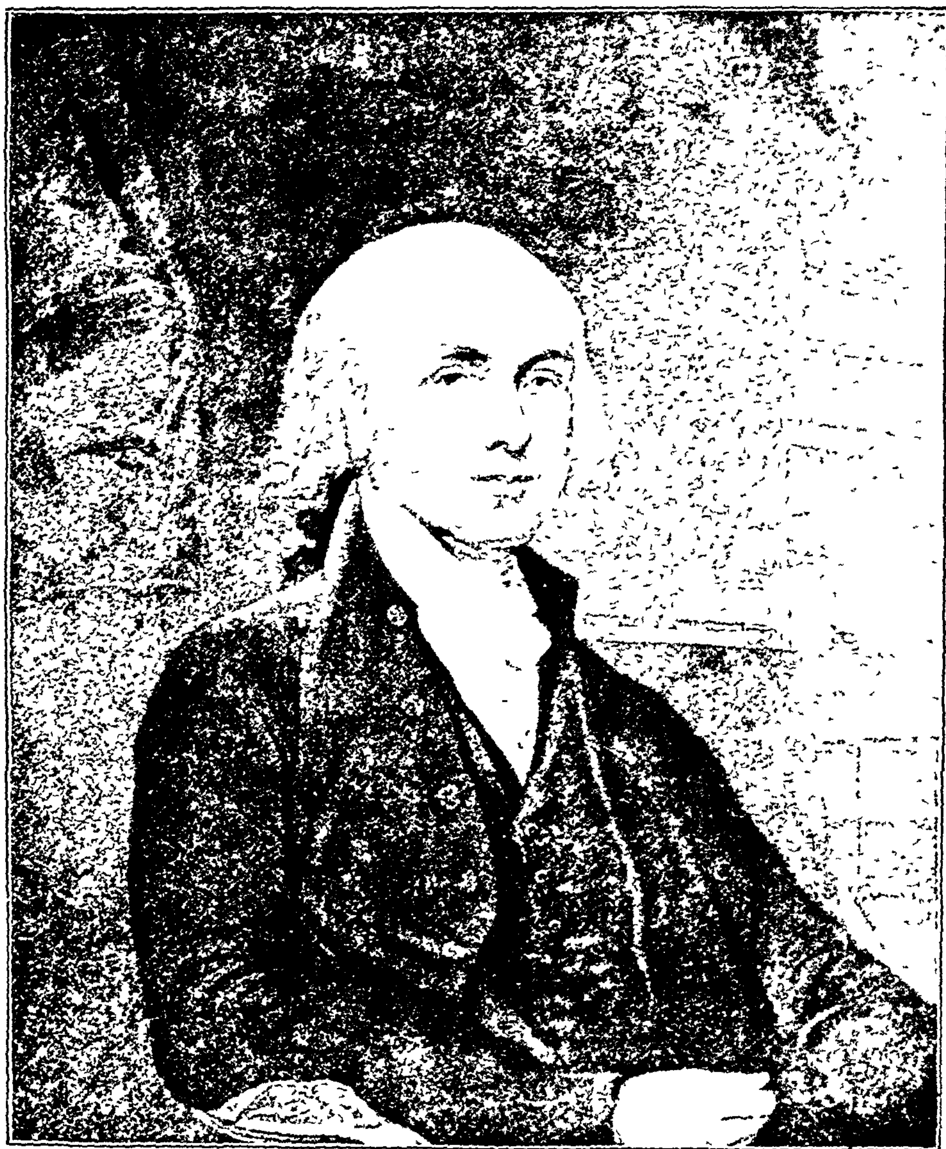
[JAMES MADISON, fourth President of the United States, was born at Port Conway, Va., March 16, 1751, and began his political career as a member of the Virginia Convention (1776). He afterwards figured prominently as a delegate to the Continental Congress (1780–1783) and to the Constitutional Convention (1787), and became a leader of the Republican party in the first National Congress. He held the office of Secretary of State under Jefferson (1801–1809); was elected President in 1808, and was reelected in 1812, at the outbreak of the war with England, which he had vainly endeavored to avoid. In 1817 he retired from public life and passed the remainder of his days at Montpelier, Orange County, Va. His death occurred June 28, 1836. Madison was associated with Jay and Hamilton in the composition of "The Federalist," and left many manuscripts, some of which have been published in "Madison Papers" and "Letters and Other Writings."]

To the People of the State of New York,—

It is not a little remarkable that in every case reported by ancient history, in which government has been established with deliberation and consent, the task of framing it has not been committed to an assembly of men, but has been performed by some individual citizen of preeminent wisdom and approved integrity.

Minos, we learn, was the primitive founder of the government of Crete, as Zaleucus was of that of the Locrians. Theseus first, and after him Draco and Solon, instituted the government of Athens. Lycurgus was the lawgiver of Sparta. The foundation of the original government of Rome was laid by Romulus, and the work completed by two of his elective successors, Numa and Tullius Hostilius. On the abolition of royalty the consular administration was substituted by Brutus, who stepped forward with a project for such a reform, which, he alleged, had been prepared by Tullius Hostilius, and to which his address obtained the assent and ratification of the senate and people. This remark is applicable to confederate governments also. Amphictyon, we are told, was the author of that which bore his name. The Achæan league received its first birth from Achæus, and its second from Aratus.

What degree of agency these reputed lawgivers might have in their respective establishments, or how far they might be



JAMES MADISON

clothed with the legitimate authority of the people, cannot in every instance be ascertained. In some, however, the proceeding was strictly regular. Draco appears to have been intrusted by the people of Athens with indefinite powers to reform its government and laws. And Solon, according to Plutarch, was in a manner compelled, by the universal suffrage of his fellow-citizens, to take upon him the sole and absolute power of new-modeling the constitution. The proceedings under Lycurgus were less regular; but as far as the advocates for a regular reform could prevail, they all turned their eyes toward the single efforts of that celebrated patriot and sage, instead of seeking to bring about a revolution by the intervention of a deliberative body of citizens.

Whence could it have proceeded that a people, jealous as the Greeks were of their liberty, should so far abandon the rules of caution as to place their destiny in the hands of a single citizen? Whence could it have proceeded that the Athenians, a people who would not suffer an army to be commanded by fewer than ten generals, and who required no other proof of danger to their liberties than the illustrious merit of a fellow-citizen, should consider one illustrious citizen as a more eligible depositary of the fortunes of themselves and their posterity than a select body of citizens, from whose common deliberations more wisdom, as well as more safety, might have been expected? These questions cannot be fully answered without supposing that the fears of discord and disunion among a number of counselors exceeded the apprehension of treachery or incapacity in a single individual. History informs us, likewise, of the difficulties with which these celebrated reformers had to contend, as well as the expedients which they were obliged to employ in order to carry their reforms into effect. Solon, who seems to have indulged a more temporizing policy, confessed that he had not given to his countrymen the government best suited to their happiness but most tolerable to their prejudices. And Lycurgus, more true to his object, was under the necessity of mixing a portion of violence with the authority of superstition, and of securing his final success by a voluntary renunciation, first of his country, and then of his life. If these lessons teach us, on one hand, to admire the improvement made by America on the ancient mode of preparing and establishing regular plans of government, they serve not less, on the other, to admonish us of the hazards and difficulties incident to such experiments

and of the great imprudence of unnecessarily multiplying them.

Is it an unreasonable conjecture that the errors which may be contained in the plan of the convention are such as have resulted rather from the defect of antecedent experience on this complicated and difficult subject than from a want of accuracy or care in the investigation of it; and, consequently, such as will not be ascertained until an actual trial shall have pointed them out? This conjecture is rendered probable, not only by many considerations of a general nature, but by the particular case of the Articles of Confederation. It is observable that among the numerous objections and amendments suggested by the several States, when these articles were submitted for their ratification, not one is found which alludes to the great and radical error which on actual trial has discovered itself. And if we except the observations which New Jersey was led to make, rather by her local situation than by her peculiar foresight, it may be questioned whether a single suggestion was of sufficient moment to justify a revision of the system. There is abundant reason, nevertheless, to suppose that, immaterial as these objections were, they would have been adhered to with a very dangerous inflexibility in some States, had not a zeal for their opinions and supposed interests been stifled by the more powerful sentiment of self-preservation. One State, we may remember, persisted for several years in refusing her concurrence, although the enemy remained the whole period at our gates, or rather in the very bowels of our country. Nor was her pliancy in the end effected by a less motive than the fear of being chargeable with protracting the public calamities and endangering the event of the contest. Every candid reader will make the proper reflections on these important facts.

A patient who finds his disorder daily growing worse, and that an efficacious remedy can no longer be delayed without extreme danger, after coolly revolving the situation and the characters of different physicians, selects and calls in such of them as he judges most capable of administering relief and best entitled to his confidence. The physicians attend; the case of the patient is carefully examined; a consultation is held; they are unanimously agreed that the symptoms are critical, but that the case, with proper and timely relief, is so far from being desperate that it may be made to issue in an improvement of his constitution. They are equally unanimous in pre-

scribing the remedy by which this happy effect is to be produced. The prescription is no sooner made known, however, than a number of persons interpose, and, without denying the reality or danger of the disorder, assure the patient that the prescription will be poison to his constitution, and forbid him, under pain of certain death, to make use of it. Might not the patient reasonably demand, before he ventured to follow this advice, that the authors of it should at least agree among themselves on some other remedy to be substituted? And if he found them differing as much from one another as from his first counselors, would he not act prudently in trying the experiment unanimously recommended by the latter, rather than be hearkening to those who could neither deny the necessity of a speedy remedy nor agree in proposing one?

Such a patient and in such a situation is America at this moment. She has been sensible of her malady. She has obtained a regular and unanimous advice from men of her own deliberate choice. And she is warned by others against following this advice under pain of the most fatal consequences. Do the monitors deny the reality of her danger? No. Do they deny the necessity of some speedy and powerful remedy? No. Are they agreed, are any two of them agreed, in their objections to the remedy proposed, or in the proper one to be substituted? Let them speak for themselves. This one tells us that the proposed Constitution ought to be rejected, because it is not a confederation of the States but a government over individuals. Another admits that it ought to be a government over individuals to a certain extent, but by no means to the extent proposed. A third does not object to the government over individuals, or to the extent proposed, but to the want of a bill of rights. A fourth concurs in the absolute necessity of a bill of rights, but contends that it ought to be declaratory, not of the personal rights of individuals, but of the rights reserved to the States in their political capacity. A fifth is of opinion that a bill of rights of any sort would be superfluous and misplaced, and that the plan would be unexceptionable but for the fatal power of regulating the times and places of election. An objector in a large State exclaims loudly against the unreasonable equality of representation in the Senate. An objector in a small State is equally loud against the dangerous inequality in the House of Representatives. From this quarter, we are alarmed with the amazing expense from the number of persons who are to

administer the new government. From another quarter, and sometimes from the same quarter on another occasion, the cry is that the Congress will be but a shadow of a representation, and that the government would be far less objectionable if the number and the expense were doubled. A patriot in a State that does not import or export discerns insuperable objections against the power of direct taxation. The patriotic adversary in a State of great exports and imports is not less dissatisfied that the whole burden of taxes may be thrown on consumption. This politician discovers in the Constitution a direct and irresistible tendency to monarchy; that is equally sure it will end in aristocracy. Another is puzzled to say which of these shapes it will ultimately assume, but sees clearly it must be one or other of them; whilst a fourth is not wanting, who with no less confidence affirms that the Constitution is so far from having a bias toward either of these dangers that the weight on that side will not be sufficient to keep it upright and firm against its opposite propensities. With another class of adversaries to the Constitution the language is that the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments are intermixed in such a manner as to contradict all the ideas of regular government and all the requisite precautions in favor of liberty. Whilst this objection circulates in vague and general expressions, there are but a few who lend their sanction to it. Let each one come forward with his particular explanation, and scarce any two are exactly agreed upon the subject. In the eyes of one the junction of the Senate with the President in the responsible function of appointing to offices, instead of vesting this executive power in the Executive alone, is the vicious part of the organization. To another, the exclusion of the House of Representatives, whose numbers alone could be a due security against corruption and partiality in the exercise of such a power, is equally obnoxious. With another, the admission of the President into any share of a power which must ever be a dangerous engine in the hands of the executive magistrate is an unpardonable violation of the maxims of republican jealousy. No part of the arrangement, according to some, is more inadmissible than the trial of impeachments by the Senate, which is alternately a member both of the legislative and executive departments, when this power so evidently belonged to the judiciary department. "We concur fully," reply others, "in the objection to this part of the plan, but we

can never agree that a reference of impeachments to the judiciary authority would be an amendment of the error. Our principal dislike to the organization arises from the extensive powers already lodged in that department." Even among the zealous patrons of a council of state the most irreconcilable variance is discovered concerning the mode in which it ought to be constituted. The demand of one gentleman is that the council should consist of a small number, to be appointed by the most numerous branch of the legislature. Another would prefer a larger number, and considers it as a fundamental condition that the appointment should be made by the President himself.

As it can give no umbrage to the writers against the plan of the federal Constitution, let us suppose that, as they are the most zealous, so they are also the most sagacious, of those who think the late convention were unequal to the task assigned them, and that a wiser and better plan might and ought to be substituted. Let us further suppose that their country should concur, both in this favorable opinion of their merits, and in their unfavorable opinion of the convention; and should accordingly proceed to form them into a second convention, with full powers, and for the express purpose of revising and remolding the work of the first. Were the experiment to be seriously made, though it required some effort to view it seriously even in fiction, I leave it to be decided by the sample of opinions just exhibited, whether, with all their enmity to their predecessors, they would, in any one point, depart so widely from their example as in the discord and ferment that would mark their own deliberations; and whether the Constitution now before the public would not stand as fair a chance for immortality as Lycurgus gave to that of Sparta, by making its change to depend on his own return from exile and death, if it were to be immediately adopted, and were to continue in force, not until a BETTER, but until ANOTHER should be agreed upon by this new assembly of lawgivers.

It is a matter both of wonder and regret that those who raise so many objections against the new Constitution should never call to mind the defects of that which is to be exchanged for it. It is not necessary that the former should be perfect: it is sufficient that the latter is more imperfect. No man would refuse to give brass for silver or gold, because the latter had some alloy in it. No man would refuse to quit a shattered

and tottering habitation for a firm and commodious building, because the latter had not a porch to it, or because some of the rooms might be a little larger or smaller, or the ceiling a little higher or lower, than his fancy would have planned them. But waiving illustrations of this sort, is it not manifest that most of the capital objections urged against the new system lie with tenfold weight against the existing Confederation? Is an indefinite power to raise money dangerous in the hands of the federal government? The present Congress can make requisitions to any amount they please, and the States are constitutionally bound to furnish them; they can emit bills of credit as long as they will pay for the paper; they can borrow, both abroad and at home, as long as a shilling will be lent. Is an indefinite power to raise troops dangerous? The Confederation gives to Congress that power also; and they have already begun to make use of it. Is it improper and unsafe to intermix the different powers of government in the same body of men? Congress, a single body of men, are the sole depositary of all the federal powers. Is it particularly dangerous to give the keys of the treasury, and the command of the army, into the same hands? The Confederation places them both in the hands of Congress. Is a bill of rights essential to liberty? The Confederation has no bill of rights. Is it an objection against the new Constitution that it empowers the Senate, with the concurrence of the Executive, to make treaties which are to be the laws of the land? The existing Congress, without any such control, can make treaties which they themselves have declared, and most of the States have recognized, to be the supreme law of the land. Is the importation of slaves permitted by the new Constitution for twenty years? By the old it is permitted forever.

I shall be told that, however dangerous this mixture of powers may be in theory, it is rendered harmless by the dependence of Congress on the States for the means of carrying them into practice; that, however large the mass of powers may be, it is in fact a lifeless mass. Then, say I, in the first place, that the Confederation is chargeable with the still greater folly of declaring certain powers in the federal government to be absolutely necessary and at the same time rendering them absolutely nugatory; and, in the next place, that if the Union is to continue, and no better government be substituted, effective powers must either be granted to, or assumed by, the ex-

isting Congress; in either of which events, the contrast just stated will hold good. But this is not all. Out of this lifeless mass has already grown an excrescent power, which tends to realize all the dangers that can be apprehended from a defective construction of the supreme government of the Union. It is now no longer a point of speculation and hope that the Western territory is a mine of vast wealth to the United States; and although it is not of such a nature as to extricate them from their present distresses, or, for some time to come, to yield any regular supplies for the public expenses, yet must it hereafter be able, under proper management, both to effect a gradual discharge of the domestic debt, and to furnish, for a certain period, liberal tributes to the federal treasury. A very large proportion of this fund has been already surrendered by individual States; and it may with reason be expected that the remaining States will not persist in withholding similar proofs of their equity and generosity. We may calculate, therefore, that a rich and fertile country, of an area equal to the inhabited extent of the United States, will soon become a national stock. Congress have assumed the administration of this stock. They have begun to render it productive. Congress have undertaken to do more: they have proceeded to form new States, to erect temporary governments, to appoint officers for them, and to prescribe the conditions on which such States shall be admitted into the Confederacy. All this has been done; and done without the least color of constitutional authority. Yet no blame has been whispered; no alarm has been sounded. A GREAT and INDEPENDENT fund of revenue is passing into the hands of a SINGLE BODY of men, who can RAISE TROOPS to an INDEFINITE NUMBER, and appropriate money to their support for an INDEFINITE PERIOD OF TIME. And yet there are men who have not only been silent spectators of this prospect but who are advocates for the system which exhibits it; and, at the same time, urge against the new system the objections which we have heard. Would they not act with more consistency in urging the establishment of the latter, as no less necessary to guard the Union against the future powers and resources of a body constructed like the existing Congress than to save it from the dangers threatened by the present impotency of that Assembly?

I mean not, by anything here said, to throw censure on the measures which have been pursued by Congress. I am sensible

they could not have done otherwise. The public interest, the necessity of the case, imposed upon them the task of overleaping their constitutional limits. But is not the fact an alarming proof of the danger resulting from a government which does not possess regular powers commensurate to its objects? A dissolution or usurpation is the dreadful dilemma to which it is continually exposed.



A HEALTH.

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

I FILL this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
  And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
  'Tis less of earth than heaven.

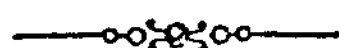
Her every tone is music's own,
  Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
  Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
  And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
  Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
  The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
  So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
  The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
  A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
  A sound must long remain;

But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon,—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.



THE INDIANS AND THE WHITES.[1]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(From "The Winning of the West.")

[THEODORE ROOSEVELT, American writer and man of affairs, was born in New York in 1858, the son of a wealthy banker; graduated at Harvard; was in the New York legislature for two terms; delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1884, then started a ranch in Montana. He became a national civil service commissioner in 1888, and was for some time on the New York Board of Police Commissioners He has written: "The Naval War of 1812" (1882); "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" (1885); "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" (1888); "Life of Benton" (1887) and "Life of Gouverneur Morris" (1888), in the "American Statesmen" series; "Essays on Practical Politics" (1888); "The Wilderness Hunter" (1890); "New York" (1891), in "Historic Towns" series, "The Winning of the West" (4 vols, 1889–1896); "American Ideals and Other Essays" (1897).]

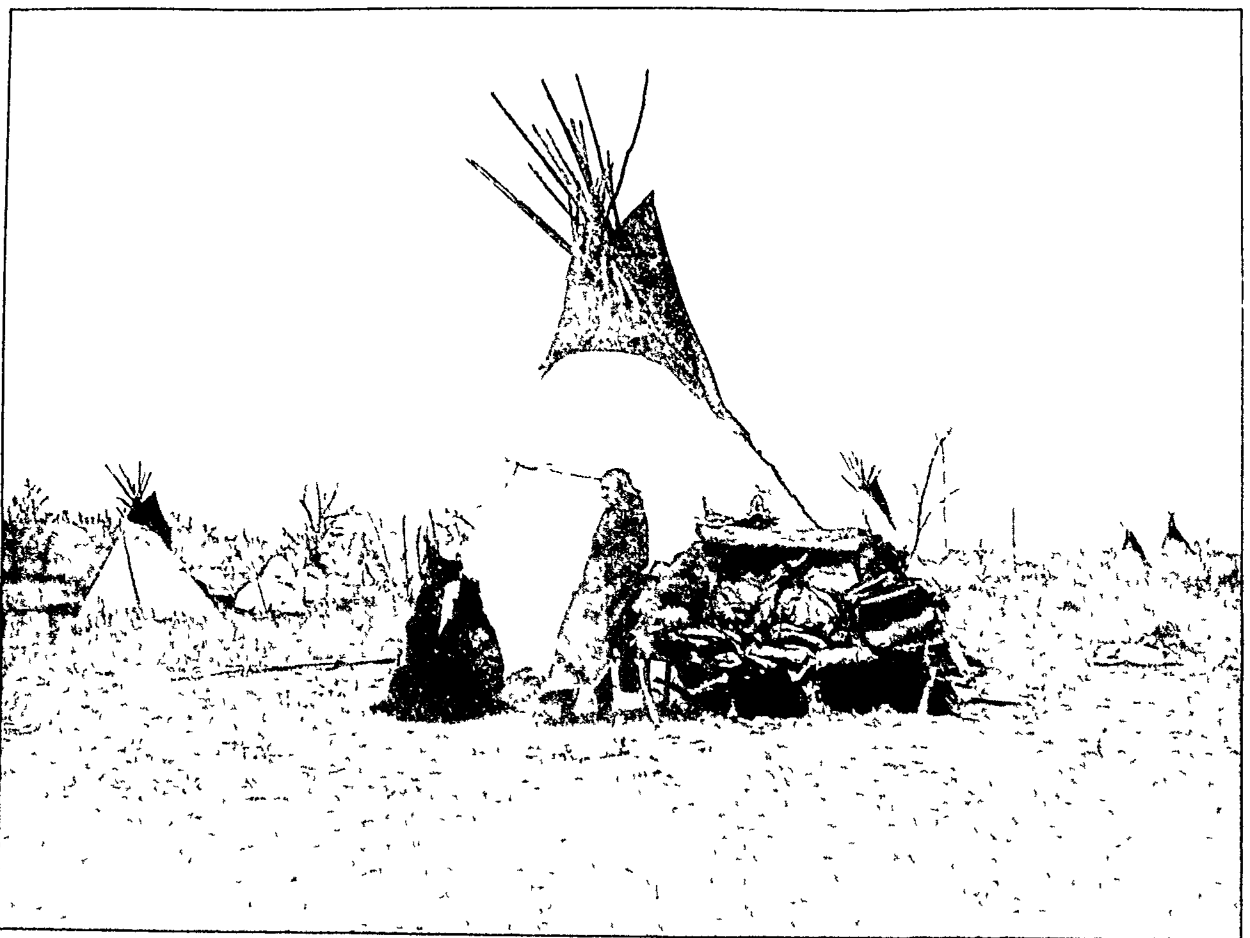
NOT only were the Indians very terrible in battle, but they were cruel beyond all belief in victory; and the gloomy annals of border warfare are stained with their darkest hues because it was a war in which helpless women and children suffered the same hideous fate that so often befell their husbands and fathers. It was a war waged by savages against armed settlers, whose families followed them into the wilderness. Such a war is inevitably bloody and cruel; but the inhuman love of cruelty

for cruelty's sake,[1] which marks the red Indian above all other savages, rendered these wars more terrible than any others. For the hideous, unnamable, unthinkable tortures practiced by the red men on their captured foes, and on their foes' tender women and helpless children, were such as we read of in no other struggle, hardly even in the revolting pages that tell the deeds of the Holy Inquisition. It was inevitable — indeed, it was in many instances proper — that such deeds should awake in the breasts of the whites the grimmest, wildest spirit of revenge and hatred.

The history of the border wars, both in the ways they were begun and in the ways they were waged, makes a long tale of injuries inflicted, suffered, and mercilessly revenged. It could not be otherwise when brutal, reckless, lawless borderers, despising all men not of their own color, were thrown in contact with savages who esteemed cruelty and treachery as the highest of virtues, and rapine and murder as the worthiest of pursuits. Moreover, it was sadly inevitable that the law-abiding borderer as well as the white ruffian, the peaceful Indian as well as the painted marauder, should be plunged into the struggle to suffer the punishment that should only have fallen on their evil-minded fellows.

Looking back, it is easy to say that much of the wrongdoing could have been prevented; but if we examine the facts to find out the truth, not to establish a theory, we are bound to admit that the struggle was really one that could not possibly have been avoided. The sentimental historians speak as if the blame had been all ours, and the wrong all done to our foes, and as if it would have been possible by any exercise of wisdom to reconcile claims that were in their very essence conflicting; but their utterances are as shallow as they are untruthful. Unless we were willing that the whole continent west of the Alleghanies should remain an unpeopled waste, the hunting ground of savages, war was inevitable; and even had we been willing, and had we refrained from encroaching on the Indians' lands, the

[1] Any one who has ever been in an encampment of wild Indians and has had the misfortune to witness the delight the children take in torturing little animals will admit that the Indian's love of cruelty for cruelty's sake cannot possibly be exaggerated. The young are so trained that when old they shall find their keenest pleasure in inflicting pain in its most appalling form. Among the most brutal white borderers a man would be instantly lynched if he practiced on any creature the fiendish torture which in an Indian camp either attracts no notice at all or else excites merely laughter.



AN INDIAN VILLAGE

war would have come nevertheless, for then the Indians themselves would have encroached on ours. Undoubtedly we have wronged many tribes; but equally undoubtedly our first definite knowledge of many others has been derived from their unprovoked outrages upon our people. The Chippewas, Ottawas, and Pottawotomies furnished hundreds of young warriors to the parties that devastated our frontiers generations before we in any way encroached upon or wronged them.

Mere outrages could be atoned for or settled; the question which lay at the root of our difficulties was that of the occupation of the land itself, and to this there could be no solution save war. The Indians had no ownership of the land in the way in which we understand the term. The tribes lived far apart; each had for its hunting grounds all the territory from which it was not barred by rivals. Each looked with jealousy upon all interlopers, but each was prompt to act as an interloper when occasion offered. Every good hunting ground was claimed by many nations. It was rare, indeed, that any tribe had an uncontested title to a large tract of land; where such title existed, it rested, not on actual occupancy and cultivation, but on the recent butchery of weaker rivals. For instance, there were a dozen tribes, all of whom hunted in Kentucky, and fought each other there; all of whom had equally good titles to the soil, and not one of whom acknowledged the right of any other; as a matter of fact, they had therein no right, save the right of the strongest. The land no more belonged to them than it belonged to Boone and the white hunters who first visited it.

On the borders there are perpetual complaints of the encroachments of whites upon Indian lands; and naturally the central government at Washington, and before it was at Washington, has usually been inclined to sympathize with the feeling that considers the whites the aggressors, for the government does not wish a war, does not itself feel any land hunger, hears of not a tenth of the Indian outrages, and knows by experience that the white borderers are not easy to rule. As a consequence, the official reports of the people who are not on the ground are apt to paint the Indian side in its most favorable light, and are often completely untrustworthy, this being particularly the case if the author of the report is an Eastern man, utterly unacquainted with the actual condition of affairs on the frontier.

Such a man, though both honest and intelligent, when he hears that the whites have settled on Indian lands, cannot realize that the act has no resemblance whatever to the forcible occupation of land already cultivated. The white settler has merely moved into an uninhabited waste; he does not feel that he is committing a wrong, for he knows perfectly well that the land is really owned by no one. It is never even visited, except perhaps for a week or two every year, and then the visitors are likely at any moment to be driven off by a rival hunting party of greater strength. The settler ousts no one from the land; if he did not chop down the trees, hew out the logs for a building, and clear the ground for tillage, no one else would do so. He drives out the game, however, and of course the Indians who live thereon sink their mutual animosities and turn against the intruder. The truth is, the Indians never had any real title to the soil; they had not half as good a claim to it, for instance, as the cattle men now have to all eastern Montana, yet no one would assert that the cattle men have a right to keep immigrants off their vast unfenced ranges. The settler and pioneer have at bottom had justice on their side; this great continent could not have been kept as nothing but a game preserve for squalid savages. Moreover, to the most oppressed Indian nations the whites often acted as a protection, or, at least, they deferred instead of hastening their fate. But for the interposition of the whites it is probable that the Iroquois would have exterminated every Algonquin tribe before the end of the eighteenth century; exactly as in recent times the Crows and Pawnees would have been destroyed by the Sioux, had it not been for the wars we have waged against the latter.

Again, the loose governmental system of the Indians made it as difficult to secure a permanent peace with them as it was to negotiate the purchase of the lands. The sachem, or hereditary peace chief, and the elective war chief, who wielded only the influence that he could secure by his personal prowess and his tact, were equally unable to control all of their tribesmen, and were powerless with their confederated nations. If peace was made with the Shawnees, the war was continued by the Miamis; if peace was made with the latter, nevertheless perhaps one small band was dissatisfied, and continued the contest on its own account; and even if all the recognized bands were dealt with, the parties of renegades or outlaws had to be considered; and in the last resort, the full recognition accorded

by the Indians to the right of private warfare made it possible for any individual warrior who possessed any influence to go on raiding and murdering unchecked. Every tribe, every subtribe, every band of a dozen souls ruled over by a petty chief, almost every individual warrior of the least importance, had to be met and pacified. Even if peace were declared, the Indians could not exist long without breaking it. There was to them no temptation to trespass on the white man's ground for the purpose of settling; but every young brave was brought up to regard scalps taken and horses stolen, in war or peace, as the highest proofs and tokens of skill and courage, the sure means of attaining glory and honor, the admiration of men and the love of women. Where the young men thought thus, and the chiefs had so little real control, it was inevitable that there should be many unprovoked forays for scalps, slaves, and horses made upon the white borderers.[1]

As for the whites themselves, they too have many and grievous sins against their red neighbors for which to answer. They cannot be severely blamed for trespassing upon what was called the Indian's land; for let sentimentalists say what they will, the man who puts the soil to use must of right dispossess the man who does not, or the world will come to a standstill; but for many of their other deeds there can be no pardon. On the border each man was a law unto himself, and good and bad alike were left in perfect freedom to follow out to the uttermost limits their own desires; for the spirit of individualism so characteristic of American life reached its extreme of development in the backwoods. The whites who wished peace, the magistrates and leaders, had little more power over their evil and unruly fellows than the Indian sachems had over the turbulent young braves. Each man did what seemed best in his own eyes, almost without let or hindrance; unless, indeed, he trespassed upon the rights of his neighbors, who were ready enough to band together in their own defense, though slow to interfere in the affairs of others.

Thus the men of lawless, brutal spirit, who are found in every community, and who flock to places where the reign of order is lax, were able to follow the bent of their inclinations unchecked. They utterly despised the red man; they held it

[1] Similarly the Crows, who have always been treated well by us, have murdered and robbed any number of peaceful, unprotected travelers during the past three decades, as I know personally.

no crime whatever to cheat him in trading, to rob him of his peltries or horses, to murder him if the fit seized them. Criminals who generally preyed on their own neighbors found it easier, and perhaps hardly as dangerous, to pursue their calling at the expense of the redskins; for the latter, when they discovered that they had been wronged, were quite as apt to vent their wrath on some outsider as on the original offender. If they injured a white, all the whites might make common cause against them; but if they injured a red man, though there were sure to be plenty of whites who disapproved of it, there were apt to be very few indeed whose disapproval took any active shape.

Each race stood by its own members, and each held all of the other race responsible for the misdeeds of a few uncontrollable spirits; and this clannishness among those of one color, and the refusal or the inability to discriminate between the good and the bad of the other color, were the two most fruitful causes of border strife.[1] When, even if he sought to prevent them, the innocent man was sure to suffer for the misdeeds of the guilty, unless both joined together for defense, the former had no alternative save to make common cause with the latter. Moreover, in a sparse backwoods settlement, where the presence of a strong, vigorous fighter was a source of safety to the whole community, it was impossible to expect that he would be punished with severity for offenses which, in their hearts, his fellow-townsmen could not help regarding as in some sort a revenge for the injuries they had themselves suffered. Every quiet, peaceable settler had either himself been grievously wronged, or had been an eyewitness to wrongs done to his friends; and while these were vivid in his mind, the corresponding wrongs done the Indians were never brought home to him at all. If his son was scalped or his cattle driven off, he could not be expected to remember that perhaps the Indians

[1] It is precisely the same at the present day. I have known a party of Sioux to steal the horses of a buffalo-hunting outfit, whereupon the latter retaliated by stealing the horses of a party of harmless Grosventres; and I knew a party of Cheyennes, whose horses had been taken by white thieves, to, in revenge, assail a camp of perfectly orderly cowboys Most of the ranchmen along the Little Missouri in 1884 were pretty good fellows, who would not wrong Indians, yet they tolerated for a long time the presence of men who did not scruple to boast that they stole horses from the latter, while our peaceful neighbors, the Grosventres, likewise permitted two notorious red-skinned horse thieves to use their reservation as a harbor of refuge and a starting point from which to make forays against the cattlemen.

who did the deed had themselves been cheated by a white trader, or had lost a relative at the hands of some border ruffian, or felt aggrieved because a hundred miles off some settler had built a cabin on lands they considered their own. When he joined with other exasperated and injured men to make a retaliatory inroad, his vengeance might or might not fall on the heads of the real offenders; and, in any case, he was often not in the frame of mind to put a stop to the outrages sure to be committed by the brutal spirits among his allies, — though these brutal spirits were probably in a small minority.

The excesses so often committed by the whites, when, after many checks and failures, they at last grasped victory, are causes for shame and regret; yet it is only fair to keep in mind the terrible provocations they had endured. Mercy, pity, magnanimity to the fallen, could not be expected from the frontiersmen gathered together to war against an Indian tribe. Almost every man of such a band had bitter personal wrongs to avenge. He was not taking part in a war against a civilized foe; he was fighting in a contest where women and children suffered the fate of the strong men, and instead of enthusiasm for his country's flag, and a general national animosity towards its enemies, he was actuated by a furious flame of hot anger, and was goaded on by memories of which merely to think was madness. His friends had been treacherously slain while on messages of peace; his house had been burned, his cattle driven off, and all he had in the world destroyed before he knew that war existed, and when he felt quite guiltless of all offense; his sweetheart or wife had been carried off, ravished, and was at the moment the slave and concubine of some dirty and brutal Indian warrior; his son, the stay of his house, had been burned at the stake with torments too horrible to mention[1]; his sister, when ransomed and returned to him, had told of the weary journey through the woods when she carried around her neck as a hor-

[1] The expression "too horrible to mention" is to be taken literally, not figuratively. It applies equally to the fate that has befallen every white man or woman who has fallen into the power of hostile plains Indians during the last ten or fifteen years. The nature of the wild Indian has not changed. Not one man in a hundred, and not a single woman, escapes torments which a civilized man cannot look another in the face and so much as speak of. Impalement on charred stakes, finger nails split off backwards, finger joints chewed off, eyes burned out, — these tortures can be mentioned, but there are others equally normal and customary which cannot even be hinted at, especially when women are the victims.

rible necklace the bloody scalps of her husband and children; seared into his eyeballs, into his very brain, he bore ever with him, waking or sleeping, the sight of the skinned, mutilated, hideous body of the baby who had just grown old enough to recognize him and to crow and laugh when taken in his arms. Such incidents as these were not exceptional; one or more, and often all of them, were the invariable attendants of every one of the countless Indian inroads that took place during the long generations of forest warfare. It was small wonder that men who had thus lost everything should sometimes be fairly crazed by their wrongs. Again and again on the frontier we hear of some such unfortunate who has devoted all the remainder of his wretched life to the one object of taking vengeance on the whole race of the men who had darkened his days forever. Too often the squaws and papooses fell victims of the vengeance that should have come only on the warriors; for the whites regarded their foes as beasts rather than men, and knew that the squaws were more cruel than others in torturing the prisoner, and that the very children took their full part therein, being held up by their fathers to tomahawk the dying victims at the stake.[1]

Thus it is that there are so many dark and bloody pages in the book of border warfare, that grim and ironbound volume, wherein we read how our forefathers won the wide lands that we inherit. It contains many a tale of fierce heroism and adventurous ambition, of the daring and resolute courage of men and the patient endurance of women; it shows us a stern race of freemen, who toiled hard, endured greatly, and fronted adversity bravely, who prized strength and courage and good faith, whose wives were chaste, who were generous and loyal to their friends. But it shows us also how they spurned at restraint and fretted under it, how they would brook no wrong to themselves, and yet too often inflicted wrong on others; their feats of terrible prowess are interspersed with deeds of the

[1] As was done to the father of Simon Girty. Any history of any Indian inroad will give examples such as I have mentioned above. See McAfee MSS., John P. Hale's "Trans-Alleghany Pioneers," De Haas' "Indian Wars," Wither's "Border War," etc. In one respect, however, the Indians east of the Mississippi were better than the tribes of the plains from whom our borders have suffered during the present century: their female captives were not invariably ravished by every member of the band capturing them, as has ever been the custom among the horse Indians. Still, they were often made the concubines of their captors.

foulest and most wanton aggression, the darkest treachery, the most revolting cruelty; and though we meet with plenty of the rough, strong, coarse virtues, we see but little of such qualities as mercy for the fallen, the weak, and the helpless, or pity for a gallant and vanquished foe.



SEPARATISM AND THE SCROOBY CHURCH.[1]

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.

(From "The Beginners of a Nation.")

[EDWARD EGGLESTON: An American divine, born in Indiana in 1837, who has given most of his attention to writing. He has had, at different times, editorial charge of *The Independent* and of *Hearth and Home*. His many works include: "Mr. Blake's Walking Stick (1869), "A Book of Queer Stories" (1870), "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" (1872), "The End of the World" (1872), "Counsel for Teachers" (1872), "Schoolmaster's Stories for Boys and Girls" (1873), "The Circuit Rider" (1874), "The Graysons" (1887), "A History of the United States and its People for the use of Schools" (1888).]

To the great brotherhood of Puritans who formed a party within the church there was added a little fringe of Separatists or "Brownists," as they were commonly called, who did not stop with rejecting certain traits of the Anglican service, but spurned the church itself. Upon these ultraists fell the merciless hand of persecution. They were imprisoned, hanged, exiled. They were mostly humble people, and were never numerous; but by their superior boldness in speech and writing, by their attempts to realize actual church organizations on apostolic models, they rendered themselves considerable if not formidable. From this advance guard and forlorn hope of Puritanism, inured to hardship and the battle front, came at length the little band of New England pioneers who made a way into the wilderness over the dead bodies of half their company. The example of these contemned Brownists led to the Puritan settlement of New England. Their type of ecclesiastical organization ultimately dominated the Congregationalism of New England and the nonconformity of the mother country. For these reasons, if for no other, Brownism, however obscure it may have been, is not a negligible element in history.

The great body of the Puritans seem to have agreed with Bishop Hall that it was "better to swallow a ceremony than to rend a church," and they agreed with him in regarding Separatism as criminal. They were, indeed, too intent on reforming the Church of England to think of leaving it. They made no scruple of defying ecclesiastical regulations when they could, but in the moral code of that day schism was the deadliest of sins.

In the earliest part of Elizabeth's reign, before the beginning of the rule of Whitgift and the High Commission Courts, Puritan divines slighted or omitted the liturgy in many parishes. This became more common after the rise of Cartwright and the Presbyterian movement, about 1570. For example, in the town of Overston, in 1573, there was no divine service according to the Book of Common Prayer, "but insteade thereof two sermons be preached" by men whom the bishop had refused to license. The village of Whiston was also a place of Puritan assemblage, "where it is their joye," writes the Bishop of Peterborough, "to have manie owte of divers parishes, principallie owte of Northampton towne and Overston aforesaid, with other townes thereaboute, there to receive the sacramentes with preachers and ministers to their owne liking, and contrarie to the forme prescribed by the publique order of the realme." Thomas Rogers says, "The brethren (for so did they style them-selves) would neither pray, nor say service, nor baptize, nor celebrate the Lord's Supper, nor marry, nor bury, nor do any other ecclesiastical duty according to law."

At this time some of the Puritan divines held high positions in the church. Whittingham, who had been on the Puritan side of the quarrels in Frankfort, and who had received only a Genevan ordination, succeeded in holding his deanery of Durham until his death in 1579. In 1563 Dr. Turner was sneering at bishops as "white coats" and "tippett gentlemen," while himself Dean of Durham.

But Elizabeth after a while filled the bishoprics with men to her liking, whose heavy hands made the lot of Puritans in the church harder and harder. Many ministers were silenced, but there were many who, by evasion or by straining their consciences, held their benefices. Some Puritan clergymen, when they were to preach, preferred "to walk in the churchyard until sermon time rather than be present at public prayer." Some Puritan laymen had their own way of conforming to the

church. "There is a sort of Semi-Separatist," says Pagitt, as late as 1646, "that will heare our Sermons but not our Common-prayers; and of these you may see every Sunday in our streets sitting and standing about our doores; who, when Prayers are done, rush into our Churches to hear our Sermons."

The growth of Separatist churches was due to two causes. An almost incredible reverence for the letter of the Scriptures had taken the place of older superstitions. There was a strong tendency to revert to the stern spirit of the Old Testament and to adopt the external forms of the New. Religious idealists saw a striking contrast between the discipline of the primitive and almost isolated bands of enthusiastic believers in the apostolic time and the all-inclusive parishes of the hierarchical state church. And in that age of externalism the difference in organic form between the Anglican church and the little synagogues of Christian seceders founded by Paul in the Levant weighed heavily upon the minds of earnest people. It did not occur to them that this primitive organization was probably brought over from the neighboring Jewish congregations from which the converts had withdrawn, and that there might not be any obligation to imitate it under different skies and in a remote age. The Separatist was an idealist. "He lives by the aire," said an opponent, "and there he builds Castles and Churches; none on earth will please him; . . . he must finde out Sir Thomas More's Utopia, or rather Plato's Community, and bee an Elder there." But Separatism was undoubtedly promoted by persecution. Bradford says that the sufferings inflicted on them by the bishops helped some of the Puritans "to see further into things by the light of the word of God. How not only these base and beggerly ceremonies were unlawfull, but also that the lordly and tiranous power of the prelats ought not to be submitted unto." Drawn thus by the letter of the biblical record, while stung by the cruel oppression and galled by the opposition of the constituted authorities to what they deemed the truth divine, it is not strange that religious enthusiasts began to long for societies organized like those of the apostolic age, from which the profane should be excluded by a strict discipline.

The beginning of Separatism has been commonly attributed to Robert Browne, a contentious and able advocate of Separatist doctrines. After a brief and erratic career as an advocate

of these opinions, and after suffering the penalty of his zeal and proving the sincerity of his belief in thirty-two different prisons, in some of which he could not see his hand at noonday, Browne at length began to waver — now inclined to return to the church, now recoiling toward dissent. Worn out in nerves by controversy and persecution, this eccentric man was so alarmed by a solemn sentence of excommunication from a bishop, that he repented and made peace with the English church. He accepted a benefice, but employed a curate to preach for him. Browne lingered on to an unhonored age, imperious and contentious, not able to live with his wife, and held in no reverence by churchmen, while he was despised by Separatists. He died at eighty, in Northampton jail, to which he had been carried on a feather bed laid in a cart. The old man had been committed to prison this thirty-third time in his life for striking a constable who sought to collect a rate.

Separatism in some form existed before Browne's zeal made it a thorn in the side of the bishops. Something like a separation existed in 1567. In 1571 there was an independent church of which we know little but the pastor's name. Bradford even dates independency back to the reign of Mary. In truth, the rise of this sect, from which came the earliest New England colony, appears to be lost in obscurity. Significant movements are usually cradled in rustic mangers, to which no learned magi think it worth their while to journey. The beginning of Separatism was probably in the little conventicles held by devout Puritans who, in the words of one of their own writers, "met together to sing a psalm or to talk of God's word." But Browne, so far as we know, was one of the earliest to organize independent churches, with officers named and classified after those of the petty hierarchies of the early Christian congregations, or rather according to such deductions regarding them as he was able to make from the Epistles of Paul. Separatism, though it owed something to Browne's activity, was not founded by him. Browne's labors began about 1581, and his fiery career as a Brownist had lasted only four or five years when he began to vacillate. A great part of this time was spent in exile, much of it in prison, and very little of it about London. But before 1587 London seems to have been the center of the Separatists, from which they had "sparsed their companies into severall partes of the Realme."

It seems that their rise in London came from the devout

meetings of those who had begun to repudiate the Church of England as antichristian. Without any officers or organization apparently, these people, when we first get sight of them, were wont to assemble in the summer time in the fields about London, sitting down upon a bank while the Bible was expounded now by one and now by another of the company. In the winter it was their custom to spend the whole Sunday together from five o'clock in the morning, eating dinner in company and paying for it by a collection. They responded in prayer only by spontaneous groans or sobs, much after the fashion of the early Quakers, Methodists, and other enthusiasts of a later time. If one of their members returned to a parish assembly, they pronounced him an apostate and solemnly delivered him over to Satan until he should repent.

When they began to organize themselves formally into a church the London Separatists in their turn resorted to the apostolic epistles. These had already been treated like the magician's bottle that is made to yield white wine or red at pleasure. From them whatsoever form of discipline was desired by Anglican, Presbyterian, or Brownist had been derived, and now a still different discipline was deduced, a mean betwixt Presbyterian and Brownist theories. This is known now as Barrowism. It was the form of church government brought by the Pilgrims to Plymouth, and substantially that which prevailed in New England throughout the seventeenth century.

The London Separatists suffered miserably from persecution. Many of them languished and died in prison. Barrow and Greenwood, their leaders, were hanged at Tyburn. A part of them migrated to Amsterdam, while the rest maintained a furtive church in London. Those in Amsterdam, having no lingering abuses of the English church to reform, set every man's conscience to watch his neighbor's conduct. Having seceded from the communion of the Church of England on account of scandals, they were scandalized with the least variation from their rigorous standard by any of their own church members, and they were soon torn asunder with dissensions as the result of this vicariousness of conscience. The innocent vanity of the pastor's wife who could never forego a "toppish" hat and high-heeled shoes was the principal stumbling-block.

Though Separatism had been almost extirpated from England by the close of Elizabeth's reign, there remained even yet

one vigorous society in the north which was destined to exert a remarkable influence on the course of history.

On the southern margin of Yorkshire the traveler alights to-day at the station of Bawtry. It is an uninteresting village, with a rustic inn. More than a mile to the southward, in Nottinghamshire, lies the pleasant but commonplace village of Scrooby. About a mile to the north of Bawtry is Austerfield, a hamlet of brick cottages crowded together along the road. It has a picturesque little church built in the middle ages, the walls of which are three feet thick. This church will seat something more than a hundred people nowadays by the aid of a rather modern extension. In the seventeenth century it was smaller, and there was no ceiling. Then one could see the rafters of the roof while shuddering with cold in the grottolike interior. The country around is level and unpicturesque.

But one is here in the cradle of great religious movements. In Scrooby and in Austerfield were born the Pilgrims who made the first successful settlement in New England. A little to the east lies Gainsborough, from which migrated to Holland in 1606 the saintly Separatist John Smyth, who gave form to a great Baptist movement of modern times. A few miles to the northeast of Bawtry, in Lincolnshire, lies Epworth, the nest from which the Wesleys issued more than a hundred years later to spread Methodism over the world. Religious zeal seems to have characterized the people of this region even before the Reformation, for the country round about Scrooby was occupied at that time by an unusual number of religious houses.

The little Austerfield church and the old church at Scrooby are the only picturesque or romantic elements of the environment, and on these churches the Pilgrims turned their backs as though they had been temples of Baal. In the single street of Austerfield the traveler meets the cottagers of to-day, and essays to talk with them. They are heavy and somewhat stolid, like most other rustic people in the north country, and an accent to which their ears are not accustomed amuses and puzzles them. No tradition of the Pilgrims lingers among them. They have never heard that anybody ever went out of Austerfield to do anything historical. They listen with a bovine surprise if you speak to them of this exodus, and they refer you to the old clerk of the parish, who will know about it. The venerable clerk is a striking figure, not unlike that

parish clerk painted by Gainsborough. This oracle of the hamlet knows that Americans come here as on a pilgrimage, and he tells you that one of them, a descendant of Governor Bradford, offered a considerable sum for the disused stone font at which Bradford the Pilgrim was baptized. But the traveler turns away at length from the rustic folk of Austerfield and the beer drinkers over their mugs in the inn at Bawtry, and the villagers at Scrooby, benumbed by that sense of utter commonplaceness which is left on the mind of a stranger by such an agricultural community. The Pilgrims, then, concerning whom poems have been written, and in whose honor orations without number have been made, were just common country folk like these, trudging through wheat fields and along the muddy clay highways of the days of Elizabeth and James. They were just such men as these and they were not. They were such as these would be if they were vivified by enthusiasm. We may laugh at superfluous scruples in rustic minds, but none will smile at brave and stubborn loyalty to an idea when it produces such steadfast courage as that of the Pilgrims.

And yet, when the traveler has resumed his journey, and recalls Scrooby and Bawtry and Austerfield, the stolid men and gossiping women, the narrow pursuits of the plowman and the reaper, and remembers the flat, naked, and depressing landscape, he is beset by the old skepticism about the coming of anything good out of Nazareth. Nor is he helped by remembering that at the time of Bradford's christening at the old stone font the inhabitants of Austerfield are said to have been "a most ignorant and licentious people," and that earlier in that same century John Leland speaks of "the meane townlet of Scrooby."

But Leland's description of the village suggests the influence that caused Scrooby and the wheat fields thereabout to send forth, in the beginning of the seventeenth century and of a new reign, men capable of courage and fortitude sufficient to make them memorable, and to make these three townlets places of pilgrimage in following centuries.

"In the meane townlet of Scrooby, I marked two things," — it is Leland who writes, — "the parish church not big but very well builded; the second was a great manor place, standing within a moat, and longing to the Archbishop of York." This large old manor place he describes with its outer and inner court. In this manor place, about half a century after

Leland saw it, there lived William Brewster. He was a man of education, who had been for a short time in residence at Cambridge; he had served as one of the under secretaries of state for years; had been trusted beyond all others by Secretary Davison, his patron; and, when Elizabeth disgraced Davison, in order to avoid responsibility for the death of Mary of Scotland, Brewster had been the one friend who clung to the fallen secretary as long as there was opportunity to do him service. Making no further effort to establish himself at court, Brewster went after a while "to live in the country in good esteeme amongst his freinds and the good gentle-men of those parts, espetially the godly and religious." His abode after his retirement was the old manor place now destroyed, but then the most conspicuous building at Scrooby. It belonged in his time to Sir Samuel Sandys, the elder brother of Sir Edwin Sandys, whose work as the master spirit in the later history of the Virginia Company has already been recounted. At Scrooby Brewster succeeded his father in the office of "Post," an office that obliged him to receive and deliver letters for a wide district of country, to keep relays of horses for travelers by post on the great route to the north, and to furnish inn accommodations. In the master of the post at Scrooby we have the first of those influences that lifted a group of people from this rustic region into historic importance. He had been acquainted with the great world, and had borne a responsible if not a conspicuous part in delicate diplomatic affairs in the Netherlands. At court, as at Scrooby, he was a Puritan, and now in his retirement his energies were devoted to the promotion of religion. He secured earnest ministers for many of the neighboring parishes. But that which he builded the authorities tore down. Whitgift was archbishop, and the High Commission Courts were proceeding against Puritans with the energy of the Spanish Inquisition. "The godly preachers" about him were silenced. The people who followed them were proscribed, and all the pains and expense of Brewster and his Puritan friends in establishing religion as they understood it were likely to be rendered futile by the governors of the church. "He and many more of those times begane to looke further into things," says Bradford. Persecution begot Separatism. The theory was the result of conditions, as new theories are wont to be.

Here, as elsewhere, the secession appears to have begun with meetings for devotion. By this supposition we may

reconcile two dates which have been supposed to conflict, conjecturing that in 1602, when Brewster had lived about fifteen years in the old manor house, his neighbors, who did not care to attend the ministry of ignorant and licentious priests, began to spend whole Sundays together, now in one place and now in another, but most frequently in the old manor house builded within a moat, and reached by ascending a flight of stone steps. Here, Brewster's hospitality was dispensed to them freely. They may or may not have been members of the Separatist church at Gainsborough, as some have supposed. It was not until 1606 that these people formed the fully organized Separatist church of Scrooby. It was organized after the Barrowist pattern that had originated in London — it was after a divine pattern, according to their belief. Brewster, the nucleus of the church, became their ruling elder.

It was in these all-day meetings at the old manor house that the Separatist rustics of Scrooby were molded for suffering and endeavor. The humble, modest, and conscientious Brewster was the king post of the new church — the first and longest enduring of the influences that shaped the character of these people in England, Holland, and America. Brewster could probably have returned to the court under other auspices after Davison's fall, but as master of the post at Scrooby, then as a teacher and as founder of a printing office of prohibited English books in Leyden, and finally as a settler in the wilderness, inuring his soft hands to rude toils, until he died in his cabin an octogenarian, he led a life strangely different from that of a courtier. But no career possible to him at court could have been so useful or so long remembered.

But Brewster was not the master spirit. About the time the Separatists of Scrooby completed their church organization, in 1606, there came to it John Robinson. He had been a fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and a beneficed clergyman of Puritan views. He, too, had been slowly propelled to Separatist opinion by persecution. For fourteen years before the final migration he led the Pilgrims at Scrooby and Leyden. Wise man of affairs, he directed his people even in their hard struggle for bread in a foreign country. He was one of the few men, in that age of debate about husks and shells, who penetrated to those teachings concerning character and conduct which are the vital and imperishable elements of religion. Even when assailed most roughly in debate he was magnani-

mous and forbearing. He avoided the bigotry and bitterness of the early Brownists, and outgrew as years went on the narrowness of rigid Separatism. He lived on the best terms with the Dutch and French churches. He opposed rather the substantial abuses than the ceremonies of the Church of England, and as life advanced he came to extend a hearty fellowship and communion to good men in that church. Had it been his lot to remain in the national church and rise, as did his opponent, Joseph Hall, to the pedestal of a bishopric or to other dignity, he would have been one of the most illustrious divines of the age,—wanting something of the statesmanly breadth of Hooker, but quite outspreading and overtopping the Whitgifts, Bancrofts, and perhaps even the Halls. Robert Baillie, who could say many hard things against Separatists, is forced to confess that "Robinson was a man of excellent parts, and the most learned, polished, and modest spirit that ever separated from the Church of England;" and long after his death the Dutch theologian Hornbeeck recalls again and again his integrity, learning, and modesty.

Shall we say that when subjected to this great man's influence the rustics of Scrooby and Bawtry and Austerfield were clowns no longer? Perhaps we shall be truer to the probabilities of human nature if we conclude that Robinson was able to mold a few of the best of them to great uses, and that these became the significant digits which gave value to the ciphers.



THE WILD ROSE OF PLYMOUTH.

By JONES VERY.

[1813–1880]

Upon the Plymouth shore the wild rose blooms,
  As when the Pilgrim lived beside the bay,
And scents the morning air with sweet perfumes,
  Though new this hour, more ancient far than they;
More ancient than the wild, yet friendly race
  That roved the land before the Pilgrims came,
And here for ages found a dwelling place,
  Of whom our histories tell us but a name!
Though new this hour, out from the past it springs,
  Telling this summer morning of earth's prime;

And happy visions of the future brings,
That reach beyond, e'en to the verge of time,
Wreathing earth's children in one flowery chain,
Of love and beauty, ever to remain.



ST. LEGER'S ADVANCE UPON FORT STANWIX.[1]

By JOHN FISKE.

(From "The American Revolution.")

[John Fiske, an American historian, was born in Hartford, Conn., March 30, 1842. His name was originally Edmund Fiske Green, but in 1855 he took the name of his maternal great-grandfather. He was graduated from Harvard in arts and in law, and devoted himself to lecturing and to literary work, contributing frequently to the prominent magazines. He was lecturer, instructor, and assistant librarian at Harvard; nonresident lecturer on American history at the University College, London, at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.; was elected to membership in various scientific and historical societies, and received the degrees of LL.D. from Harvard and Litt.D. from Pennsylvania in 1894. Among his works are: "Tobacco and Alcohol" (1868), "Myths and Myth Makers" (1872), "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy based on the Doctrine of Evolution" (2 vols., 1874), "The Unseen World" (1876), "Darwinism and Other Essays" (1879), "Excursions of an Evolutionist" (1883), "The Destiny of Man viewed in the Light of his Origin" (1884), "The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge" (1885), "American Political Ideas viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History" (1885), "The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789" (1888), "Washington and his Country" (1889), "The Beginnings of New England; or, the Puritan Theocracy in its Relation to Civil and Religious Liberty" (1889), "Civil Government of the United States, considered with Some Reference to its Origins" (1890), "The American Revolution" (2 vols., 1891), and "Old Virginia and her Neighbors" (2 vols., 1897).]

About the middle of July, St. Leger had landed at Oswego, where he was joined by Sir John Johnson with his famous Tory regiment known as the Royal Greens, and Colonel John Butler with his company of Tory rangers. Great efforts had been made by Johnson to secure the aid of the Iroquois tribes, but only with partial success. For once the Long House was fairly divided against itself, and the result of the present campaign did not redound to its future prosperity. The Mohawks, under their great chief Thayendanegea, better known as Joseph Brant, entered heartily into the British cause, and

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they were followed, though with less alacrity, by the Cayugas and Senecas; but the central tribe, the Onondagas, remained neutral. Under the influence of the missionary, Samuel Kirkland, the Oneidas and Tuscaroras actively aided the Americans, though they did not take the field. After duly arranging his motley force, which amounted to about 1700 men, St. Leger advanced very cautiously through the woods, and sat down before Fort Stanwix on the 3d of August. This stronghold, which had been built in 1756, on the watershed between the Hudson and Lake Ontario, commanded the main line of traffic between New York and Upper Canada. The place was then on the very outskirts of civilization, and under the powerful influence of Johnson, the Tory element was stronger here than in any other part of the state. Even here, however, the strength of the patriot party turned out to be much greater than had been supposed, and at the approach of the enemy the people began to rise in arms. In this part of New York there were many Germans, whose ancestors had come over to America during the horrors of the Thirty Years' War; and among these there was one stout patriot whose name shines conspicuously in the picturesque annals of the Revolution. General Nicholas Herkimer, commander of the militia of Tryon County, a veteran over sixty years of age, no sooner heard of St. Leger's approach than he started out to the rescue of Fort Stanwix; and by the 5th of August he had reached Oriskany, about eight miles distant, at the head of 800 men. The garrison of the fort, 600 in number, under Colonel Peter Gansevoort, had already laughed to scorn St. Leger's summons to surrender, when, on the morning of the 6th, they heard a distant firing to the eastward, which they could not account for. The mystery was explained when three friendly messengers floundered through a dangerous swamp into the fort, and told them of Herkimer's approach and of his purpose. The plan was to overwhelm St. Leger by a concerted attack in front and rear. The garrison was to make a furious sortie, while Herkimer, advancing through the forest, was to fall suddenly upon the enemy from behind; and thus it was hoped that his army might be crushed or captured at a single blow. To insure completeness of cooperation, Colonel Gansevoort was to fire three guns immediately upon receiving the message, and upon hearing this signal Herkimer would begin his march from Oriskany. Gansevoort would then make such demonstrations



JOHN FISKE

as to keep the whole attention of the enemy concentrated upon the fort, and thus guard Herkimer against a surprise by the way, until, after the proper interval of time, the garrison should sally forth in full force.

In this bold scheme everything depended upon absolute coördination in time. Herkimer had dispatched his messengers so early on the evening of the 5th that they ought to have reached the fort by three o'clock the next morning, and at about that time he began listening for the signal guns. But through some unexplained delay it was nearly eleven in the forenoon when the messengers reached the fort, as just described. Meanwhile, as hour after hour passed by, and no signal guns were heard by Herkimer's men, they grew impatient, and insisted upon going ahead, without regard to the preconcerted plan. Much unseemly wrangling ensued, in which Herkimer was called a coward and accused of being a Tory at heart, until, stung by these taunts, the brave old man at length gave way, and at about nine o'clock the forward march was resumed. At this time his tardy messengers still lacked two hours of reaching the fort, but St. Leger's Indian scouts had already discovered and reported the approach of the American force, and a strong detachment of Johnson's Greens under Major Watts, together with Brant and his Mohawks, had been sent out to intercept them.

About two miles west of Oriskany the road was crossed by a deep semicircular ravine, concave toward the east. The bottom of this ravine was a swamp, across which the road was carried by a causeway of logs, and the steep banks on either side were thickly covered with trees and underbrush. The practiced eye of Thayendanegea at once perceived the rare advantage of such a position, and an ambuscade was soon prepared with a skill as deadly as that which once had wrecked the proud army of Braddock. But this time it was a meeting of Greek with Greek, and the wiles of the savage chief were foiled by a desperate valor which nothing could overcome. By ten o'clock the main body of Herkimer's army had descended into the ravine, followed by the wagons, while the rear guard was still on the rising ground behind. At this moment they were greeted by a murderous volley from either side, while Johnson's Greens came charging down upon them in front, and the Indians, with frightful yells, swarmed in behind and cut off the rear guard, which was thus obliged to retreat to save

itself. For a moment the main body was thrown into confusion, but it soon rallied and formed itself in a circle, which neither bayonet charges nor musket fire could break or penetrate. The scene which ensued was one of the most infernal that the history of savage warfare has ever witnessed. The dark ravine was filled with a mass of fifteen hundred human beings, screaming and cursing, slipping in the mire, pushing and struggling, seizing each other's throats, stabbing, shooting, and dashing out brains. Bodies of neighbors were afterwards found lying in the bog, where they had gone down in a death grapple, their cold hands still grasping the knives plunged in each other's hearts.

Early in the fight a musket ball slew Herkimer's horse, and shattered his own leg just below the knee ; but the old hero, nothing daunted, and bating nothing of his coolness in the midst of the horrid struggle, had the saddle taken from his dead horse and placed at the foot of a great beech tree, where, taking his seat and lighting his pipe, he continued shouting his orders in a stentorian voice and directing the progress of the battle. Nature presently enhanced the lurid horror of the scene. The heat of the August morning had been intolerable, and black thunder clouds, overhanging the deep ravine at the beginning of the action, had enveloped it in a darkness like that of night. Now the rain came pouring in torrents, while gusts of wind howled through the tree tops, and sheets of lightning flashed in quick succession, with a continuous roar of thunder that drowned the noise of the fray. The wet rifles could no longer be fired, but hatchet, knife, and bayonet carried on the work of butchery, until, after more than five hundred men had been killed or wounded, the Indians gave way and fled in all directions, and the Tory soldiers, disconcerted, began to retreat up the western road, while the patriot army, remaining in possession of the hard-won field, felt itself too weak to pursue them.

At this moment, as the storm cleared away and long rays of sunshine began flickering through the wet leaves, the sound of the three signal guns came booming through the air, and presently a sharp crackling of musketry was heard from the direction of Fort Stanwix. Startled by this ominous sound, the Tories made all possible haste to join their own army, while the patriots, bearing their wounded on litters of green boughs, returned in sad procession to Oriskany. With their commander

helpless and more than one third of their number slain or disabled, they were in no condition to engage in a fresh conflict, and unwillingly confessed that the garrison of Fort Stanwix must be left to do its part of the work alone. Upon the arrival of the messengers, Colonel Gansevoort had at once taken in the whole situation. He understood the mysterious firing in the forest, saw that Herkimer must have been prematurely attacked, and ordered his sortie instantly to serve as a diversion. The sortie was a brilliant success. Sir John Johnson, with his Tories and Indians, was completely routed and driven across the river. Colonel Marinus Willett took possession of his camp, and held it while seven wagons were three times loaded with spoil and sent to be unloaded in the fort. Among all this spoil, together with abundance of food and drink, blankets and clothes, tools and ammunition, the victors captured five British standards and all Johnson's papers, maps, and memoranda, containing full instructions for the projected campaign. After this useful exploit, Colonel Willett returned to the fort and hoisted the captured British standards, while over them he raised an uncouth flag, intended to represent the American stars and stripes, which Congress had adopted in June as the national banner. This rude flag, hastily extemporized out of a white shirt, an old blue jacket, and some strips of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, was the first American flag with stars and stripes that was ever hoisted, and it was first flung to the breeze on the memorable day of Oriskany, August 6, 1777.

Of all the battles of the Revolution, this was perhaps the most obstinate and murderous. Each side seems to have lost not less than one third of its whole number; and of those lost, nearly all were killed, as it was largely a hand-to-hand struggle, like the battles of ancient times, and no quarter was given on either side. The number of surviving wounded, who were carried back to Oriskany, does not seem to have exceeded forty. Among these was the indomitable Herkimer, whose shattered leg was so unskillfully treated that he died a few days later, sitting in bed propped by pillows, calmly smoking his Dutch pipe and reading his Bible at the thirty-eighth Psalm.

For some little time no one could tell exactly how the results of this fierce and disorderly day were to be regarded. Both sides claimed a victory, and St. Leger vainly tried to scare the garrison by the story that their comrad[illegible] destroyed in the

forest. But in its effects upon the campaign, Oriskany was for the Americans a success, though an incomplete one. St. Leger was not crushed, but he was badly crippled. The sacking of Johnson's camp injured his prestige in the neighborhood, and the Indian allies, who had lost more than a hundred of their best warriors on that fatal morning, grew daily more sullen and refractory, until their strange behavior came to be a fresh source of anxiety to the British commander. While he was pushing on the siege as well as he could, a force of 1200 troops under Arnold was marching up the Mohawk valley to complete his discomfiture.

As soon as he had heard the news of the fall of Ticonderoga, Washington had dispatched Arnold to render such assistance as he could to the northern army, and Arnold had accordingly arrived at Schuyler's headquarters about three weeks ago. Before leaving Philadelphia, he had appealed to Congress to restore him to his former rank relatively to the five junior officers who had been promoted over him, and he had just learned that Congress had refused the request. At this moment, Colonel Willett and another officer, after a perilous journey through the wilderness, arrived at Schuyler's headquarters, and, bringing the news of Oriskany, begged that a force might be sent to raise the siege of Fort Stanwix. Schuyler understood the importance of rescuing the stronghold and its brave garrison, and called a council of war; but he was bitterly opposed by his officers, one of whom presently said to another, in an audible whisper, "He only wants to weaken the army!" At this vile insinuation, the indignant general set his teeth so hard as to bite through the stem of the pipe he was smoking, which fell on the floor and was smashed. "Enough!" he cried. "I assume the whole responsibility. Where is the brigadier who will go?" The brigadiers all sat in sullen silence; but Arnold, who had been brooding over his private grievances, suddenly jumped up. "Here!" said he, "Washington sent me here to make myself useful: I will go." The commander gratefully seized him by the hand, and the drum beat for volunteers. Arnold's unpopularity in New England was mainly with the politicians. It did not extend to the common soldiers, who admired his impulsive bravery and had unbounded faith in his resources as a leader. Accordingly, 1200 Massachusetts men were easily enlisted in the course of the next forenoon, and the expedition started up the Mohawk

valley. Arnold pushed on with characteristic energy, but the natural difficulties of the road were such that after a week of hard work he had only reached the German Flats, where he was still more than twenty miles from Fort Stanwix. Believing that no time should be lost, and that everything should be done to encourage the garrison and dishearten the enemy, he had recourse to a stratagem, which succeeded beyond his utmost anticipation. A party of Tory spies had just been arrested in the neighborhood, and among them was a certain Yan Yost Cuyler, a queer, half-witted fellow, not devoid of cunning, whom the Indians regarded with that mysterious awe with which fools and lunatics are wont to inspire them, as creatures possessed with a devil. Yan Yost was summarily condemned to death, and his brother and gypsylike mother, in wild alarm, hastened to the camp to plead for his life. Arnold for a while was inexorable, but presently offered to pardon the culprit on condition that he should go and spread a panic in the camp of St. Leger. Yan Yost joyfully consented, and started off forthwith, while his brother was detained as a hostage to be hanged in case of his failure. To make the matter still surer, some friendly Oneidas were sent along to keep an eye upon him and act in concert with him. Next day, St. Leger's scouts, as they stole through the forest, began to hear rumors that Burgoyne had been totally defeated, and that a great American army was coming up the valley of the Mohawk. They carried back these rumors to the camp, and toward evening, while officers and soldiers were standing about in anxious consultation, Yan Yost came running in, with a dozen bullet holes in his coat and terror in his face, and said that he had barely escaped with his life from the resistless American host which was close at hand. As many knew him for a Tory, his tale found ready belief, and when interrogated as to the numbers of the advancing host he gave a warning frown, and pointed significantly to the countless leaves that fluttered on the branches overhead. Nothing more was needed to complete the panic. It was in vain that Johnson and St. Leger exhorted and threatened the Indian allies. Already disaffected, they now began to desert by scores, while some, breaking open the camp chests, drank rum till they were drunk, and began to assault the soldiers. All night long the camp was a perfect Pandemonium. The riot extended to the Tories, and by noon of the next day St. Leger took to flight and his whole army

was dispersed. All the tents, artillery, and stores fell into the hands of the Americans. The garrison, sallying forth, pursued St. Leger for a while, but the faithless Indians, enjoying his discomfiture, and willing to curry favor with the stronger party, kept up the chase nearly all the way to Oswego, laying ambushes every night, and diligently murdering the stragglers, until hardly a remnant of an army was left to embark with its crestfallen leader for Montreal.



CHARACTER OF THE LOYALISTS.[1]

By MOSES COIT TYLER.

(From the "Literary History of the American Revolution.")

[Moses Coit Tyler, American educator and author, was born at Griswold, Conn., August 2, 1835; studied theology at Yale and Andover; and for a few years held the pastorate of a Congregational church in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. He was professor of English in the University of Michigan (1867–1881), and since 1883 has occupied the chair of American history at Cornell. He is a frequent contributor to magazines and reviews, and the author of a "History of American Literature during the Colonial Time" (1878), "A Manual of English Literature" (1879) "Life of Patrick Henry" (1888), and "Literary History of the American Revolution."]

After the question of number, very properly comes that of quality. What kind of people were these Tories, as regards intelligence, character, and standing in their several communities?

And here, brushing aside, as unworthy of historical investigators, the partisan and vindictive epithets of the controversy, — many of which, however, still survive even in the historical writings of our own time, — we shall find that the Loyalists were, as might be expected, of all grades of personal worth and worthlessness; and that, while there was among them, no doubt, the usual proportion of human selfishness, malice, and rascality, as a class they were not bad people, much less were they execrable people, — as their opponents at the time commonly declared them to be.

In the first place, there was, prior to 1776, the official class; that is, the men holding various positions in the civil and military and naval services of the government, their im

mediate families, and their social connections. All such persons may be described as inclining to the Loyalist view in consequence of official bias.

Next were certain colonial politicians who, it may be admitted, took a rather selfish and an unprincipled view of the whole dispute, and who, counting on the probable, if not inevitable, success of the British arms in such a conflict, adopted the Loyalist side, not for conscience' sake but for profit's sake, and in the expectation of being rewarded for their fidelity by offices and titles, and especially by the confiscated estates of the rebels, after the rebels themselves should have been defeated, and their leaders hanged or sent into exile.

As composing still another class of Tories may be mentioned, probably a vast majority of those who stood for the commercial interests, for the capital and the tangible property of the country, and who, with the instincts natural to persons who have something considerable to lose, disapproved of all measures for pushing the dispute to the point of disorder, riot, and civil war.

Still another class of Loyalists was made up of people of professional training and occupation, — clergymen, physicians, lawyers, teachers, — a clear majority of whom seem to have been set against the ultimate measures of the Revolution.

Finally, and in general, it may be said that a majority of those who, of whatever occupation, of whatever grade of culture or of wealth, would now be described as conservative people, were Loyalists during the American Revolution. And by way of concession to the authority and force of truth, what has to be said respecting the personal quality commonly attaching to those who, in any age or country, are liable to be classed as conservative people? Will it be denied that within that order of persons one may usually find at least a fair portion of the cultivation, of the moral thoughtfulness, of the personal purity and honor, existing in the entire community to which they happen to belong?

Precisely this description, at any rate, applies to the conservative class in the American colonies during that epoch, — a majority of whom dissented from those extreme measures which at last transformed into a revolution a political movement which began with the avowed purpose of confining itself to a struggle for redress of grievances, and within the limits of constitutional opposition. If, for example, we consider the

point with reference to cultivation and moral refinement, it may seem to us a significant fact that among the members of the Loyalist party are to be found the names of a great multitude of the graduates of our colonial colleges — especially of Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania. Thus, in an act of banishment passed by Massachusetts, in September, 1778, against the most prominent of the Tory leaders in that State, one may now read the names of three hundred and ten of her citizens. And who were they? Let us go over their names. Are these the names of profligates and desperadoes, or even of men of slight and equivocal consideration? To any one at all familiar with the history of colonial New England, that list of men, denounced to exile and loss of property on account of their opinions, will read almost like the beadroll of the oldest and noblest families concerned in the founding and upbuilding of New England civilization. Moreover, of that catalogue of three hundred and ten men of Massachusetts, banished for an offense to which the most of them appear to have been driven by conscientious convictions, more than sixty were graduates of Harvard. This fact is probably a typical one; and of the whole body of the Loyalists throughout the thirteen colonies, it must be said that it contained, as one of its ablest antagonists long after admitted, "more than a third of influential characters," — that is, a very considerable portion of the customary chiefs and representatives of conservatism in each community.

By any standard of judgment, therefore, according to which we usually determine the personal quality of any party of men and women in this world, — whether the standard be intellectual, or moral, or social, or merely conventional, — the Tories of the Revolution seem to have been not a profligate party, nor an unprincipled one, nor a reckless or even a light-minded one, but, on the contrary, to have had among them a very considerable portion of the most refined, thoughtful, and conscientious people in the colonies. So true is this, that in 1807 a noble-minded Scottish woman, Mistress Anne Grant of Laggan, who in her early life had been familiar with American colonial society, compared the loss which America suffered in consequence of the expatriation of the Loyalists by the Revolution, to the loss which France suffered in consequence of the expatriation of so many of her Protestants by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

So much, then, must be said on behalf of the Tories of the Revolution, — in point of numbers, they were far from inconsiderable, and in point of character, they were far from despicable. On the one hand, they formed no mere rump party. If they were not actually a majority of the American people, — as they themselves always claimed to be, and as some careful scholars now think they were, — they did at least constitute a huge minority of the American people: they formed a section of colonial society too important on the score of mere numbers to be set down as a paltry handful of obstructives; while in any rightful estimate of personal value, quite aside from mere numbers, they seem to deserve the consideration which conscientious and cultivated people of one party never ask in vain of conscientious and cultivated people of the opposite party, — at least after the issues of the controversy are closed.

Pressing forward, then, with our investigation, we proceed to apply to the American Loyalists that test by which we must judge any party of men who have taken one side, and have borne an important share in any great historical controversy. This is the test of argumentative value. It asks whether the logical position of the party was or was not a strong one.

Even yet it is not quite needless to remind ourselves that the American Revolution was a war of argument long before it became a war of physical force; and that, in this war of argument, were involved a multitude of difficult questions, — constitutional, legal, political, ethical, — with respect to which honest and thoughtful people were compelled to differ. All these questions, however, may, for our purposes, be reduced to just two: first, the question of what was lawful under the existing constitution of the British empire; and, secondly, the question of what was expedient under the existing circumstances of the colonies. Now, paradoxical as it may seem to many of the American descendants of the victorious party, each of those questions had two very real and quite opposite sides; much was to be said for each side; and for the Tory side so much was to be said in the way of solid fact and of valid reasoning, that an intelligent and a noble-minded American might have taken that side, and might have stuck to it, and might have gone into battle for it, and might have imperiled all the interests of his life in defense of it, without any just impeachment of his reason or of his integrity, —

without deserving to be called, then or since then, either a weak man or a bad one.

That we may develop before our eyes something of the argumentative strength of the Loyalist position, in the appeal which it actually made to honest men at that time, let us take up for a moment the first of the two questions to which, as has just been said, the whole dispute may be reduced, — the question of what was lawful under the existing constitution of the British empire. Let us strike into the very heart of that question. It was the contention of the American Whigs that the British parliament could not lawfully tax us, because by so doing it would be violating an ancient maxim of the British constitution: "No taxation without representation." Have we not all been taught from our childhood that the citation of that old maxim simply settled the constitutional merits of the whole controversy, and settled it absolutely in favor of the Whigs? But did it so settle it? Have we not been accustomed to think that the refusal of the American Tories to give way before the citation of that maxim was merely a case of criminal stupidity or of criminal perversity on their part? But was it so?

On the contrary, many of the profoundest constitutional lawyers in America, as well as in England, both rejected the foregoing Whig contention, and at the same time admitted the soundness and the force of the venerable maxim upon which that contention was alleged to rest. Thus the leading English jurists, who supported the parliamentary taxation of the colonies, did not dispute that maxim. Even George Grenville, the author and champion of the Stamp Act, did not dispute it. "The colonies claim, it is true," said he, "the privilege which is common to all British subjects, of being taxed only with their own consent, given by their representatives. And may they ever enjoy the privilege in all its extent; may this sacred pledge of liberty be preserved inviolate to the utmost verge of our dominions, and to the latest pages of our history! I would never lend my hand toward forging chains for America, lest, in so doing, I should forge them for myself. But the remonstrances of the Americans fail in the great point of the colonies not being represented in parliament, which is the common council of the whole empire, and as such is as capable of imposing internal taxes as impost duties, or taxes on intercolonial trade, or laws of navigation."

These words of Grenville may help us to understand the position of the American Loyalists. They frankly admitted the maxim of "No taxation without representation"; but the most of them denied that the maxim was violated by the acts of parliament laying taxation upon the colonies. Here everything depends, they argued, on the meaning to be attached to the word representation; and that meaning is to be ascertained by ascertaining what was understood by the word in England at the time when this old maxim originated, and in the subsequent ages during which it had been quoted and applied. Now, the meaning then attached to the word in actual constitutional experience in England is one which shows that the commons of America, like the commons of England, are alike represented in that great branch of the British parliament which proclaims its representative character in its very name, — the house of commons. During the whole period in which the maxim under consideration had been acquiring authority, the idea was that representation in parliament was constituted, not through any uniform distribution, among individual persons, of the privilege of voting for members, but rather through a distribution of such privilege *among certain organized communities*, as counties, cities, boroughs, and universities, to which at an early day this function had been assigned according to a method then deemed equable and just. Furthermore, as it has been from the beginning, so is it still a principle of parliamentary representation, that from the moment a member is thus chosen to sit in parliament, he is the representative of the whole empire and not of his particular constituency. He "is under no obligation, therefore, to follow instructions from the voters or the inhabitants of the district from which he is chosen. They have no legal means of enforcing any instructions. They cannot demand his resignation. In fact, a member cannot resign." Moreover, the members of the house of lords "represent, in principle, the interests of the whole empire, and of all classes, as truly as the commons." Therefore, the historic meaning of the word representation, as the word has always been used in English constitutional experience, seemed fairly to justify the Loyalist contention, that the several organized British communities in America, as an integral part of the British empire, were to all intents and purposes represented in the British parliament, which sat at the capital as the supreme council of the whole empire, and exercised legis-

lative authority coextensive with the boundaries of that empire.

It was no sufficient reply to this statement to say, as some did say, that such representation as has just been described was a very imperfect kind of representation. Of course it was an imperfect kind of representation; but, whatever it was, it was exactly the kind of representation that was meant by the old constitutional maxim thus cited; for it was the only kind of representation practiced, or known, or perhaps even conceived of in England during all those ages which had witnessed the birth and the growth of this old formula. The truth is that representation, as a political fact in this world, has thus far been a thing of degrees—a thing of less and of more; that perfect representation has even yet not been anywhere attained in this world; that in the last century representation in England was very much less perfect than it has since become; and, finally, that, in the period now dealt with, what had always been meant by the word representation in the British empire was satisfied by such a composition of the house of commons as that while its members were voted for by very few even of the common people in England, yet the moment that its members were elected they became, in the eye of the constitution and in the spirit of this old formula, the actual representatives of all the commoners of the whole empire, in all its extent, in all its dominions and dependencies.

Accordingly when certain English commoners in America at last rose up and put forward the claim that, merely because they had no votes for members of the house of commons, therefore that house did not represent them, and therefore they could not lawfully be taxed by parliament, it was very naturally said, in reply, that these English commoners in America were demanding for themselves a new and a peculiar definition of the word representation: a definition never up to that time given to it in England, and never of course up to that time claimed or enjoyed by English commoners in England. For how was it at that time in England with respect to the electoral privilege? Indeed, very few people in England then had votes for members of the house of commons,—only one tenth of the entire population of the realm. How about the other nine tenths of the population of the realm? Had not those British subjects in England as good a right as these British subjects in America to deny that they were represented in

parliament, and that they could be lawfully taxed by parliament? Nay, such was the state of the electoral system that entire communities of British subjects in England, composing such cities as Leeds, Halifax, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, — communities as populous and as rich as entire provinces in America, — had no votes whatever for members of parliament. Yet did the people of these several communities in England refuse to pay taxes levied by act of parliament, — that is, did they, for that reason, proclaim the nullification of a law of the general government? "We admit," continued the American Loyalists, "that for all these communities of British subjects — for those in England, as well as for these in America — the existing representation is very imperfect; that it should be reformed and made larger and more uniform than it now is; and we are ready and anxious to join in all forms of constitutional agitation, under the leadership of such men as Chatham, and Camden, and Burke, and Barré, and Fox, and Pownall, to secure such reform; and yet it remains true that the present state of representation throughout the British empire, imperfect as it is, is representation in the very sense understood and practiced by the English race whenever hitherto they have alleged the maxim, — 'No taxation without representation.' That old maxim, therefore, can hardly be said to be violated by the present imperfect state of our representative system. The true remedy for the defects of which we complain is reform — reform of the entire representative system both in England and in America — reform by means of vigorous political agitation; reform, then, and not a rejection of the authority of the general government; reform, and not nullification; reform, and not a disruption of the empire."

Such is a rough statement and, as I think, a fair one, of the leading argument of the American Loyalists with respect to the first of the two great questions then dividing the American people, namely, the question of what was lawful under the existing constitution of the British empire. Certainly, the position thus taken by the Loyalists was a very strong one, — so strong, in fact, that honest and reasonable Americans could take it, and stand upon it, and even offer up their lives in defense of it, without being justly liable to the charge that they were either particularly base or particularly stupid.

Indeed, under this aspect of legality, the concession just made by us does scant justice to the Tories — or to the truth.

The dispute, it must be remembered, had arisen among a people who were then subjects of the British empire, and were proud of the fact; who exulted in the blessings of the British constitution; and who, upon the matter at issue, began by confidently appealing to that constitution for support. The contention of the Tories was that, under the constitution, the authority of the imperial parliament was, even for purposes of revenue legislation, binding in America, as in all other parts of the empire, and even though America should have no members in the house of commons. This the Whigs denied. It was, then, a question of British constitutional law. Upon that question, which of the two parties was in the right? Is it now possible to doubt that it was the Tories? A learned American writer upon the law, now one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, in referring to the decision of Mr. Chief Justice Hutchinson sustaining the legality of writs of assistance, has given this opinion: "A careful examination of the question compels the conclusion . . . that there was at least reasonable ground for holding, as a matter of mere law, that the British parliament had power to bind the colonies." This view, of course, has been sustained by the highest English authorities upon British constitutional law, from the time of Lord Mansfield to the present. "As a matter of abstract right," says Sir Vernon Harcourt, "the mother country has never parted with the claim of ultimate supreme authority for the imperial legislature. If it did so, it would dissolve the imperial tie, and convert the colonies into foreign and independent states." "The constitutional supremacy of the imperial parliament over all the colonial possessions of the crown," says another eminent English writer, "was formally reasserted, in 1865, by an act passed to remove certain doubts respecting the powers of colonial legislatures. . . . It is clear that imperial acts are binding upon the colonial subjects of the crown, as much as upon all other British subjects, whenever, by express provision or by necessary intendment, they relate to or concern the colonies."

But after the question as to what was lawful under the existing constitution of the British empire, came the question as to what was expedient under the existing circumstances of the American colonies. Now, as it happened, this latter question had two aspects, one of which pointed toward the expediency of rejecting the taxing power of parliament, even though

such power did exist under the constitution; the other pointed toward the expediency of separation from the empire.

Having in view, at present, the former aspect of this question, the American Whigs went forward and took the ground that, if the claim of parliament to tax them was indeed justified by the constitution, then so much the worse for the constitution, — since it was a claim too full of political danger to be any longer submitted to: "If parliament, to which we send no members, may tax us three pence on a pound of tea, it may, if it pleases, tax us a shilling, or a guinea. Once concede to it this right to tax us at all, and what security have we against its taxing us excessively? — what security have we for our freedom or our property against any enormity of oppression?" And what was the answer of the American Tories to this argument? "Yes," said the Tories, "you allege a grave political danger. But does it really exist? Is it likely ever to exist? Are you not guilty of the fallacy of arguing against the use of a power, simply from the possibility of its abuse? In this world every alleged danger must be estimated in the light of common sense and of reasonable probability. In that light, what ground have we for alarm? The line drawn by the supreme legislature itself for the exercise of its own power is a perfectly distinct one, — that it should tax no part of the empire to a greater amount than its just and equitable proportion. As respects America, the supreme legislature has not yet overstepped that line; it has shown no disposition to overstep that line; we have not the slightest reason to suppose that it ever will overstep that line. Moreover, all the instincts of the English race are for fair play, and would be overwhelmingly against such an injustice, were parliament to attempt it. It is thought in England that as we, British subjects in America, receive our share of the benefits of membership of the empire, so we ought to pay our share toward the cost of those benefits. In apportioning our share of the cost, they have not fixed upon an amount which anybody, even here, calls excessive; indeed, it is rather below than above the amount that might justly be named. Now, in this world, affairs cannot be conducted — civilization cannot go on — without confidence in somebody. And in this matter we deem it reasonable and prudent to have confidence in the good sense and in the justice of the English race, and especially of the house of commons, which is the great council of the commoners of the English race. True, we

do not at present send members to that great council, any more than do certain great taxpaying communities in England; but then no community even in England has, in reality, so many representatives in parliament — so many powerful friends and champions in both houses of parliament — as we American communities have: not only a great minority of silent voters, but many of the ablest debaters and party leaders there, — Barré, and Pownall, and Conway, and Fox, and Edmund Burke in the lower house, and in the upper house Lord Camden and, above all, the great Earl of Chatham himself. Surely, with such men as these to speak for us, and to represent our interests in parliament and before the English people, no ministry could long stand which should propose any measure liable to be condemned as grossly beyond the line of equity and fair play."

The Americans who took this line of reasoning in those days were called Tories. And what is to be thought of this line of reasoning to-day? Is it not at least rational and fair? Even though not irresistible, has it not a great deal of strength in it? Even though we, perhaps, should have declined to adopt it, are we not obliged to say that it might have been adopted by Americans who were both clear-headed and honest-minded?



THE WANTS OF MAN.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[JOHN QUINCY ADAMS: President of the United States; born in Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767; died in Washington, D.C., February 23, 1848. He was educated at a school in Paris, at the University of Leyden, and at Harvard College, being graduated from the last named in 1788. He was admitted to the bar in 1791, gained distinction by several political essays, and in 1794 was appointed minister to The Hague. He was minister to Berlin (1797–1801), United States senator (1804–1808), and in 1805 was appointed professor of rhetoric at Harvard. He afterward held several important diplomatic positions, including that of minister to the Court of St. James, and in 1824 was elected sixth President of the United States, serving until 1829. He was a representative in Congress from 1830 until his death. He left many writings in prose and verse which were afterward published; also a diary of his public life, and many speeches and addresses.]

"MAN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

'Tis not with ME exactly so,
  But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told
  Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
  I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
  And canvasbacks, and wine,
And all the realms of nature spread
  Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
  My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside
  To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
  Is elegant attire, —
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
  And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
  My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
  And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
  A dwelling house in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air,
  A massive marble pile,
With halls for banquets and for balls,
  All furnished rich and fine,
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
  And cellars for my wine.

I want a garden and a park
  My dwelling to surround,
A thousand acres (bless the mark!),
  With walls encompassed round,
Where flocks may range, and herds may low,
  And kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
  All Eden to display.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
  And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls,
  For comfort and for ease.

But, here as space is somewhat scant
  And acres rather rare,
My house in town I only want
  To occupy — a square.

I want a steward, butler, cooks,
  A coachman, footman, grooms,
A library of well-bound books,
  And picture-garnished rooms,
Correggios, Magdalen, and Night,
  The Matron of the Chair,
Guido's fleet Coursers in their flight,
  And Claudes at least a pair.

Ay! and to stamp my form and face
  Upon the solid rock,
I want, their lineaments to trace,
  Carrara's milk-white block,
And let the chisel's art sublime
  By Greenough's hand display
Through all the range of future time
  My features to the day.

I want a cabinet profuse
  Of medals, coins, and gems;
A printing press for private use
  Of fifty thousand *ems;*
And plants and minerals and shells,
  Worms, insects, fishes, birds;
And every beast on earth that dwells
  In solitude or herds.

I want a board of burnished plate,
  Of silver and of gold,
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight,
  With sculpture's richest mold,
Plateaus, with chandeliers and lamps,
  Plates, dishes all the same,
And porcelain vases with the stamps
  Of Sèvres and Angoulême.

And maples of fair glossy stain
  Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
  Must cover all my floors;

My walls with tapestry bedecked
  Must never be outdone;
And damask curtains must protect
  Their colors from the sun.

And mirrors of the largest pane
  From Venice must be brought;
And sandalwood and bamboo cane
  For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantelpieces, clocks
  Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
  Invite the stranger's hand.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
  Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
  And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
  Of firm yet placid mind;
With all my faults to love me still,
  With sentiments refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs
  And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
  From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
  Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
  The boys all wise and brave.

And when my bosom's darling sings
  With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
  Must with her voice combine.
A piano exquisitely wrought
  Must open stand apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
  To win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire
  Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
  And artificial blooms.

The civet fragrance shall dispense
  And treasured sweets return,
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
  And smoking amber burn.

And when, at night, my weary head
  Begins to droop and doze,
A southern chamber holds my bed
  For nature's soft repose,
With blankets, counterpanes, and sheet,
  Mattress and bed of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
  And pillows for my crown.

I want a warm and faithful friend
  To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend
  Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
  My inmost soul to see,
And that my friendship prove as strong
  For him as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart,
  For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
  And bosom armed with steel,
To bear Divine chastisement's rod,
  And mingling in my plan
Submission to the will of God
  With charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye,
  An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
  And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need
  In Heaven's sublimest strain,
And lips the cause of Man to plead,
  And never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health
  Throughout my long career.
And streams of never-failing wealth
  To scatter far and near, —
The destitute to clothe and feed,
  Free bounty to bestow,

Supply the helpless orphan's need
  And soothe the widow's woe.

I want the genius to conceive,
  The talents to unfold
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
  The virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill,
  A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mold the will
  And reach from pole to pole.

I want the seals of power and place,
  The ensigns of command,
Charged by the People's unbought grace
  To rule my native land;
Nor crown nor scepter would I ask
  But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
  Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
  To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
  The friend of human kind,
That after ages, as they rise,
  Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
  Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man;
  I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
  And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
  Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
  The *mercy of my God.*

And, oh! while circles in my veins
  Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
  Of nature's transient dream,
My soul, in humble hope unscared
  Forget not thou to pray
That this thy *want* may be prepared
  To meet the Judgment Day.

THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

By JONATHAN EDWARDS.

[JONATHAN EDWARDS, the greatest metaphysician that America has produced, was born at East Windsor, Conn., October 5, 1703; graduated at Yale, 1720; and was appointed pastor of a church at Northampton, Mass., 1727. Here he remained until 1750, when he was dismissed for refusing to administer the sacrament to those who could not give proofs of their conversion. The following year he went as missionary among the Housatonic Indians at Stockbridge, and in 1757 was called to the presidency of Princeton College, but died shortly after his installation, March 22, 1758. While at Stockbridge he wrote the famous treatise on the "Freedom of the Will" (1754), one of the most powerful expositions of Calvinism ever written. Other works are: "Original Sin," "Christian Virtue," etc.]

Concerning these Objections, that this Scheme of Necessity renders all Means and Endeavors for the avoiding of Sin, or the obtaining Virtue and Holiness, vain and to no purpose; and that it makes Men no more than mere Machines in Affairs of Morality and Religion.

[IT is said] if it be so, that sin and virtue come to pass by a necessity consisting in a sure connection of causes and effects, antecedents and consequents, it can never be worth the while to use any means or endeavors to obtain the one and avoid the other, seeing no endeavors can alter the futurity of the event which is become necessary by a connection already established.

But I desire that this matter may be fully considered, and that it may be examined with a thorough strictness, whether it will follow that endeavors and means, in order to avoid or obtain any future thing, must be more in vain, on the supposition of such a connection of antecedents and consequents, than if the contrary be supposed.

For endeavors to be in vain is for them not to be successful, that is to say, for them not eventually to be the means of the thing aimed at, which cannot be but in one of these two ways: either, first, that although the means are used, yet the event aimed at does not follow; or, secondly, if the event does follow, it is not because of the means, or from any connection or dependence of the event on the means, the event would have come to pass as well without the means as with them. If either of these two things are the case, then the means are not properly successful, and are truly in vain. The successfulness or unsuccessfulness of means in order to an effect, or their

being in vain or not in vain, consists in those means being connected or not connected with the effect in such a manner as this, viz., that the effect is with the means and not without them, or that the being of the effect is, on the one hand, connected with the means, and the want of the effect, on the other hand, is connected with the want of the means. If there be such a connection as this between means and end, the means are not in vain. The more there is of such a connection, the further they are from being in vain; and the less of such a connection, the more they are in vain.

Now, therefore, the question to be answered (in order to determine whether it follows from this doctrine of the necessary connection between foregoing things, and consequent ones, that means used in order to any effect are more in vain than they would be otherwise) is, whether it follows from it that there is less of the forementioned connection between means and effect, that is, whether, on the supposition of there being a real and true connection between antecedent things and consequent ones, there must be less of a connection between means and effect than on the supposition of there being no fixed connection between antecedent things and consequent ones, and the very stating of this question is sufficient to answer it. It must appear to every one that will open his eyes that this question cannot be affirmed without the grossest absurdity and inconsistence. Means are foregoing things, and effects are following things; and if there were no connection between foregoing things and following ones, there could be no connection between means and end; and so all means would be wholly vain and fruitless. For it is by virtue of some connection only that they become successful: it is some connection observed, or revealed, or otherwise known, between antecedent things and following ones, that is what directs in the choice of means. And if there were no such thing as an established connection, there could be no choice as to means: one thing would have no more tendency to an effect than another; there would be no such thing as tendency in the case. All those things which are succcessful means of other things do therein prove connected antecedents of them; and therefore to assert that a fixed connection between antecedents and consequents makes means vain and useless, or stands in the way to hinder the connection between means and end, is just as ridiculous as to say that a connection between antecedents and consequents stands in the

way to hinder a connection between antecedents and consequents.

Nor can any supposed connection of the succession or train of antecedents and consequents, from the very beginning of all things, the connection being made already sure and necessary, either by established laws of nature, or by these together with a decree of sovereign immediate interpositions of divine power, on such and such occasions, or any other way (if any other there be)—I say no such necessary connection of a series of antecedents and consequents can in the least tend to hinder, but that the means we use may belong to the series and so may be some of those antecedents which are connected with the consequents we aim at in the established course of things. Endeavors which we use are things that exist, and, therefore, they belong to the general chain of events: all the parts of which chain are supposed to be connected; and so endeavors are supposed to be connected with some effects or some consequent things or other. And certainly this does not hinder but that the events they are connected with may be those which we aim at and which we choose, because we judge them most likely to have a connection with those events from the established order and course of things which we observe, or from something in divine revelation.

Let us suppose a real and sure connection between a man's having his eyes open in the clear daylight, with good organs of sight and seeing, so that seeing is connected with his opening his eyes, and not seeing with his not opening his eyes; and also the like connection between such a man's attempting to open his eyes and his actually doing it. The supposed established connection between these antecedents and consequents, let the connection be ever so sure and necessary, certainly does not prove that it is in vain for a man in such circumstances to attempt to open his eyes in order to seeing; his aiming at that event, and the use of the means, being the effect of his Will, does not break the connection or hinder the success.

So that the objection we are upon does not lie against the doctrine of the necessity of events by a certainty of connection and consequence: on the contrary, it is truly forcible against the doctrine of contingence and self-determination, which is inconsistent with such a connection. If there be no connection between those events wherein virtue and vice consist, and anything antecedent, then there is no connection between these

events and any means or endeavors used in order to them; and, if so, then those means must be vain. The less there is of connection between foregoing things and following ones, so much the less there is between means and end, endeavors and success; and in the same proportion are means and endeavors ineffectual and vain.

It will follow from those principles that there is no connection between virtue or vice and any foregoing event or thing, or, in other words, that the determination of the existence of virtue or vice does not in the least depend on the influence of anything that comes to pass antecedently from which the determination of its existence is as its cause, means, or ground; because, so far as it is so, it is not from self-determination, and, therefore, so far there is nothing of the nature of virtue or vice. And so it follows that virtue and vice are not in any degree dependent upon, or connected with, any foregoing event or existence, as its cause, ground, or means. And, if so, then all foregoing means must be totally vain.

Hence it follows that there cannot, in any consistence with that scheme, be any reasonable ground of so much as a conjecture concerning the consequence of any means and endeavors in order to escaping vice or obtaining virtue, or any choice or preference of means as having a greater probability of success by some than others, either from any natural connection or dependence of the end on the means, or through any divine constitution, or revealed way of God's bestowing or bringing to pass these things, in consequence of any means, endeavors, prayers, or deeds. Conjecture, in this latter case, depends on a supposition that God himself is the giver, or determining cause of the events sought; but if they depend on self-determination, then God is not the determining or disposing author of them; and if these things are not of his disposal, then no conjecture can be made, from any revelation he has given, concerning any way or method of his disposal of them.

Yea, on these principles, it will not only follow that men cannot have any reasonable ground of judgment or conjecture, that their means and endeavors to obtain virtue or avoid vice will be successful, but they may be sure they will not; they may be certain that they will be in vain; and that, if ever the thing which they seek comes to pass, it will not be at all owing to the means they use. For means and endeavors can have no effect, in order to obtain the end, but in one of these

two ways: either (1) through a natural tendency and influence to prepare and dispose the mind more to virtuous acts, either by causing the disposition of the heart to be more in favor of such acts, or by bringing the mind more into the view of powerful motives and inducements; or (2) by putting persons more in the way of God's bestowment of the benefit. But neither of these can be the case. Not the latter, for, as has been just now observed, it does not consist with the notion of self-determination which they suppose essential to virtue that God should be the bestower or (which is the same thing) the determining, disposing author of virtue. Not the former, for natural influence and tendency supposes causality and connection and that supposes necessity of event, which is inconsistent with liberty. A tendency of means, by biasing the heart in favor of virtue, or by bringing the Will under the influence and power of motives in its determinations, are both inconsistent with liberty of Will, consisting in indifference, and sovereign self-determination, as has been largely demonstrated.

But for the more full removal of this prejudice against the doctrine of necessity, which has been maintained, as though it tended to encourage a total neglect of all endeavors as vain; the following things may be considered.

The question is not whether men may not thus improve this doctrine: we know that many true and wholesome doctrines are abused; but, whether the doctrine gives any just occasion for such an improvement, or whether, on the supposition of the truth of the doctrine, such a use of it would not be unreasonable? If any shall affirm that it would not, but that the very nature of the doctrine is such as gives just occasion for it, it must be on this supposition, namely, that such an invariable necessity of all things already settled must render the interposition of all means, endeavors, conclusions, or actions of ours, in order to the obtaining any future end whatsoever, perfectly insignificant, because they cannot in the least alter or vary the course and series of things, in any event or circumstance; all being already fixed unalterably by necessity, and that therefore it is folly for men to use any means for any end, but their wisdom, to save themselves the trouble of endeavors and take their ease. No person can draw such an inference from this doctrine and come to such a conclusion without contradicting himself, and going counter to the very principles he pretends to act upon; for he comes to a conclusion and takes a course, in order

to an end, even his ease, or the saving himself from trouble; he seeks something future, and uses means in order to a future thing, even in his drawing up that conclusion, that he will seek nothing, and use no means in order to anything in future; he seeks his future ease and the benefit and comfort of indolence. If prior necessity, that determines all things, makes vain all actions or conclusions of ours, in order to anything future, then it makes vain all conclusions and conduct of ours in order to our future ease. The measure of our ease, with the time, manner, and every circumstance of it, is already fixed by all-determining necessity, as much as anything else. If he says within himself, "What future happiness or misery I shall have is already, in effect, determined by the necessary course and connection of things; therefore I will save myself the trouble of labor and diligence, which cannot add to my determined degree of happiness, or diminish my misery; but will take my ease and will enjoy the comfort of sloth and negligence." Such a man contradicts himself; he says the measure of his future happiness and misery is already fixed, and he will not try to diminish the one nor add to the other; but yet, in his very conclusion, he contradicts this; for he takes up this conclusion, to add to his future happiness, by the ease and comfort of his negligence; and to diminish his future trouble and misery by saving himself the trouble of using means and taking pains.

Therefore persons cannot reasonably make this improvement of the doctrine of necessity, that they will go into a voluntary negligence of means for their own happiness. For the principles they must go upon in order to this are inconsistent with their making any improvement at all of the doctrine; for to make some improvement of it is to be influenced by it, to come to some voluntary conclusion in regard to their own conduct, with some view or aim; but this, as has been shown, is inconsistent with the principles they pretend to act upon. In short, the principles are such as cannot be acted upon in any respect, consistently. And, therefore, in every pretense of acting upon them, or making any improvement of them, there is a self-contradiction.

As to that objection against the doctrine which I have endeavored to prove, that it makes men no more than mere machines, I would say that, notwithstanding this doctrine, man is entirely, perfectly, and unspeakably different from a mere machine in that he has reason and understanding, and has a

faculty of Will, and so is capable of volition or choice; and in that his Will is guided by the dictates or views of his understanding, and in that his external actions and behavior and, in many respects, also his thoughts and the exercises of his mind are subject to his Will; so that he has liberty to act according to his choice and do what he pleases; and by means of these things, is capable of moral habits and moral acts, such inclinations and actions as, according to the common sense of mankind, are worthy of praise, esteem, love, and reward; or, on the contrary, of disesteem, detestation, indignation, and punishment.

In these things is all the difference from mere machines, as to liberty and agency, that would be any perfection, dignity, or privilege, in any respect; all the difference that can be desired and all that can be conceived of. . . . Or, if their scheme makes any other difference than this, between men and machines, it is for the worse; it is so far from supposing men to have a dignity and privilege above machines, that it makes the manner of their being determined still more unhappy. Whereas machines are guided by an understanding cause, by the skillful hand of the workman or owner, the Will of man is left to the guidance of nothing, but absolute, blind contingence.



POEMS OF CHARLES WESLEY.

[CHARLES WESLEY: Clergyman and poet; born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, December 18, 1708 (O.S); died in London, March 29, 1788. He was educated at Westminster School, at St. Peter's College, Westminster, and at Christ Church College, Oxford While at Oxford he helped to organize the famous Holy Club, of which his brother John afterward became the leader. He went with Oglethorpe to Georgia in 1735, returning to England the following year. He engaged in the ministry with his brother until his death. His principal writings are hymns and sermons]

MORNING HYMN.

"SEE the Day Spring from afar
Ushered by the Morning Star!"
Haste; to Him who sends the light,
Hallow the remains of night

Souls, put on your glorious dress,
Waking into righteousness;

Clothed with Christ, aspire to shine,
Radiance he of light divine.

Beam of the eternal beam,
He in God, and God in him!
Strive we him in us to see,
Transcript of the Deity.

Burst we then the bands of death,
Raised by his all-quick'ning breath;
Long we to be loosed from earth,
Struggle into second birth.

Spent at length in nature's light,
Christ attends to give us light,
Christ attends himself to give;
God we now may see, and live.

Though the outward man decay,
Formed within us day by day,
Still the nearer man we view,
Christ creating all things new.

Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Suffer us no more to stray;
Give us, Lord, and ever give,
Thee to know, in thee to live.

In Temptation.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
  Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
  While the tempest still is nigh:
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
  O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
  All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
  With the shadow of thy wing.

Wilt thou not regard my call?
  Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
  Lo! on thee I cast my care!
Reach me out thy gracious hand!
  While I of thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
  Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
  More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy Name;
  I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am;
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the heeling streams abound,
  Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
  Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
  Rise to all eternity.



SILVIO PELLICO'S IMPRISONMENT.

(From "My Prisons.")

[Silvio Pellico, an Italian author, was born at Saluzzo, June 24, 1789. He studied in Turin and Lyons, and taught in a college in Milan, where "Francesca da Rimini," his finest tragedy, was acted (1819). Being suspected of belonging to the Carbonari, he was arrested in 1820, taken to Venice, and condemned to death. His sentence was commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment, but after nine years' detention he was pardoned. During his imprisonment he wrote three tragedies and his celebrated work, "Le Mie Prigioni" ("My Prisons," 1833), which was at once translated into all European languages, and contributed powerfully to the cause of Italian independence. He died at Turin, January 31, 1854.]

Our departure took place on the night of the 25th of March [1822]. We were permitted to take leave of our friend, Cesare Armari. A *sbirro* chained us in a transverse manner,—namely,

the right hand and the left foot,—so as to render it impossible for us to escape.

We went into a gondola, and the guards rowed towards Fusina. On our arrival, we found two carriages in readiness for us. Rezia and Canova were placed in one, and Maroncelli and myself in the other. The commissary was with two of the prisoners, and an under commissary with the other two. Six or seven guards of police, armed with swords and muskets, completed our convoy.

To be compelled by misfortune to leave one's country is always painful; but to be torn from it in chains, doomed to exile in a horrible climate, to linger days and hours and years in solitary dungeons, is a fate so appalling that no language can describe it.

As we approached the Alps, I felt that my country was becoming doubly dear to me: the sympathy we awakened on every side, from all ranks, formed an irresistible appeal to my affection and gratitude. In every city, in every village, in every group of meanest houses, the news of our condemnation had been known for some weeks; and we were expected. In several places, the commissaries and the guards had difficulty in dispersing the crowd that surrounded us. It was astonishing to witness the benevolent and humane feeling generally manifested in our behalf.

In Udine we met with a singular and touching incident. On arriving at the inn, the commissary caused the door of the courtyard to be closed, in order to keep back the people. A room was assigned us; and he ordered the waiters to bring supper, and make such accommodation as we required for repose. In a few moments, three men entered with mattresses upon their shoulders.

What was our surprise to see that only one of them was a servant of the inn! The others were two of our acquaintances. We pretended to assist them in placing the beds, and had time to recognize each other, and give the hand of fellowship and sympathy. It was too much: the tears started to our eyes. Ah! how trying it was to us all, not to be allowed the sad satisfaction of shedding them in each other's arms!

The commissaries were not aware of the circumstance; but I had reason to think that one of the guards saw into the affair, just as the good Dario grasped me by the hand. He was a Venetian. He fixed his eyes upon us both, turned pale, and

seemed on the point of making an alarm, but turned away his eyes, as if pretending not to see us. If he did not think that they were our friends, he must have believed them to be some servants with whom we were acquainted.

The next morning we left Udine by dawn of day. The affectionate Dario was already in the street, wrapped in his mantle: he beckoned to us, and followed us a long way. A coach also continued at some little distance from us for several miles. Some one waved a handkerchief from it, till it turned back: who could it have been? We had our own conjectures. May Heaven protect all those generous souls who thus express their love for the unfortunate! I had the more reason to prize them from the fact of having met with cowards, who, not content with denying me, thought to benefit themselves by calumniating their once fortunate *friend*. These cases, however, were rare; while those of the former, to the honor of the human character be it said, were numerous.

On the 10th of April we arrived at our place of destination.

The city of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, where the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia is accustomed to reside. Situated in a pleasant valley, it presents a rich and noble aspect. At one time, it was a great manufactory of cloth; but its prosperous days were now passed, and its population did not exceed thirty thousand.

Contiguous to the walls on the western side rises a mount, on which stands the dreaded fortress of Spielberg, once the royal seat of the lords of Moravia, and now the severest prison of the Austrian monarchy. It was a well-guarded citadel, but was bombarded and taken by the French after the celebrated battle of Austerlitz, a village at a little distance from it. It was not repaired for the purpose of a fortress; but a portion of the outworks, which had been wholly demolished, were rebuilt. Within it are imprisoned some three hundred wretches, for the most part robbers and assassins: some condemned to severe imprisonment (*carcere duro*); others, to that called *durissimo*, the severest of all. The "*severe imprisonment*" comprehends compulsory daily labor, wearing chains on the legs, sleeping on bare boards, and eating the worst imaginable food. The *very severe imprisonment* signifies being chained in a more horrible manner; one part of the iron being fixed in the wall, united to a hoop round the body of the prisoner, so as to pre-

vent his moving further than the board which serves for his couch. We, as state prisoners, were condemned to severe imprisonment. The food, however, is the same; though, in the words of the law, it is prescribed to be *bread and water.*

While mounting the acclivity, we turned our eyes as if to take a last look of the world we were leaving, and doubted if ever the portals of that living grave, which was about to receive us, would be again unclosed to us. I was calm in appearance; but rage and indignation burned within. It was in vain I had recourse to philosophy: it had no arguments to quiet or to support me.

I was in poor health on leaving Venice, and the journey had fatigued me exceedingly. I had a fever, and felt severe pains, both in my head and my limbs. Illness increased my irritation, and probably the last aggravated the disease.

We were consigned to the superintendent of Spielberg, and our names were registered in the same list as that of the robbers. On taking leave, the imperial commissary shook our hands, and was evidently affected. "Farewell," he said, "and let me recommend to you calmness and submission; for I assure you that the least infraction of discipline will be punished by the governor in the severest manner."

The consignment being made, my friend and myself were conducted into a subterranean gallery, where two dismal-looking dungeons were unlocked, at a distance from each other. In one of these I was entombed alive, and poor Maroncelli in the other.

After having bid adieu to so many beloved objects, and there remains only a single friend between yourself and utter solitude,—the solitude of chains and a living death,—how bitter it is to be separated even from that one! Maroncelli, on leaving me ill and dejected, shed tears over me as one whom, it was most probable, he would never more behold. In him, too, I lamented a noble-minded man, cut off in the splendor of his intellect and the vigor of his days, snatched from society, all its duties and its pleasures, and even from the "common air, the earth, the sky." Yet he survived the unheard-of afflictions heaped upon him; but in what a state did he leave his living tomb!

When I found myself alone in that horrid cavern; heard the closing of the iron doors, and the rattling of chains; and, by the gloomy light of a high window, saw the wooden bench destined for my couch, with an enormous chain fixed in the

wall,—I sat down in sullen rage on my hard resting place, and, taking up the chain, measured its length in the belief that it was destined for me.

In half an hour, I caught the sound of locks and keys: the door opened, and the head jailer handed me a jug of water.

"Here is something to drink," he said in a rough tone; "and you will have your loaf to-morrow."

"Thanks, my good man."

"I am not good," was the reply.

"The worse for you," I answered rather sharply. "And this great chain," I added,—"is it for me?"

"It is, sir, if you do not keep quiet,—if you get into a rage, or say impertinent things. But, if you are reasonable, we shall only chain you by the feet. The blacksmith is getting all ready."

He then walked sullenly up and down, shaking that horrid ring of enormous keys; while, with angry eye, I measured his gigantic, lean, and aged figure. His features, though not decidedly vulgar, bore the most repulsive expression of brutal severity that I ever beheld.

How unjust mankind are when they presume to judge by appearances, and according to their arrogant prejudices! The man whom I upbraided in my heart for shaking, as it were in triumph, those horrible keys, to make me more keenly sensible of his power, whom I set down as an insignificant tyrant inured to practices of cruelty, was then revolving thoughts of compassion, and had spoken in that harsh tone only to conceal his real feelings. Perhaps he was afraid to trust himself, or thought that I should prove unworthy of gentler treatment; perhaps, though willing to afford me relief, he felt doubtful whether I might not be more criminal than unhappy.

Annoyed by his presence, and by the sort of lordly air he assumed, I determined to try to humble him, and called out, as if speaking to a servant, "Give me something to drink!"

He looked at me with an expression which seemed to say, "Arrogant man! this is no place for you to show the airs of a master."

Still he was silent, bent his long back, took up the jug, and gave it to me. On taking it from him, I perceived that he trembled; and, believing it to proceed from age, I felt a mingled emotion of reverence and compassion. "How old are you?" I inquired in a kinder tone.

"Seventy-four, sir. I have lived to see great calamities, as regards both others and myself."

The tremulous motion I had observed increased as he said this and again took the jug from my hand. I now thought it might be owing to some nobler feeling than the effect of age; and the aversion I had conceived instantaneously left me.

"And what is your name?" I inquired.

"It pleased fortune, sir, to make a fool of me, by giving me the name of a great man. My name is Schiller." He then told me, in a few words, some particulars as to his native place, his family, the campaigns in which he had served, and the wounds he had received.

He was a Swiss, the son of peasants; had been in the wars against the Turks under Marshal Laudon, in the reign of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. He had subsequently served in the Austrian campaigns against France, up to the period of Napoleon's exile.

In beginning to form a better opinion of one against whom we had conceived a strong prejudice, we seem to discover in every feature, in his voice, and in his manners, fresh marks of a good disposition, to which we were before strangers. . . . In short, I won a little upon old Schiller: I looked at him more attentively, and he no longer appeared forbidding. To say the truth, there was something in his language which, spite of its rough tone, showed the genuine traits of a noble mind. And, in spite of our first looks of mutual distrust and defiance, we seemed to feel a certain respect for each other: he spoke boldly what he thought, and so did I.

"Captain as I am," he observed, "I have fallen into this wretched post of jailer as an easier duty; but God knows it is far more disagreeable for me to maintain it than it was to risk my life in battle."

I was now sorry I had asked him so haughtily to give me drink. "My dear Schiller," I said, grasping his hand, "it is in vain for you to deny it, I know you are a good fellow; and, since I have fallen into this calamity, I thank Heaven which has given me you for a keeper!"

He listened to me, shook his head, and then rubbed his forehead, like a man in some perplexity or trouble.

"No, sir, I am bad,—ra [illegible]. They made me take an oath, which I must and wil[illegible] am bound to treat all the prisoners, without dis[illegible] equal severity; no indul-

gence, no permission to relent, or to soften the sternest orders, particularly as regards prisoners of state."

"You are a noble fellow: I respect you for making your duty a point of conscience. You may err, humanly speaking; but your motives are pure in the eyes of God."

"Poor gentleman, have patience, and pity me. I shall be hard as steel in my duty; but my heart bleeds at being unable to relieve the unfortunate. This is all I wished to say." We were both affected.

He then entreated that I would preserve my calmness, and not, as is too often the case with solitary prisoners, give way to passion, which calls for restraint, and even for severer punishment.

He afterwards resumed his gruff, affected tone, as if to conceal the compassion he felt for me; observing that it was high time for him to go.

He came back, however, and inquired how long a time I had been afflicted with that horrible cough, reflecting sharply upon the physician for not coming to see me that very evening. "You are ill of a fever," he added; "I see it well. You will need a straw bed; but we cannot give you one till the doctor has ordered it."

He retired, and locked the door; and I threw myself upon the hard boards with considerable fever and pain in my chest, but less irritable, less at enmity with mankind, and less alienated from God.

The inconvenience I experienced from the chain upon my legs, which prevented me from sleeping, destroyed my health. Schiller wished me to petition, and declared that it was the duty of the physician to order the chain to be taken off. For some time I refused to listen to him; then I yielded, and informed the doctor that, in order to obtain a little sleep, I should be thankful to have the chain removed, if only for a few days. He answered that my fever did not yet require the removal; and that it was necessary I should become accustomed to the chain. I was indignant at this reply, and at myself for having asked the favor.

"See what I have gained by following your advice," said I to Schiller; and I said it in a very sharp tone, not a little offensive to the old man.

"You are vexed," he exclaimed, "because you met with a

denial; and I am as much so with your arrogance! Could I help it?"

Then he began a long sermon. "The proud value themselves mightily in never exposing themselves to a refusal, in never accepting an offer, and in being ashamed of a thousand little matters. *Alle Eseleyen!* It is all nonsense! Vain pride, want of true dignity, which consists in being ashamed only of bad actions!" He went off, and made the door ring with a tremendous noise.

I was dismayed; yet his rough sincerity scarcely displeased me. Had he not spoken the truth? To how many weaknesses had I not given the name of dignity, while they were nothing but pride!

At the dinner hour, Schiller left my fare to the convict Kunda, who brought me some water, while Schiller stood outside. I called him. "I have no time," he replied very dryly.

I rose, and, going to him, said, "If you wish my dinner to agree with me, pray don't look so sour: it is worse than vinegar."

"And how ought I to look?" he asked, rather more appeased.

"Cheerful, and like a friend," was my reply.

"Let us be merry, then. *Viva l'allegria!*" cried the old man. "And, if it will make your dinner agree with you, I will dance you a hornpipe into the bargain." And, assuming a broad grin, he began to kick with his long, lean, spindle shanks, which he worked about like two huge stilts, till I thought I should have died with laughing. I laughed and almost cried at the same time.

One evening, Count Oroboni and I were standing at our windows, complaining of the mean diet to which we were subjected. Animated by the subject, we talked a little too loud; and the sentinels began to upbraid us. The superintendent also called in a loud voice to Schiller, as he happened to be passing, and inquired in a threatening voice why he did not keep a better watch, and teach us to be silent. Schiller came to me in a great rage to complain, and ordered me never more to think of speaking from the window. He wished me to promise that I would not.

"No," replied I; "I shall do no such thing."

"Oh, *der Teufel! der Teufel!*" exclaimed the old man; "do

you say that to me? Have I not had a horrible strapping on your account?"

"I am sorry, dear Schiller, if you have suffered on my account. But I cannot promise what I do not mean to perform."

"And why not perform it?"

"Because I cannot; because this continual solitude is such a torment to me. No: I will speak as long as I have breath, and invite my neighbor to talk to me. If he refuse, I will talk to my window bars, I will talk to the hills before me, I will talk to the birds as they fly about. I will talk."

"*Der Teufel!* you will! You had better promise."

"No, no, no! never!" I exclaimed.

He threw down his huge bunch of keys, and ran about, crying, "*Der Teufel! der Teufel!*" Then, all at once, he threw his long, bony arms about my neck, exclaiming with an oath, "You shall talk! Am I to cease to be a man because of this vile mob of keys? You are a gentleman, and I like your spirit. I know you will not promise. I would do the same in your place."

I picked up his keys and presented them to him. "These keys," said I, "are not so bad after all: they cannot turn an honest soldier, like you, into a villainous cutthroat."

"Why, if I thought they could, I would hand them back to my superiors and say, 'If you will give me no bread but the wages of a hangman, I will go, and beg alms from door to door.'"

He took out his handkerchief, dried his eyes, and then, raising them, seemed to pray inwardly for some time. I, too, offered up my secret prayers for this good old man. He saw it, and took my hand with a look of grateful respect.

Upon leaving me, he said in a low voice, "When you speak with Count Oroboni, speak as I do now. You will do me a double kindness. I shall hear no more threats from my lord superintendent; and, by not making it necessary for any remarks of yours to be repeated in his ear, you will avoid giving fresh irritation to one who knows how to punish."

I assured him that not a word should come from either of our lips, which could possibly give cause of offense. In fact, we required no further instructions to be cautious. Two prisoners, desirous of communication, are skillful enough to invent a language of their own, without the least danger of its being interpreted by any listener.

MILLER VOSS AND THE AMTSHAUPTMANN.

By FRITZ REUTER.

(From "In the Year '13": translated by Charles L. Lewes.)

[Fritz Reuter, German dialect poet and novelist, was born in Stavenhagen, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, November 7, 1810. While finishing his law studies at Jena, he joined a secret society. He was arrested for high treason in 1833, condemned to death in 1834, and, his sentence being commuted to thirty years' imprisonment, was confined in several fortresses, but was amnestied in 1840. Being too old to resume the study of law, he engaged in several enterprises, lost his property, and became a private tutor in a little town in Pomerania. There he composed "Lauschen un Rimels" ("Melodies and Rhymes") in Low German (1853), which at once placed him in the first rank of popular poets. He also wrote novels, stories, etc., among the best being "In the Time of the French" and "In the Time of my Imprisonment." He died June 12, 1874.]

I was baptized, and had godfathers: four of them. And, if my godfathers were still alive, and walked through the streets with me, people would stop and say: "Look, what fine fellows! you won't see many such." They were indeed godfathers! And one of them was a head taller than the others, and towered above them as Saul did above his brethren. This was the old Amtshauptmann Weber. He used to wear a well-brushed blue coat, yellowish trousers, and well-blacked boots, and his face was so marked by the smallpox that it looked as if the Devil had been threshing his peas on it, or as if he had sat down upon his face on a cane-bottomed chair. On his broad forehead there stood written, and in his eyes too you could read, "Not the fear of Man but the fear of God." And he was the right man in the right place.

About eleven o'clock in the morning he might be seen sitting in an armchair in the middle of the room, whilst his wife fastened a napkin under his chin, put the powder on his hair, tied it behind and twisted it into a neat pigtail.

When the old gentleman walked up and down under the shade of the chestnut trees at noon, his little rogue of a pigtail wagged merrily, and nodded over the collar of his blue coat as if it wanted to say to any one who would listen: "Yes, look, old fellow! What do you think of me? I am only the tip of his hair, and if I can wag so comically out here, you may fancy how merry it must be inside his head."

When I took him a message from my father, and managed

to give it straight off, he would pat me on the head and then say: "Now, away with you, boy. Off, like a shot! When you pull the trigger the gun mustn't hang fire, but must go off like a flash of lightning. Run to Mamsell Westphalen, and ask her for an apple."

To my father he would say: "Well, friend, what do *you* think? Are not you glad that you have a son? Boys are much better than girls; girls are always fretting and crying. Thank God, I have a boy too, my Joe. — What say you, eh!"

My father told my mother. "Do you know," said he, "what the old Amtshauptmann says? Boys are better than girls." Now I was in the room at the time and overheard this, and of course I said to myself: "My godfather is always right, boys *are* better than girls, and every one should have his deserts." So I took the large piece of plumcake for myself and gave my sister the small one, and thought not a little of myself, for I knew now that I was the larger half of the apple. But this was not to last; the tables were to be turned. —

One day — it was at the time when the rascally French had just come back from Russia, and everything was in commotion — some one knocked at the Herr Amtshauptmann's door. "Come in," cried the old gentleman, and in came old Miller Voss of Gielow, ducking his head nearly down to the ground by way of a bow.

"Good afternoon, Herr Amtshauptmann," said he.

"Good morning, Miller."

Now, though the one said "good afternoon" and the other said "good morning," each was right from his own point of view; for the Miller got up at four o'clock in the morning, and with him it was afternoon, while with the Amtshauptmann it was still early in the morning, as he did not rise till eleven.

"What is it, Miller?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, I've come to you about a weighty matter. — I'll tell you what it is: I want to be made a bankrupt."

"What, Miller!"

"I want to be made a bankrupt, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Hm — hm," muttered the Amtshauptmann, "that's an ugly business." And he paced up and down the room scratching his head. "How long have you been at the bailiwick of Stemhagen?"

"Three and thirty years come Midsummer."

"Hm—hm," again muttered the Amtshauptmann, "and how old are you, Miller?"

"Come peas harvest five and sixty, or maybe six and sixty; for as to our old Pastor Hammerschmidt he wasn't much given to writing, and didn't trouble his head about parish registers, and the Frau Pastor, who made the entries,—I' faith she had a deal to do besides,—only attended to them every three years, so that there might be enough to make it worth while; and then some fine afternoon she would go through the village and write down the children's ages, but more according to height and size than to what they really were; and my mother always said she had cut off a year from me, because I was small and weakly. But less than five and sixty I'm not. I am sure of that."

During this speech the Amtshauptmann had kept walking up and down the room, listening with only one ear; he now stood still before the Miller, looked straight into his eyes, and said sharply: "Then, Miller Voss, you're much too old for anything of the kind."

"How so, Herr?" exclaimed the poor Miller, quite cast down.

"Bankruptcy is a hard matter; at your age you could not carry it through."

"Do you think so, Herr?"

"Yes, I do. We are both too old for it. We must leave such things to younger people. What do you think folks would say if I were to get myself declared bankrupt? Why, they would say, of course, the old Amtshauptmann up at the Schloss has gone quite mad! And," added he, laying his hand gently on the Miller's shoulder, "they would be right, Miller Voss. What say you, eh?"

The Miller looked down at the toes of his boots and scratched his head: "It's true, Herr."

"Tell me," said the old gentleman, patting him kindly on the shoulder, "where does the shoe pinch? What is troubling you?"

"Troubling! say you, Herr Amtshauptmann," shouted the Miller, clapping his hand to the side of his head as if a wasp had stung him. "Troubling! Torturing, you mean. Torturing!—That Jew! That cursed Jew! And then the lawsuit, Herr Amtshauptmann, the cursed lawsuit!"

"Look you, Miller, that's another of your follies, entangling yourself at your age in a lawsuit."

"True enough, Herr; but when I began it I was in my prime and thought to be able to fight it out; now I see clear enough that your lawsuit has a longer breath than an honest Miller."

"But I think it's coming to an end now."

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann, and then I shall be hard up, for my affairs are in a bad way. The lawyers have muddled them, and as for my uncle, old Joe Voss, why, his son who will soon get possession of all is a downright vagabond, and they say he's sworn a great oath to oust me from the Borcherts Inn at Malchin. But I have the right on my side, Herr Amtshauptmann. And how I got into this lawsuit I don't know to this day, for old Frau Borcherts while she was still alive — she was the aunt of my mother's sister's daughter — and Joe Voss — he was my cousin . . ."

"I know the story," interrupted the Amtshauptmann, "and if you would follow my advice, you would make it up."

"But I can't, Herr, for Joe Voss' rascally son wouldn't be satisfied with less than half the money, and if I pay that, I shall be a beggar. No, Herr Amtshauptmann, it may go as it will, but one thing I'm resolved on, I won't give in though I go to prison for it. Is a ruffian like that, who struts about with his father's money in his pocket, spending it right and left, and who doesn't know what it is to have to keep up a house in these hard times — and who's never had his cattle carried off by those cursed French, nor his horses stolen out of the stable, nor his house plundered, — is such a rascal as that to get the better of me? By your leave, Herr, I could kick the fellow."

"Miller Voss, gently, Miller Voss," said the old gentleman, "the lawsuit will come to an end sometime or other. It is going on."

"Going, Herr Amtshauptmann? It's flying, as the Devil said when he tied the Bible to his whip and swung it round his head."

"True, true, Miller Voss; but at present you're not much pressed."

"Pressed? Why, I'm fixed in a vise — in a vise, I say! That Jew, Herr Amtshauptmann, that thrice-cursed Jew!"

"What Jew is it?" asks the Herr Amtshauptmann. And the Miller twirls his hat between his finger and thumb, looks

cautiously round to see that no one is listening, draws closer to the old gentleman, and, laying a finger on his lip, whispers: "Itzig, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Whew!" said the old Herr. "How came you to be mixed up with that fellow?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, how came the ass to have long ears? Some go to gather wild strawberries, and get stung by nettles. The sexton of Gagelow thought his wheelbarrow was full of holy angels, and when he had got to the top of the mountain and expected to see them fly up to heaven, the Devil's grandmother was sitting in the wheelbarrow, and she grinned at him and said: 'Neighbor, we shall meet again!' In my troubles, when the enemy had taken everything I had, I borrowed two hundred thalers from him, and for the last two years I have been obliged to renew the bill from term to term, and the debt has crept up to five hundred thalers, and the day after to-morrow I shall be forced to pay it."

"But, Miller, did you sign?"

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Then you must pay. What's written is written."

"But, Herr Amtshauptmann, I thought . . ."

"It can't be helped, Miller; what's written is written."

"But the Jew? . . ."

"Miller, what's written is written."

"Then, Herr Amtshauptmann, what shall I do?"

The old gentleman began again to walk backwards and forwards in the room, tapping his forehead. At last he stopped, looked earnestly in the Miller's face, and said: "Miller, young people get out of such difficulties better than old ones; send me one of your boys."

The old Miller looked once more at the toes of his boots, and then turning his face away, said in a tone which went straight to the old Amtshauptmann's heart: "Sir, whom shall I send? My Joe was ground to death in the mill, and Karl was carried off to Russia by the French last year, and he's not come back."

"Miller," replied the old Amtshauptmann, patting him on the back, "have you then no children at all?"

"I have," said he, wiping a tear from his eye, "a little girl left."

"Well, Miller, I am not particularly fond of girls myself, they are always fretting and crying."

"That's true, sir, they *are* always fretting and crying."

"And they can be of no use in a matter like this, Miller."

"But what will happen to me then?"

"The Jew will put in an execution, and will take away everything."

"Well, Herr Amtshauptmann, the French have done that twice already, so the Jew may as well try it now. At any rate he will leave the millstone behind. —And you think I'm too old to be made bankrupt?"

"Yes, Miller, I fear so."

"Well, then, good day, Herr Amtshauptmann." And so saying he went away.

The old gentleman stands still awhile and looks after the Miller as he goes across the courtyard of the Schloss, and says to himself: "It's hard for one old man to see another gradually going to ruin through the bad times and bad people. But who can help him? . . . The only thing is to give him time. —Five hundred thalers!! Who in these days can pay down five hundred thalers? . . . Take away old Roggenbom of Scharfzow, and I think you might set the whole bailiwick of Stemhagen, town and all, on its head, and no five hundred thalers would fall out. . . . And Roggenbom won't do it. . . . Possibly at Easter it might be done; but the Jew will not wait as long as that. —Yes, yes, they are hard times for everybody."

But while he thus stood and looked out of the window, the courtyard became full of life, and seven French Chasseurs rode in at the gate. One of them got down, and fastened his horse to the door of Mamsell Westphalen's henhouse, and went straight into the Amtshauptmann's room, and began swearing and gesticulating at him, while the old gentleman remained standing, and stared at him. But as it grew more serious, and the Frenchman began to draw his sword, the Amtshauptmann stepped towards the bell and called for his factotum Fritz Sahlmann, who used to run his errands for him, and "Fritz," said he, "run down to the Herr Burmeister and see if he cannot come up here a little while, for I have come to the end of my Latin."

And Fritz Sahlmann now comes down to my father and says: "Herr Burmeister, come quickly to the Amtshauptmann's help, or, by my life, things will go badly."

"Why, what's the matter?" asks my father.

"There are six rascally French Chasseurs in the courtyard

at the Schloss,—and the Captain of them,—he is in with the Herr,—and has forgotten his manners,—and has drawn his sword, and is brandishing it before the eyes of the Herr, and the Herr stands fixed to the spot, and doesn't move an inch; for he knows about as much of French as the cow does of Sunday."

"The devil!" said my father, and jumped up, for he was a quick, determined man, and did not know what fear meant.

When he entered the room, the Frenchman was rushing about like a wild beast, and the words came sputtering out of his mouth like the beer from a barrel without a bung. The Amtshauptmann was standing quite still, and had his French pocket dictionary in his hand, and whenever he caught a word the Frenchman said, he turned over the leaves to see what the dictionary made of it, and when my father came in, he asked: "My friend, what does the fellow want? Eh! . . . Ask the fellow what he wants."

My father thereupon began to speak to the Frenchman, but he was so loud and vehement, shouted and gesticulated so much, that the old Amtshauptmann asked: "What is he so excited for, friend?" Well, at last my father got out of the Frenchman what it was he wanted: "Fifteen fat oxen, and a load of corn, and seven hundred ells of green cloth, and a hundred louis d'ors;"—and a great deal "doo vang" (as my father told the Amtshauptmann) for himself and his men besides. "My friend," then said the old Herr, "tell the fellow he is a scound——"

"Stop!" cried my father, "don't say that word, Herr Amtshauptmann, he will often have heard it lately, and maybe he understands it. No, I advise that we should give him plenty 'doo vang' now; it will be time enough to think of the rest afterwards." And the Herr Amtshauptmann agreed, and ordered Fritz Sahlmann to get glasses and wine from Mamsell Westphalen, "but not the best."

Well, the wine comes, and my father fills the Frenchman's glass and the Frenchman fills my father's, and they drink and fill alternately, and my father soon says: "Herr Amtshauptmann, you must sit down too and help me, for this fellow is a cask without a bottom."

"My friend," answered the Amtshauptmann, "I am an old man and the chief justiciary in his Grace's bailiwick of Stemhagen; it is not fitting that I should sit and drink with this fellow."

"Yes," said my father, "but Necessity knows no law; and besides, this is for our country."

And so the old Herr sat down and did his best. But after some time my father said: "Herr Amtshauptmann, the fellow is too many for us; what a mercy it would be if we could get hold of some one with a strong head." And as he said this, there came a knock at the door. "Come in."

"Good day," says old Miller Voss of Gielow, coming in, "good day, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Good day, Miller, what is the matter now?"

"Oh! Herr, I have come again about my lawsuit."

"There's no more time for that to-day; you see the position we are in."

But my father cried out: "Voss, come here, and do a Christian deed. Just seat yourself by this Frenchman and drink him down." Miller Voss looked first at my father and then at the Amtshauptmann, and thought to himself: "I've never been at a session like this before;" but nevertheless he soon found himself at home in it.

My father now goes to the Amtshauptmann, and says: "Herr Amtshauptmann, this is our man; he will finish the fellow; I know him."

"Good," said the old Herr, "but how are we to get rid of the six fellows out there in the courtyard?"

"They are but a band of ruffians and marauders," replied my father; "only let me do as I like, and I will soon get rid of them;" and he called Fritz Sahlmann and said: "Fritz, my lad, go down through the Schloss garden,—mind no one sees you,—and run to Droz the watchmaker; he is to put on his uniform and his black leggings and bearskin and sword and gun, and slip across the garden through the little green gate to the corner window, and then cough."

Now as concerns Droz the watchmaker, he was by birth a Neufchatelois; he had served under many flags, amongst them the French, and at last had come to a halt in my native town, where he had married a widow and settled. He had hung up his French uniform, and in the evening twilight, when it was too dark to see to mend watches, he used to put it on and strut up and down his little room, but with his head bare, as the ceiling was too low for him to wear his bearskin. And then he would talk about "la grande nation" and "le grand Empereur" and command the division: Right wheel; Left wheel: Right

about face: till his wife and children crept behind the bed for fear. But he was a good man and would not hurt a fly, and the next day "la grande nation" would be safe in the cupboard, and he mending away at his watches and eating Mecklenburg dumplings dipped in the fat of Mecklenburg bacon.

Well, while the watchmaker was buttoning on his leggings and putting on his bearskin, Miller Voss sat drinking with the Frenchman, both working well at the Amtshauptmann's red wine, and the Frenchman clinked glasses with the Miller and said: "À vous!" and the Miller then took his glass, drank, and said: "Pooh, pooh!" and then the Miller clinked glasses with the Frenchman, and the Frenchman thanked him and said: "Serviteur," and then the Miller drank again and said: "Ras-c'lly cur!" And in this way they went on drinking and talking French together.

Gradually they became more and more friendly, and the Frenchman put his sword in its sheath, and before very long they were in each other's arms. At this moment a cough was heard under the corner window, and my father stole out and gave the watchmaker directions what he was to do. But the Herr Amtshauptmann kept walking up and down, wondering what the Duke would say to all this if he were to see it, and said to the Miller: "Miller, don't give in, I will not forget you." And the Miller did not give in, but drank sturdily on.

Meanwhile the watchmaker went stealthily back again through the Schloss garden, and when he came on to the road leading up to the Schloss, he slapped himself on the breast and drew himself up to his full height, for he was now "grande nation" again, and he marched in at the Schloss gate in military style, which suited him well, for he was a fine-looking fellow. The six Chasseurs, who were standing by their horses, looked at him and whispered together, and one of them went after him and demanded whence he came and whither he was going. But Droz looked scornfully over his shoulder at him and answered him sharply and shortly in French that he was the quartermaster of the seventy-third Regiment, and that it would be up from Malchin in half an hour, and he must first of all speak to "Monsieur le Baillif." The Chasseur turned pale, and as Droz began to talk about marauders and related how his Captain had had a couple shot the day before, first one and then another jumped on to his horse, and although a few did chatter together for a moment or two and pointed to the

Schloss, yet none of them felt inclined to stay any longer, and almost before you could lift your finger, the courtyard was empty. And we boys stood at the Brandenburg gate and watched the six French Chasseurs as they floundered about in the mud, for it was just the season for the Mecklenburg roads, being the spring and the thaw having just set in.



WALPURGIS NIGHT.

By GOETHE.

(From "Faust.")

[JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born August 28, 1749; went to Leipsic University in 1759; shortly after began to write dramas and songs; in 1771 took a doctor's degree at Strasburg and became an advocate at Frankfort; wrote "Gotz von Berlichingen" in 1771, as also "The Wanderer" and "The Wanderer's Storm Song"; settled in Wetzlar for law practice in 1772, but had to fly on account of a love intrigue; in 1773 wrote "Prometheus," some farce satires, the comedy "Erwin and Elmira," and began "Faust"; "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Clavigo" in 1774; in 1775 settled in Weimar, became a privy councilor to the duke, and a most useful public official; studied and made valuable discoveries in natural science; began "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1777; wrote "Iphigenia" in prose 1779, in verse 1786; completed "Egmont" in 1787, and "Tasso" in 1789; was director of the court theater at Weimar, 1791; 1794-1805 was associated with Schiller, and they conducted the literary review *Horen* together; he finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1796, "Hermann and Dorothea," 1797, "Elective Affinities," 1809, "Doctrine of Color," 1810, and his autobiography, "Fancy and Truth," 1811. In 1815 he issued the "Divan of East and West," a volume of poems; in 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," a *mélange* of various pieces put together by his secretary. In 1831 he finished the second part of "Faust." He died March 22, 1832.]

Scene: The Hartz Mountains,—a desolate country.

Mephistopheles—
Would you not like a broomstick? As for me,
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;
For we are still far from the appointed place.
Faust—
This knotted staff is help enough for me,
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good
Is there in making short a pleasant way?
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,
And climb those rocks, where ever-babbling springs

Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,
Is the true sport that seasons such a path.
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:
Shall she not work also within our limbs?

Mephistopheles —
Nothing of such an influence do I feel:
My body is all wintry, and I wish
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow:
But see! how melancholy rises now,
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon;
And gives so bad a light, that every step
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permission,
I'll call an Ignis Fatuus to our aid;
I see one yonder burning jollily.
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you
Would favor us with your bright company?
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?
Pray be so good as light us up this way!

Ignis Fatuus —
With reverence be it spoken, I will try
To overcome the lightness of my nature:
Our course, you know, is generally zigzag.

Mephistopheles —
Ha! ha! your worship thinks you have to deal
With men. Go straight on, in the Devil's name,
Or I shall puff your flickering life out!

Ignis Fatuus — Well!
I see you are the master of the house;
I will accommodate myself to you.
Only consider that to-night this mountain
Is all enchanted, and if Jack-o'-lantern
Shows you his way, though you should miss your own,
You ought not to be too exact with him.

* * * * * * *

Mephistopheles —
Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain
This pinnacle of isolated crag!
One may observe with wonder from this point,
How Mammon glows among the mountains.

Faust — Ay!
And strangely through the solid depth below
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss

Of mountains, lightening hitherward; there rise
Pillars of smoke, here clouds float gently by;
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers;
And now it glides like tender colors spreading;
And now bursts forth in fountains from the earth;
And now it winds, one torrent of broad light,
Through the far valley with a hundred veins;
And now once more within that narrow corner
Masses itself into intensest splendor.
And near us, see! sparks spring out of the ground,
Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness;
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains
That hems us in, are kindled.

Mephistopheles — Rare, in faith!
Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate
His palace for this festival? it is
A pleasure which you had not known before.
I spy the boisterous guests already.

Faust — How
The children of the wind rage in the air!
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck!

Mephistopheles —
Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag!
Beware! for if with them thou warrest
In their fierce flight toward the wilderness,
Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.
A cloud thickens the night.
Hark! how the tempest crashes through the forest!
The owls fly out in strange affright;
The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shattered;
The roots creak, and stretch, and groan;
And ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crushed and scattered
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
Over each other crack and crash they all
In terrible and intertangled fall;
And through the ruins of the shaken mountain
The airs hiss and howl.
It is not the voice of the fountain,
Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.
Dost thou not hear?
Strange accents are ringing

Aloft, afar, anear;
The witches are singing!
The torrent of a raging wizard song
Streams the whole mountain along.

* * * * * * *

They descend.

Mephistopheles —
What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling:
What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling;
What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning,
As Heaven and Earth were overturning.
There is a true witch element about us!
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided: —
Where are you?

Faust [*from a distance*] — Here!

Mephistopheles — What?
I must exert my authority in the house!
Place for young Voland! Pray make way, good people! —
Take hold on me, Doctor! and with one step
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd!
They are too mad for people of my sort.
Just there shines a peculiar kind of light —
Something attracts me in those bushes. Come
This way! we shall slip down there in a minute.

Faust —
Spirit of Contradiction! Well, lead on!
'Twere a wise feat indeed to wander out
Into the Brocken upon May-day night,
And then to isolate oneself in scorn,
Disgusted with the humors of the time.

Mephistopheles —
See yonder, round a many-colored flame
A merry club is huddled altogether!
Even with such little people as sit there,
One would not be alone.

Faust — Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke,
Where the blind million rush impetuously
To meet the Evil Ones; there might I solve
Many a riddle that torments me!

Mephistopheles — Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew
Inextricably. Let the great world rage!
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.

'Tis an old custom. Men have ever built
Their own small world in the great world of all.
I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me! and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.
I hear them tune their instruments,—one must
Get used to this damned scraping. Come! I'll lead you
Among them! and what there you do and see
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.
How say you now? this space is wide enough;
Look forth! you cannot see the end of it.
An hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable:
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend!
What is there in the world better than this?

Faust—

In introducing us do you assume
The character of wizard or of devil?

Mephistopheles—

In truth, I generally go about
In strict incognito; and yet one likes
To wear one's orders upon gala days.
I have no ribbon at my knee; but here
At home the cloven foot is honorable.
See you that snail there? She comes creeping up,
And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out something.
I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
Come now! we'll go about from fire to fire;
I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

[*To some Old Women, who are sitting round a heap of glimmering coals*]—

Old gentlewomen! what do you do out here?
You ought to be with the young rioters
Right in the thickest of the revelry,—
But every one is best content at home.

General.

Who dare confide in right or a just claim?
So much as I had done for them! and now,—
With women and the people 'tis the same;
Youth will stand foremost ever,—age may go
To the dark grave unhonored.

Minister.

Nowadays
People assert their rights, — they go too far;
But as for me, the good old times I praise;
Then we were all in all, — 'twas something worth
One's while to be in place and wear a star;
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

Parvenu.

We too are active, and we did and do
What we ought not, perhaps; and yet we now
Will seize, whilst all things are whirled round and round,
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

Author.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense
And ponderous volume? 'tis impertinence
To write what none will read; therefore will I
To please the young and thoughtless try.

Mephistopheles [*who at once appears to have grown very old*] —
I find the people ripe for the last day,
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain;
And as my little cask runs turbid now,
So is the world drained to the dregs.



GOETHE AND BETTINA.

By GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

[George Henry Lewes: An English author; born in London, April 18, 1817; died there November 28, 1878. His career was varied; he attended school in London, Jersey, Brittany, and Greenwich, studied law and medicine, became an actor and a playwright, and finally an author and journalist. Among his writings are: "Biographical History of Philosophy" (4 vols., 1845–1846), "The Spanish Drama" (1847), "Rose, Blanche, and Violet" (1848), "Life of Maximilien Robespierre" (1849), "The Noble Heart" (1850), "Life and Works of Goethe" (1855), "Seaside Studies" (1858), "Physiology of Common Life" (2 vols., 1859–1860), "Studies in Animal Life" (1862), "Aristotle" (1864), "Problems of Life and Mind" (5 vols., 1874–1879), and "The Physical Basis of Mind" (1877).]

It is very characteristic that during the terror and the pillage of Weimar, Goethe's greatest anxiety on his own account was lest his scientific manuscripts should be destroyed. Wine,

plate, furniture, could be replaced; but to lose his manuscripts was to lose what was irreparable. Herder's posthumous manuscripts *were* destroyed; Meyer lost everything, even his sketches: but Goethe lost nothing, except wine and money.

The Duke, commanded by Prussia to submit to Napoleon, laid down his arms and returned to Weimar, there to be received with the enthusiastic love of his people, as some compensation for the indignities he had endured. Peace was restored. Weimar breathed again. Goethe availed himself of the quiet to print his "Farbenlehre" and "Faust," that they might be rescued from any future peril. He also began to meditate once more an epic on William Tell; but the death of the Duchess Amalia on the 10th of April drove the subject from his mind.

On the 23d of April Bettina came to Weimar. We must pause awhile to consider this strange figure, who fills a larger space in the literary history of the nineteenth century than any other German woman. Every one knows "the Child" Bettina Brentano,—daughter of the Maximiliane Brentano with whom Goethe flirted at Frankfurt in the Werther days,—wife of Achim von Arnim, the fantastic Romanticist,—the worshiper of Goethe and Beethoven,—for some time the privileged favorite of the King of Prussia,—and writer of that wild but unveracious book, "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." She is one of those phantasts to whom everything seems permitted. More elf than woman, yet with flashes of genius which light up in splendor whole chapters of nonsense, she defies criticism, and puts every verdict at fault. If you are grave with her, people shrug their shoulders, and saying, "She is a Brentano," consider all settled. "At the point where the folly of others ceases, the folly of the Brentanos begins," runs the proverb in Germany.

I do not wish to be graver with Bettina than the occasion demands; but while granting fantasy its widest license, while grateful to her for the many picturesque anecdotes she has preserved from the conversation of Goethe's mother, I must consider the history of her relation to Goethe seriously, because out of it has arisen a charge against his memory which is very false and injurious. Many unsuspecting readers of her book, whatever they may think of the passionate expressions of her love for Goethe, whatever they may think of her demeanor towards him, on first coming into his presence, feel greatly



GOETHE IN WEIMAR

hurt at his coldness; while others are still more indignant with him for keeping alive this mad passion, feeding it with poems and compliments, and doing this out of a selfish calculation, in order that *he might gather from her letters materials for his poems!* In both these views there is complete misconception of the actual case. True it is that the "Correspondence" furnishes ample evidence for both opinions; and against that evidence there is but one fact to be opposed, but the fact is decisive: the "Correspondence" is a romance.

A harsher phrase would be applied were the offender a man, or not a Brentano; for the romance is put forward as biographical fact, not as fiction playing around and among fact. How much is true, how much exaggeration, and how much pure invention, I am in no position to explain. But Riemer, the old and trusted friend of Goethe, living in the house with him at the time of Bettina's arrival, has shown the "Correspondence" to be a "romance which has only borrowed from reality the time, place, and circumstances;" and from other sources I have learned enough to see both Goethe's conduct and her own in quite a different light from that presented in her work.

A young, ardent, elfin creature worships the great poet at a distance, writes to tell him so, is attentive to his mother, who gladly hears praises of her son, and is glad to talk of him. He is struck with her extraordinary mind, is grateful to her for the attentions to his mother, and writes as kindly as he can without compromising himself. She comes to Weimar. She falls into his arms, and, according to her not very credible account, goes to sleep in his lap on their first interview; and ever afterwards is ostentatious of her adoration and her jealousy. If the story is true, the position was very embarrassing for Goethe: a man aged fifty-eight worshiped by a girl, who though a woman in years, looked like a child, and worshiped with the extravagance, partly mad, and partly willful, of a Brentano, —*what* could he do? He could take a base advantage of her passion; he could sternly repress it; or he could smile at it, and pat her head as one pats a whimsical, amusing child. These three courses were open to him, and only these. He adopted the last, until she forced him to adopt the second; forced him by the very impetuosity of her adoration. At first the child's coquettish, capricious ways amused him; her bright-glancing intellect interested him; but when her demonstrations

became obtrusive and fatiguing, she had to be "called to order" so often, that at last his patience was fairly worn out. The continuation of such a relation was obviously impossible. She gave herself the license of a child, and would not be treated as a child. She fatigued him.

Riemer relates that during this very visit she complained to him of Goethe's coldness. This coldness, he rightly says, was simply patience ; a patience which held out with difficulty against such assaults. Bettina quitted Weimar, to return in 1811, when by her own conduct she gave him a reasonable pretext for breaking off the connection ; a pretext, I am assured, he gladly availed himself of. It was this. She went one day with Goethe's wife to the Exhibition of Art, in which Goethe took great interest ; and there her satirical remarks, especially on Meyer, offended Christiane, who spoke sharply to her. High words rose, gross insult followed. Goethe took the side of his insulted wife, and forbade Bettina the house. It was in vain that on a subsequent visit to Weimar she begged Goethe to receive her. He was resolute. He had put an end to a relation which could not be a friendship, and was only an embarrassment.

Such being the real story, as far as I can disentangle it, we have now to examine the authenticity of the "Correspondence," in as far as it gives support to the two charges : first, of Goethe's alternate coldness and tenderness ; second, of his using her letters as material for his poems. That he was ever tender to her is denied by Riemer, who pertinently asks how we are to believe that the coldness of which she complained during her visit to Weimar grew in her absence to the loverlike warmth glowing in the sonnets addressed to her? This is not credible ; but the mystery is explained by Riemer's distinct denial that the sonnets were addressed to her. They were *sent* to her, as to other friends ; but the poems, which she says were inspired by her, were in truth written for another. The proof is very simple. These sonnets were written before she came to Weimar, and had already passed through Riemer's hands, like other works, for his supervision. Riemer, moreover, knew to *whom* these passionate sonnets were addressed, although he did not choose to name her. I have no such cause for concealment, and declare the sonnets to have been addressed to Minna Herzlieb, of whom we shall hear more presently ; as indeed the charade on her name, which closes the

series (*Herz-Lieb*), plainly indicates. Not only has Bettina appropriated the sonnets which were composed at Jena while Riemer was with Goethe, and inspired by one living at Jena, but she has also appropriated poems known by Riemer to have been written in 1813–1819, she then being the wife of Achim von Arnim, and having since 1811 been resolutely excluded from Goethe's house. To shut your door against a woman, and yet write love-verses to her, — to respond so coldly to her demonstrations that she complains of it, and yet pour forth sonnets throbbing with passion, — is a course of conduct certainly not credible on evidence such as the "Correspondence with a Child." Hence we are the less surprised to find Riemer declaring that some of her letters are "little more than meta- and para-phrases of Goethe's poems, *in which both rhythm and rhyme are still traceable.*" So that instead of Goethe turning her letters into poems, Riemer accuses her of turning Goethe's poems into her letters. An accusation so public and so explicit — an accusation which ruined the whole authenticity of the "Correspondence" — should at once have been answered. The production of the originals with their postmarks might have silenced accusers. But the accusation has been many years before the world, and no answer attempted.

Although the main facts had already been published, a loud uproar followed the first appearance of this chapter in Germany. Some ardent friend of Bettina's opened fire upon me in a pamphlet, which called forth several replies in newspapers and journals; and I believe there are few Germans who now hesitate to acknowledge that the whole correspondence has been so tampered with as to have become, from first to last, a romance. For the sake of any still unconvinced partisans in England, a few evidences of the manipulation which the correspondence has undergone may not be without interest.

In the letter bearing date 1st March, 1807, we read of the King of Westphalia's court, when, unless History be a liar, the kingdom of Westphalia was not even in existence. Goethe's mother, in another letter, speaks of her delight at Napoleon's appearance, — four months before she is known to have set eyes upon him. The letters of Goethe, from November to September, all imply that he was at Weimar; nay, he invites her to Weimar on the 16th of July; she arrives there at the end of the month; visits him, and on the 16th of August he writes to her from hence. Düntzer truly says that these letters *must* be

spurious, since Goethe left for Carlsbad on the 25th of May, and did not return till September. Not only does Bettina visit Goethe at Weimar at a time when he is known to have been in Bohemia, but she actually receives letters from his mother dated the 21st September and 7th October, 1808, although the old lady died on the 13th of September. One may overlook Bettina's intimating that she was only thirteen, when the parish register proves her to have been two and twenty; but it is impossible to place the slightest reliance on the veracity of a book which exhibits flagrant and careless disregard of facts; and if I have been somewhat merciless in the exposure of this fabrication, it is because it has greatly helped to disseminate very false views respecting a very noble nature.

In conclusion, it is but necessary to add that Bettina's work thus deprived of its authenticity, all those hypotheses which have been built on it respecting Goethe's conduct fall to the ground. Indeed, when one comes to think of it, the hypothesis of his using her letters as poetic material does seem the wildest of all figments; for not only was he prodigal in invention and inexhaustible in material, but he was especially remarkable for always expressing his own feelings, his own experience, not the feelings and experience of others.



GOETHE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CHILD.

BY BETTINA BRENTANO.

[ELIZABETH VON ARNIM, generally known as Bettina Brentano, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, April 4, 1785, was the wife of Ludwig Achim von Arnim, poet and novelist, and sister of Clemens Brentano, romantic writer. In her girlhood she was an enthusiastic admirer of Goethe, with whom she corresponded, and in 1835 published "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child," largely fictitious. She died at Berlin, January 20, 1859.]

TO GOETHE.

WHAT shall I write to you, since I am sad, and have nothing new or welcome to say? Rather would I at once send thee the white paper, instead of first covering it with letters, which do not always say what I wish,—and that thou shouldst fill it up at thy leisure, and make me but too happy and send it back to me; and when I then see the blue cover and tear it open,—curiously hasty, as longing is always expectant of bliss, and I should then read what once charmed me from thy

lips: "Dear child, my gentle heart, my only love, little darling," — the friendly words with which thou spoiledst me, soothing me the while so kindly, — ah, more I would not ask. I should have all again, even thy whisper I should read there, with which thou softly pouredst into my soul all that was most lovely, and madest me forever beautiful to myself. As I there passed through the walks on thy arm, — ah, how long ago does it seem! — I was contented; all wishes were laid to sleep; they had, like the mountains, enveloped color and form in mist; I thought, thus it would glide, — and ever on, without much labor, — from the land to the high sea, — bold and proud, with unfolded flags and fresh breeze. But, Goethe, fiery youth wants the customs of the hot season: when the evening shadows draw over the land, then the nightingales shall not be silent; all shall sing or express itself joyfully; the world shall be a luxuriant fruit garland, all shall crowd in enjoyment, — and all enjoyment shall expand mightily; it shall pour itself forth like fermenting wine juice, which works in foam till it comes to rest; we shall sink in it, as the sun beneath the ocean waves, but also return like him. So it has been with thee, Goethe; none knows how thou heldst communion with heaven, and what wealth thou hast asked there, when thou hadst set in enjoyment.

That delights me, to see when the sun sets, when the earth drinks in his glow, and slowly folds his fiery wings and detains him prisoner of night: then it becomes still in the world; out of the darkness, longing rises up so secretly, and the stars there above lighten so unreachingly to it, — so very unreachably, Goethe!

He who shall be happy becomes so timid: the heart, trembling, pants with happiness ere it has dared a welcome; I also feel that I am not matched for my happiness; what a power of senses to comprehend thee! Love must become a mastership, — to want the possession of that which is to be loved, in the common understanding, is worthy of eternal love, and wrecks each moment on the slightest occurrence. This is my task, that I appropriate myself to thee, but will not possess thee, — thou most to be desired!

I am still so young that it may be easily pardoned if I am ignorant. Ah! I have no soul for knowledge; I feel I cannot learn what I do not know; I must wait for it, as the prophet in the wilderness waits for the ravens to bring him food. The

simile is not so unapt: nourishment is borne to my spirit through the air, — often exactly as it is on the point of starvation.

Since I have loved thee, something unattainable floats in my spirit, — a mystery which nourishes me. As the ripe fruits fall from the tree, so here thoughts fall to me, which refresh and invigorate me. O Goethe! had the fountain a soul, it could not hasten more full of expectation on to light, to rise again, than I, with foreseeing certainty, hasten on to meet this new life, which has been given me through thee, and which gives me to know that a higher impulse of life will burst the prison, not sparing the rest and ease of accustomed days, which in fermenting inspiration it destroys. This lofty fate the loving spirit evades as little as the seed evades the blossom when it once lies in fresh earth. Thus I feel myself in thee, thou fruitful, blessed soil! I can say what it is when the germ bursts the hard rind, — it is painful; the smiling children of spring are brought forth amid tears.

O Goethe, what happens with man? what does he feel? what happens in the most flaming cup of his heart? I would willingly confess my faults to thee, but love makes me quite an ideal being. Thou hast done much for me, even before thou knewest me; above much that I coveted and did not ask, thou hast raised me.

BETTINA.



FRITZ AND SUZEL.[1]

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

(From "Friend Fritz.")

[ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN is the signature of the literary collaborators Émile Erckmann (born at Phalsbourg, Meurthe, May 20, 1822) and Alexandre Chatrian (born at Soldatenthal, Meurthe, December 18, 1826; died at Raincy, Seine, September 3, 1890). Their reputation is founded chiefly upon a series of historical romances dealing with episodes in the wars of the Revolution and Empire, the most widely read being: "Madame Thérèse," "The Conscript," "The Blockade of Phalsbourg," "Year One of the Republic," and "Waterloo." Among their other works are "Friend Fritz" and "The Polish Jew," both successfully dramatized The English dramatic version of the latter is known as "The Bells," and is one of the most successful plays in Sir Henry Irving's repertoire]

FRITZ, turning about on the orchestra steps, cast a look around the hall, and for a moment began to fear that he should not find Suzel. Pretty girls were not wanting — black and brown, fair and auburn, all were on the qui vive in a moment,

[1] By permission of Ward, Lock & Co, Ltd. (Crown 8vo, price 2s)

looking eagerly at Kobus and blushing when their looks met his, for they felt it a great honor to be chosen by such a handsome man, especially to dance the *treieleins*. But Fritz did not see their blushes, did not see them straightening themselves up like the hussars of William Frederick on parade, flattening their shoulders and primming their mouths. He paid no attention to all this parterre of youth and beauty thus budding into new life under his gaze; what he was looking for was the humble little forget-me-not — the little blue flower, the symbol of love and memory.

Long he searched, every moment becoming more and more uneasy, but at last he discovered her away in the distance, half concealed behind a garland of oak leaves, which drooped from a pillar to the right of the entrance. Scarcely visible through the leafy screen, Suzel was sitting with drooping head and timid downcast eyes, stealing a glance now and then towards the orchestra, at once fearful and desirous of being seen.

She had no adornment but her beautiful fair hair falling on her shoulders in two long plaits; a blue silk handkerchief was folded across her bosom, and a little velvet bodice showed off her graceful figure to advantage. Beside her sat her grandmother, Annah, as upright as the figure 1, her gray hair pushed back under a black cap, and her arms hanging down stiffly by her side. These people had not come to dance, but merely to look on, and had stationed themselves quite on the outskirts of the crowd.

Fritz' cheeks flushed; he descended the steps of the orchestra and crossed the hall amidst the general attention. Suzel, seeing him coming, turned quite pale, and had to lean against the pillar for support. She dare not look again. He ran up the steps, pushed aside the garland, and took her hand, saying in a low voice, —

"Suzel, will you dance the *treieleins* with me?"

Lifting her large blue eyes towards his as if in a dream, Suzel from being quite pale turned scarlet.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Kobus," said she, looking at her grandmother.

The old woman, after waiting for a moment, bent her head, and said, "It is well — you may dance." For she knew Fritz from having seen him formerly when he came to Bischem with his father.

They descended, therefore, into the hall. The stewards of the dance, their straw hats streaming with ribbons, made the

round of the hall close to the railing, waving little flags to keep back the crowd. Haan and Schoultz were still walking about looking for partners; Joseph was standing before his desk waiting; Bockel, his double bass resting against his outstretched leg, and Andrès, his violin under his arm, were stationed close beside him, as they alone were to accompany the waltz.

Little Suzel, leaning on Fritz' arm, in the midst of the crowd of spectators, cast stolen glances around, her heart beating fast with agitation and inward delight. Every one admired her long tresses of hair, which hung down behind to the very hem of her little blue skirt with its velvet edging, her little round-toed shoes, fastened with black silk ribbons which crossed over her snow-white stockings, her rosy lips, her rounded chin, and her graceful, flexible neck.

More than one pretty girl scrutinized her with a searching glance, trying to discover something to find fault with, while her round white arm, bare to the elbow after the fashion of the country, rested on Fritz' with artless grace; but two or three old women, peering at her with half-shut eyes, laughed amidst their wrinkles, and said to each other quite loud, "He has chosen well!"

Kobus, hearing this, turned towards them with a smile of satisfaction. He, too, would have liked to say something gallant to Suzel, but he could think of nothing — he was too happy.

At last Haan selected from the third bench to the left a woman about six feet high, with black hair, a hawk nose, and piercing eyes, who rose from her seat like a shot and made her way to the floor with a majestic air. He preferred this style of woman; she was the daughter of the burgomaster. Haan seemed quite proud of his choice; he drew himself up and arranged the frill of his shirt, whilst the tall girl, who outtopped him by half a head, looked as if she was taking charge of him.

At the same moment Schoultz led forward a little roundabout woman, with the brightest red hair possible, but gay and smiling, and clinging tight to his elbow as if to prevent him making his escape.

They took their places, in order to make the circuit of the hall, as is the usual custom. Scarcely had they completed the first round when Joseph called out, —

"Kobus, are you ready?"

As his only answer, Fritz seized Suzel by the waist with his left arm, and holding her hand aloof with the other, after the gallant manner of the eighteenth century, he whirled her away like a feather. Joseph commenced his waltz with three strokes of his bow. Every one understood at once that something strange was to follow — a waltz of the spirits of the air, which they dance on summer nights when nothing is to be seen but a streak of reddish light in the distant horizon, when the leaves cease their rustling, when the insects fold their wings to rest, and the chorister of the night preludes his song with three notes, the first low and deep, the second tender, and the third so full of life and passion that every noise is hushed to listen.

So commenced Joseph, having many a time in his wandering life taken lessons from the songster of the night, his elbow resting on some mossy bank, his head supported on his hand, and his eyes closed in a sort of dreamy ecstasy of delight. Then, rising in animation, like the grand master of melody with his quivering wings, who showers down every evening around the nest where his well-beloved reposes more floods of melody than the dew showers pearly drops on the grass of the valley, the waltz commenced, rapid, sparkling, wild — the spirits of the air soared aloft, drawing Fritz and Suzel, Haan and the burgomaster's daughter, Schoultz and his partner, after them in endless gyrations. Bockel threw in the distant murmur of the mountain torrents, and the tall Andrès marked the time with rapid and joyous touches, like the cries of the swallows cutting the air, for inspiration comes from Heaven, and knows no law but its own fantasy, while order and measure reign on this lower earth!

And now picture to yourself the amorous circles of the waltz crossing and interlacing in never-ending succession, the flying feet, the floating robes, rounding and swelling in fan-shaped curves; Fritz holding little Suzel in his arms, raising her hand aloft gracefully, gazing at her with delight, whirling around at times like the wind, and then slowly revolving in measured cadence, smiling, dreaming, gazing at her again, and then darting off with renewed ardor; whilst she, with her waist undulating in graceful curves, her long tresses floating behind her like wings, and her charming little head thrown backwards, gazed at him in ecstasy, her little feet scarcely touching the ground as she flew along.

Fat Haan, grappling his tall partner with uplifted arm, galloped away without a moment's intermission, balancing and stamping with his heels to mark the time, and looking up at her from time to time, with an air of profound admiration, while she, with her hooked nose, twirled about like a weathercock.

Schoultz, his back rounded in a semicircle and his long legs bent, held his red-haired partner under the arms, and kept turning, turning, turning, without a moment's cessation, and with the most wonderful regularity, like a bobbin on its spindle, and keeping time so exactly that the spectators were fairly enchanted.

But it was Fritz and the little Suzel that excited universal admiration, from the grace of their movements and the happiness which shone in their faces. They no longer belonged to this lower earth, they felt as if they were floating in a sort of celestial atmosphere. This music, singing in joyous strains the praises of happiness and love, seemed as if composed expressly for them. The eyes of the whole hall were riveted upon them, while they saw no one but each other. At times their youth and good looks so excited the enthusiasm of the audience that it seemed as if they were about to burst into a thunder of applause, but their anxiety to hear the waltz kept them silent. It was only when Haan, almost beside himself with delight in the contemplation of the tall burgomaster's daughter, raised himself on tiptoe, and whirling her round him twice, shouted in a stentorian voice — "*you! you!*" subsiding the next moment into the regular cadence of the dance, and when Schoultz at the same moment, raising his right leg, passed it, without missing a bar of the tune, over the head of his plump little partner, and in a hoarse voice, and whirling round like one possessed, began to shout — "*you! you! you! you! you! you!*" that the admiration of the spectators found vent in clapping of hands and stamping of feet, and a storm of hurrahs, which shook the whole building.

Never in their whole lives had they seen such dancing. The enthusiasm lasted for more than five minutes, and when at last it died away, they heard with pleasure the waltz of the spirits of the air again resume the ascendant, as the song of the nightingale swells out in the night air after the summer storm has passed.

At last Haan and Schoultz were fairly exhausted, the perspiration was pouring down their cheeks, and they were fain to

promenade their partners through the hall, although it seemed as if Haan were being led about by his *danseuse*, while Schoultz, on the other hand, looked as if he were carrying his fair one suspended from his elbow.

Suzel and Fritz still kept whirling round. The shouts and stamping of feet of the spectators, did not seem to reach their ears, and when Joseph, himself exhausted, drew the last long-drawn sigh of love from his violin, they stopped exactly opposite Father Christel and another old Anabaptist, who had just entered the hall, and were gazing at them with surprise and admiration.

"Halloo! So you are here, too, Father Christel," exclaimed Fritz, beaming with delight; "you see Suzel and I have been dancing together."

"It is a great honor for us, Mr. Kobus," replied the farmer, smiling; "a great honor, indeed. But does the little one understand it? I fancied she had never danced a step in her life."

"Why, Father Christel, Suzel is a butterfly, a perfect little fairy; I believe she has wings!"

Suzel was leaning on his arm, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks covered with blushes, and Father Christel, looking at her with delight, asked: —

"But, Suzel, who taught you to dance? I was quite surprised to see you just now."

"Mazel and I," replied the little one, "used to take a turn or two in the kitchen now and then to amuse ourselves."

Then the people around, who had leaned forward to listen, could not help laughing, and the other Anabaptist exclaimed: —

"What are you thinking of, Christel? Do you imagine that young girls require to be taught to waltz? Don't you know that it comes to them by nature? Ha! ha! ha!"

Fritz, learning by this that Suzel had never danced with any man but himself, felt fairly intoxicated with happiness. He would have liked to burst out singing, but restraining himself he said: —

"Oh! this is only the beginning of the *fête*. You will see what fun we shall have. You will stay with us, Father Christel; Haan and Schoultz are here too; we shall dance until evening, and sup together afterwards at the Golden Sheep."

"That," said Christel, "saving your favor, Mr. Kobus, and notwithstanding all the pleasure I should have in staying, I

could not take on myself to agree to. I must go now. I onlv. came here to fetch Suzel."

"To fetch Suzel?"

"Yes, Mr. Kobus."

"And why so?"

"Because the work is pressing at home—we are now busy with the harvest, and the weather may change from this till to-morrow. It is more than I like to have lost two days already at this season; but still I don't say against it, for it is said, 'Honor thy father and mother.' And to come once or twice a year to see one's mother is not too much. But I must go now. And then, last week, at Hunebourg, you entertained me so well that I didn't get home till ten o'clock at night. And if I were to stay now my wife would think I was getting into bad ways, and would be quite uneasy."

Fritz was quite disconcerted. Not knowing what to reply, he took Christel by the arm, and with Suzel on the other, left the hall, the other Anabaptist following.

"Father Christel," said he, catching him by the button of his overcoat, "perhaps you are quite right as concerns yourself, but what is the necessity of taking Suzel? You might very well trust her with me. Deuce take it! one hasn't so many opportunities of taking a little enjoyment."

"Why, goodness knows, I would trust her with you with pleasure," said the farmer, holding up his hands; "I consider she would be as safe with you as with her own father, Mr. Kobus, only look at the loss she would be to us. It doesn't do to leave the laborers to themselves altogether. My wife attends to the kitchen, I drive the wagons; if the weather should change, who knows when we would get the hay in? And, besides, we have a family matter to settle—a weighty matter too."

Whilst saying this he looked at the other Anabaptist, who nodded his head gravely.

"And so, Mr. Kobus, I beg you will not keep us—you would be quite wrong if you did—eh, Suzel?"

Suzel did not answer; she kept her eyes fixed on the ground, but it was plain she would have liked dearly to stay.

Fritz saw that by persisting longer he might give rise to all sorts of surmises; so, yielding to circumstances, he changed his tone, and said in as cheerful a voice as he could command:—

"Well, then, since it is impossible, we shall say no more

about it. But at least you will take a glass of wine with us at the Golden Sheep?"

"Oh, as for that, Mr. Kobus, I won't refuse you. I shall just go now with Suzel and say good-by to grandmother, and in a quarter of an hour we will be with you at the auberge."

"Very good — I shall be on the lookout for you."

Fritz pressed Suzel's hand tenderly; the poor little thing looked very sad as she turned away with her father. Fritz stood looking after them as they crossed the square, and then turned back into the Madame Hutte.

Haan and Schoultz, after conducting their partners to their seats, had returned to the orchestra gallery, and Fritz rejoined them there.

"You must tell Andrès to lead the orchestra for you," said he to Joseph, "and join us over a glass or two of good wine at the hotel yonder."

The Bohemian asked for no better, and Andrès having taken his place at the desk, the four left the hall arm in arm.

At the auberge of the Golden Sheep Fritz ordered up a dessert into the now deserted *salle-à-manger*, and Father Loerich went down to the cellar for three bottles of champagne, which he put to cool in a bucket of water fresh from the spring. That done, the party took their seats at the window, and almost immediately afterwards the Anabaptist's *char-à-banc* appeared at the end of the street. Christel was seated in front, and Suzel behind on a bundle of straw in the midst of a heap of *kougelhof* and tarts of all kinds which they were always in the habit of bringing home from the fair.

Fritz, seeing Suzel coming, hastened to cut the wire of one of the bottles, and just at the moment when the wagon stopped he stood up in the window and let fly the cork like a rocket, exclaiming, —

"To the prettiest dancer of the *treieleins* in Bischem!"

You may imagine whether the little Suzel was happy on hearing this; it was exactly like a pistol shot at a wedding. Christel laughed heartily, and thought to himself, —

"This good-hearted Mr. Kobus is a little tipsy, but one can't be surprised at that on a *fête* day."

And entering the *salle*, he raised his broad-brimmed hat, saying: —

"That ought to be the champagne of which I have often heard — that wine of France which turns the heads of those

fighting people, and leads them to make war on all the world! Am I wrong?"

"No, Father Christel, no; take a seat," replied Fritz. "See, Suzel, here is your chair beside me. Take one of these glasses. To the health of my fair partner!"

All the party hammered on the table, crying, —

"*Das soll gulden!*"

And then, raising their elbows, they tossed off the bumper with a clacking of tongues like the sound of a flock of thrushes at the myrtle harvest.

Suzel only dipped her rosy lips in the foaming liquor, her large blue eyes raised towards Kobus, and said in a scarcely audible voice: —

"Oh, how good it is! It is not wine, it is something far better!"

She was as red as a cherry; and Fritz, who felt as happy as a king, drew himself up in his chair, murmuring with a smile of satisfaction, —

"Yes, yes, it isn't bad."

He would have given all the wines of France and Germany to dance the *treieleins* once more with Suzel.

How a man's ideas can change in three months!

Christel, seated opposite the window, with his great felt hat resting on the back of his neck, his face beaming, his elbows on the table, and his whip between his knees, gazed at the magnificent sunshine outside, and, thinking all the time of the harvest, kept saying, —

"Yes, yes, it is a good wine!"

He paid no attention to Kobus and Suzel, who smiled at each other like two children without saying a word, perfectly happy in being together. But Joseph observed them with a dreamy and thoughtful expression.

Schoultz filled the glasses afresh, exclaiming: —

"You may say what you like, but Frenchmen have some good things in that country of theirs! What a pity that their Champagne, their Burgundy, and their Bordeaux are not on the right side of the Rhine!"

"Schoultz," said Haan, gravely, "you don't know what you are wishing for. Just reflect that if we had these provinces, they would come over and take them from us. It would be quite another sort of extermination from that of their liberty and equality — it would be the end of the world! — for wine

is something real and tangible, and these Frenchmen, who are always talking of first principles, sublime ideas, and noble sentiments, hold fast to the real and substantial. Whilst the English are ever protecting the human race in general, and would have you believe they never cast a thought on such trifles as sugar, pepper, or cotton, the French on their side have always some line or other to rectify. Sometimes it leans too much to the right, sometimes too much to the left. They call that resuming their natural limits.

"As for the fat pasture grounds, the vineyards, the meadows, the forests that happen to lie within these lines, that is a thing they never think about; they hold merely to their ideas of justice and geometry. Heaven preserve us from having a slice of Champagne in Saxony or Mecklenburg; their natural limits would soon be found to tend in that direction! Far better to buy a few bottles of good wine from them when we want them and preserve our equilibrium. Our old Germany loves peace and quietness, and she has therefore invented the equilibrium. In Heaven's name, Schoultz, don't let us cherish rash desires!"

Haan spoke with considerable warmth, and Schoultz, emptying his glass, abruptly replied: —

"You speak like a pacific citizen, but I as a warrior. Every one to his taste and profession."

So saying, he knit his brow, and proceeded to uncork another bottle.

Christel, Joseph, Fritz, and Suzel paid no attention to this dialogue.

"What splendid weather!" exclaimed Christel, as if speaking to himself. "Here is now nearly a month that we have had no rain, and every evening dew in abundance. It is a real blessing from Heaven."

Joseph filled the glasses.

"Since the year '22," resumed the old farmer, "I don't remember to have seen such a fine weather for getting in the hay harvest; and that year the wine, too, was very good. It was mild, well-flavored wine. There was a good harvest and a good vintage."

"Did you enjoy yourself, Suzel?" asked Fritz.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Kobus," said the little one; "I never enjoyed myself so much as to-day. I shall always remember it!"

She looked at Fritz, whose eyes were suffused with agitation and happiness.

"Come," said he, "another glass."

In pouring it out he happened to touch her hand, and a thrill ran through his whole frame.

"Do you like the *treieleins*, Suzel?"

"Oh, it is the nicest dance, Mr. Kobus! How could I help liking it? And then with such music! Oh, how good the music was!"

"Do you hear, Joseph!" murmured Fritz.

"Yes, yes," replied the Bohemian, in a low voice. "I hear it, Kobus; that gives me pleasure — I am content."

He looked at Fritz as if he would read to the bottom of his heart, and Kobus felt in such a state of happiness that he could not utter a word. Meanwhile the three bottles had been emptied. Fritz, turning to the innkeeper, said, —

"Father Loerich, two bottles more!"

But at this, Christel starting from his reverie exclaimed: —

"Mr. Kobus! Mr. Kobus! what are you thinking of? I should be sure to overturn the wagon! No, no; it's now after five o'clock. It's full time we were on the road."

"Well, since you wish it, Father Christel, we must put it off till some other time. So you don't like this wine?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Kobus, I like it greatly, but although mild to the taste it's terribly strong. I might miss my way if I took any more — he! he! he! Come, Suzel, we must go!"

Suzel rose from her seat, quite agitated, and Fritz, holding her by the arm, stuffed the dessert into the pockets of her apron: macaroons, almonds — in short, everything.

"Oh, Mr. Kobus," said she, in her little soft voice, "that's enough."

"Eat these to please me," said he; "you have pretty little teeth, Suzel, just made for eating nice things; and we must some day or other drink some more of this small white wine together, since you say you like it."

"Oh! good gracious, how should I drink such wine — it's so dear!" said she.

"Never mind, never mind — I know what I am saying," murmured he; "you shall see we will drink some more of it together."

And Father Christel, who was slightly elevated, looked at them, saying to himself: —

"What a good-hearted man Mr. Kobus is! Ah! the Lord

does well to shower down His blessings on such men — it's like the dew of heaven, every one gets his share."

At last all the party rose to go. Fritz gave his arm to Suzel and led the way, saying, —

"I must certainly see my partner off."

When they reached the wagon he caught Suzel under the arms, and crying, "Jump, Suzel!" he lifted her like a feather and placed her on the straw, which he pulled up about her carefully.

"Push your little feet well into it," said he; "the evenings are getting cool now."

Then, without waiting for any answer, he went straight up to Father Christel, and shook him heartily by the hand.

"A pleasant journey to you, Father Christel," said he, "and safe home!"

"I wish you a very pleasant evening, gentlemen," replied the old farmer, seating himself beside the shaft and taking the reins.

Suzel had turned quite pale. Fritz took her hand, and raising his forefinger, —

"Remember! we are to drink some more of the little white wine together!" said he, which made her smile.

Christel gave a smart cut of the whip to his horses, which set off at a gallop. Haan and Schoultz had returned into the auberge. Fritz and Joseph remained standing on the threshold, looking after the vehicle; Fritz, especially, never took his eyes off it. It was just about to disappear round the corner when Suzel turned her head quickly.

Then Kobus, throwing his two arms about Joseph, gave him a hearty hug, the tears standing in his eyes.

"Yes, yes," said the Bohemian, in a deep, soft voice, "it is a good thing to embrace an old friend! But her whom you love, and who loves you — ah, Fritz, that is another thing!"

Kobus saw that Joseph had guessed everything. He felt as if he could burst into tears; but all at once, seizing the Bohemian by the hand, he began to jump about, exclaiming: —

"Come along, old fellow, come along; let's have some fun and enjoy ourselves. Now for the Madame Hütte. What a glorious evening! What a lovely sun!"

LOCHINVAR.

By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

[Sir Walter Scott: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author, and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

Lady Heron's Song.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—

And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung! —
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?



ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

BY R. E. RASPE.

[HIERONYMUS KARL FRIEDRICH MUNCHHAUSEN: A German boaster, known as Baron Munchausen; born at Bodenwerder, Hanover, in 1720; died there in 1797. He served in the Russian cavalry against the Turks (1737–1739), and on his return related absurd and fabulous accounts of his adventures. A German exile in England, Rudolph Eric Raspe by name, wrote and published, in 1785, "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia."

This book was supposed to contain the accounts given by the baron, but in reality was a compilation of stories gathered from other books. It was translated into German and many times reprinted.]

[The Baron is supposed to relate these adventures to his friends over a bottle.]

IN CEYLON.

SOME years before my beard announced approaching manhood, or, in other words, when I was neither man nor boy, but between both, I expressed in repeated conversations a strong desire of seeing the world, from which I was discouraged by my parents, though my father had been no inconsiderable traveler himself, as will appear before I have reached the end of my singular and, I may add, interesting adventures. A cousin, by my mother's side, took a liking to me, often said I was a fine forward youth, and was much inclined to gratify my curiosity. His eloquence had more effect than mine, for my father consented to my accompanying him in a voyage to the island of Ceylon, where his uncle had resided as governor many years.

We sailed from Amsterdam with dispatches from their High Mightinesses the States of Holland. The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water; some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high, that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth: however, as soon as the storm subsided they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees): the weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk, and brought it down in a horizontal position: it fell upon the chief man of the island, and killed him on the spot; he had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling upon him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened. The word fortunate, here, requires some explanation. This chief was a man

of a very avaricious and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the island were half starved by his oppressive and infamous impositions.

The very goods which he had thus taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining in poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber gatherers for their governors, as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for the object of our voyage.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventures may not prove unentertaining.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about I was almost petrified (as who would not be?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan shot, and I had no other about me; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach, and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed: I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me. On my right hand was the piece of water before

mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me; I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment; after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any noise that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded: after listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprang at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth! which, as before observed, was wide open; the head of the one stuck in the throat of the other! and they were struggling to extricate themselves! I fortunately recollected my *couteau de chasse*, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the butt end of my fowling piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me; for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way, or met with some accident.

After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved, with its hair on, after which it was made into tobacco pouches, and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters, who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper. Some of his variations are rather extravagant; one of them is that the lion

jumped quite through the crocodile, and was making his escape at the back door, when, as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the Great Baron (as he is pleased to call me) cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail along with it; nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth that he sometimes adds, as soon as the crocodile missed his tail, he turned about, snatched the *couteau de chasse* out of Monsieur's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness that it pierced his heart and killed him immediately!

The little regard which this impudent knave has to veracity makes me sometimes apprehensive that my *real facts* may fall under suspicion, by being found in company with his confounded inventions.

In Russia.

I set off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveler had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Courland, and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of traveling; I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced north-east. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor soul: though I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying,—

"You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time."

I went on: night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow; for the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm, and lay down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards I

beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple. Matters were not very plain to me: the village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep, gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weathercock of the steeple!

Without long consideration I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey. [Here the Baron seems to have forgot his feelings; he should certainly have ordered his horse a feed of corn, after fasting so long.]

He carried me well — advancing into the interior parts of Russia. I found traveling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter, therefore I submitted, as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a single horse sledge, and drove briskly towards St. Petersburg. I do not exactly recollect whether it was in Eastland, or Jugemanland, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest I spied a terrible wolf making after me, with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety. What I wished, but hardly hoped or expected, happened immediately after. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and falling furiously on the horse began instantly to tear and devour the hind part of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror. Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slyly up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had eaten his way into the horse's body; it was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt end of my whip. This unexpected attack in his rear frightened him so much that he leaped forward with all his might: the horse's carcass dropped on the ground, but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I on my part whipping him continually we both arrived in full career safe to St. Petersburg, contrary to our respective expectations, and very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

Among the Turks.

Success was not always with me. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave. In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet, which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey beans grow very quick, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning; but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent; so I fell to the work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right I cut the long, now useless, end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height: I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger

nails [the Barons' nails were then of forty years' growth], and easily accomplished it.

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg at the time of that singular revolution, when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field Marshal Munich, and many others were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe that ever since the sun seems to be frost-bitten. At my return to this place, I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I traveled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bade the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain, he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way: there was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head; I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage; I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head, and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn: his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn — "The King of Prussia's March" — "Over the Hill and over the Dale" — with

many other favorite tunes; at length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.



ON THE CONVERSATION OF AUTHORS.

By WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[WILLIAM HAZLITT, English critic and man of letters, was born in Maidstone, April 10, 1778; died in London, September 18, 1830. He was an unsuccessful artist, then a powerful but irregular periodical writer and lecturer. His essays, sketches, and lectures have been collected as "Table Talk," "The Round Table," "Conversations with Northcote," "The Spirit of the Age," "Elizabethan Dramatists," "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," and "Lectures on English Poets." He wrote also a voluminous "Life of Napoleon," and other works, philosophical and autobiographical.]

IN general, wit shines only by reflection. You must take your cue from your company — must rise as they rise, and sink as they fall. You must see that your good things, your knowing allusions, are not flung away, like the pearls in the adage. What a check it is to be asked a foolish question; to find that the first principles are not understood! You are thrown on your back immediately; the conversation is stopped like a country dance by those who do not know the figure. But when a set of adepts, of *illuminati*, get about a question, it is worth while to hear them talk. They may snarl and quarrel over it, like dogs; but they pick it bare to the bone — they masticate it thoroughly.

This was the case formerly at Lamb's — where we used to have many lively skirmishes at their Thursday evening parties. I doubt whether the small-coal man's musical parties could exceed them. Oh! for the pen of John Buncle to consecrate a *petit souvenir* to their memory! There was Lamb himself, the most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty and sensible of men. He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half-sentences as he does. His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen, laughing, hare-brained vein of home-felt truth! What choice venom! How often did we cut into the haunch of letters,

while we discussed the haunch of mutton on the table! How we skimmed the cream of criticism! How we got into the heart of controversy! How we picked out the marrow of authors! "And, in our flowing cups, many a good name and true was freshly remembered." Recollect (most sage and critical reader) that in all this I was but a guest! Need I go over the names? They were but the old, everlasting set — Milton and Shakespeare, Pope and Dryden, Steele and Addison, Swift and Gay, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Richardson, Hogarth's prints, Claude's landscapes, the cartoons at Hampton Court, and all those things that, having once been, must ever be. The Scotch novels had not then been heard of: so we said nothing about them. In general, we were hard upon the moderns. The author of the *Rambler* was only tolerated in Boswell's "Life" of him; and it was as much as any one could do to edge in a word for "Junius." Lamb could not bear "Gil Blas." This was a fault. I remember the greatest triumph I ever had was in persuading him, after some years' difficulty, that Fielding was better than Smollett. On one occasion, he was for making out a list of persons famous in history that one would wish to see again — at the head of whom were Pontius Pilate, Sir Thomas Browne, and Dr. Faustus — but we blackballed most of his list! But with what a gusto would he describe his favorite authors, Donne, or Sir Philip Sidney, and call their most crabbed passages *delicious!* He tried them on his palate as epicures taste olives, and his observations had a smack in them, like a roughness on the tongue. With what discrimination he hinted a defect in what he admired most — as in saying that the display of the sumptuous banquet in "Paradise Regained" was not in true keeping, as the simplest fare was all that was necessary to tempt the extremity of hunger — and stating that Adam and Eve in "Paradise Lost" were too much like married people. He has furnished many a text for Coleridge to preach upon. There was no fuss or cant about him; nor were his sweets or his sours ever diluted with one particle of affectation. I cannot say that the party at Lamb's were all of one description. There were honorary members, lay brothers. Wit and good fellowship was the motto inscribed over the door. When a stranger came in, it was not asked, "Has he written anything?" — we were above that pedantry; but we waited to see what he could do. If he could take a hand at piquet, he was welcome to sit down. If a person liked



WILLIAM HAZLITT

anything, if he took snuff heartily, it was sufficient. He could understand, by analogy, the pungency of other things besides Irish blackguard or Scotch rappee. A character was good anywhere, in a room or on paper. But we abhorred insipidity, affectation, and fine gentlemen. There was one of our party who never failed to mark "two for his Nob" at cribbage, and he was thought no mean person. This was Ned Phillips, and a better fellow in his way breathes not. There was ——, who asserted some incredible matter of fact as a likely paradox, and settled all controversies by an *ipse dixit*, a *fiat* of his will, hammering out many a hard theory on the anvil of his brain — the Baron Munchausen of politics and practical philosophy; there was Captain Burney, who had you at an advantage by never understanding you — there was Jem White, the author of "Falstaff's Letters," who the other day left this dull world to go in search of more kindred spirits, "turning like the latter end of a lover's lute" — there was Ayrton, who sometimes dropped in, the Will Honeycomb of our set — and Mrs. Reynolds, who, being of a quiet turn, loved to hear a noisy debate. An utterly uninformed person might have supposed this a scene of vulgar confusion and uproar. While the most critical question was pending, while the most difficult problem in philosophy was solving, Phillips cried out, "That's game," and Martin Burney muttered a quotation over the last remains of a veal pie at a side table. Once, and once only, the literary interest overcame the general. For Coleridge was riding the high German horse, and demonstrating the Categories of the Transcendental Philosophy to the author of the "Road to Ruin," who insisted on his knowledge of German and German metaphysics, having read the "Critique of Pure Reason" in the original. "My dear Mr. Holcroft," said Coleridge, in a tone of infinitely provoking conciliation, "you really put me in mind of a sweet, pretty German girl, about fifteen, that I met with in the Hartz forest in Germany — and who one day, as I was reading the "Limits of the Knowable and the Unknowable," the profoundest of all his works, with great attention, came behind my chair and, leaning over, said, 'What, *you* read Kant? Why, *I* that am a German born don't understand him!'" This was too much to bear, and Holcroft, starting up, called out in no measured tone, "Mr. Coleridge, you are the most eloquent man I ever met with, and the most troublesome with your eloquence!" Phillips held the cribbage peg that was to mark him game suspended in

his hand; and the whist table was silent for a moment. I saw Holcroft downstairs, and, on coming to the landing place at Mitre Court, he stopped me to observe that "he thought Mr. Coleridge a very clever man, with a great command of language, but that he feared he did not always affix very precise ideas to the words he used." After he was gone, we had our laugh out, and went on with the argument on the nature of Reason, the Imagination, and the Will. I wish I could find a publisher for it: it would make a supplement to the "Biographia Literaria" in a volume and a half octavo.

Those days are over! An event, the name of which I wish never to mention, broke up our party, like a bombshell thrown into the room: and now we seldom meet—

Like angels' visits, short and far between.

There is no longer the same set of persons, nor of associations. Lamb does not live where he did. By shifting his abode, his notions seem less fixed. He does not wear his old snuff-colored coat and breeches. It looks like an alteration in his style. An author and a wit should have a separate costume, a particular cloth: he should present something positive and singular to the mind, like Mr. Douce of the Museum. Our faith in the religion of letters will not bear to be taken to pieces, and put together again by caprice or accident. Leigh Hunt goes there sometimes. He has a fine, vinous spirit about him, and tropical blood in his veins; but he is better at his own table. He has a great flow of pleasantry and delightful animal spirits; but his hits do not tell like Lamb's: you cannot repeat them the next day. He requires not only to be appreciated, but to have a select circle of admirers and devotees, to feel himself quite at home. He sits at the head of a party with great gayety and grace; has an elegant manner and turn of features; is never at a loss,—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*,—has continual, sportive sallies of wit or fancy; tells a story capitally; mimics an actor or an acquaintance to admiration; laughs with great glee and good humor at his own or other people's jokes; understands the point of an equivoque or an observation immediately; has a taste and knowledge of books, of music, of medals; manages an argument adroitly; is genteel and gallant, and has a set of bye-phrases and quaint allusions always at hand to produce a laugh; if he has a fault, it is that he does not listen so well

as he speaks, is impatient of interruption, and is fond of being looked up to, without considering by whom. I believe, however, he has pretty well seen the folly of this. Neither is his ready display of personal accomplishment and variety of resources an advantage to his writings. They sometimes present a desultory and slipshod appearance, owing to this very circumstance. The same things that tell, perhaps, best to a private circle round the fireside are not always intelligible to the public, nor does he take pains to make them so. He is too confident and secure of his audience. That which may be entertaining enough with the assistance of a certain liveliness of manner, may read very flat on paper, because it is abstracted from all the circumstances that had set it off to advantage. A writer should recollect that he has only to trust to the immediate impression of words, like a musician who sings without the accompaniment of an instrument. There is nothing to help out, or slubber over, the defects of the voice in the one case, nor of the style in the other. The reader may, if he pleases, get a very good idea of Leigh Hunt's conversation from a very agreeable paper he has lately published, called the *Indicator*, than which nothing can be more happily conceived or executed.

The art of conversation is the art of hearing as well as of being heard. Authors in general are not good listeners. Some of the best talkers are, on this account, the worst company; and some who are very indifferent, but very great talkers, are as bad. It is sometimes wonderful to see how a person who has been entertaining or tiring a company by the hour together drops his countenance as if he had been shot, or had been seized with a sudden lockjaw, the moment any one interposes a single observation. The best converser I know is, however, the best listener. I mean Mr. Northcote, the painter. Painters by their profession are not bound to shine in conversation, and they shine the more. He lends his ear to an observation as if you had brought him a piece of news, and enters into it with as much avidity and earnestness as if it interested himself personally. If he repeats an old remark or story, it is with the same freshness and point as for the first time. It always arises out of the occasion, and has the stamp of originality. There is no parroting of himself. His look is a continual, ever-varying history piece of what passes in his mind. His face is a book. There need no marks of interjection or interrogation to what he says. His manner is quite picturesque. There is an excess

of character and *naïveté* that never tires. His thoughts bubble up and sparkle like beads on old wine. The fund of anecdote, the collection of curious particulars, is enough to set up any common retailer of jests that dines out every day; but these are not strung together like a row of galley slaves, but are always introduced to illustrate some argument or bring out some fine distinction of character. The mixture of spleen adds to the sharpness of the point, like poisoned arrows. Mr. Northcote enlarges with enthusiasm on the old painters, and tells good things of the new. The only thing he ever vexed me in was his liking the "Catalogue Raisonée." I had almost as soon hear him talk of Titian's pictures (which he does with tears in his eyes, and looking just like them) as see the originals, and I had rather hear him talk of Sir Joshua's than see them. He is the last of that school who knew Goldsmith and Johnson. How finely he describes Pope! His elegance of mind, his figure, his character, were not unlike his own. He does not resemble a modern Englishman, but puts one in mind of a Roman cardinal or a Spanish inquisitor. I never ate or drank with Mr. Northcote; but I have lived on his conversation with undiminished relish ever since I can remember — and when I leave it, I come out into the street with feelings lighter and more ethereal than I have at any other time. One of his *tête-à-têtes* would at any time make an Essay; but he cannot write himself because he loses himself in the connecting passages, is fearful to the effect, and wants the habit of bringing his ideas into one focus or view. A *lens* is necessary to collect the diverging rays, the refracted and broken angular lights of conversation, on paper. Contradiction is half the battle in talking — the being startled by what others say, and having to answer on the spot. You have to defend yourself, paragraph by paragraph, parenthesis within parenthesis. Perhaps it might be supposed that a person who excels in conversation, and cannot write, would succeed better in dialogue. But the stimulus, the immediate irritation, would be wanting; and the work would read flatter than ever from not having the very thing it pretended to have.

Lively sallies and connected discourse are very different things. There are many persons of that impatient and restless turn of mind, that they cannot wait a moment for a conclusion, or follow up the thread of any argument. In the hurry of conversation their ideas are somehow huddled into sense; but in the intervals of thought, leave a great gap between. Montes-

quieu said he often lost an idea before he could find words for it: yet he dictated, by way of saving time, to an amanuensis. This last is, in my opinion, a vile method, and a solecism in authorship. Horne Tooke, among other parodoxes, used to maintain that no one could write a good style who was not in the habit of talking and hearing the sound of his own voice. He might as well have said that no one could relish a good style without reading it aloud, as we find common people do to assist their apprehension. But there is a method of trying periods on the ear, or weighing them with the scales of the breath, without any articulate sound. Authors, as they write, may be said to "hear a sound so fine, there's nothing lives 'twixt it and silence." Even musicians generally compose in their heads. I agree that no style is good that is not fit to be spoken or read aloud with effect. This holds true not only of emphasis and cadence, but also with regard to natural idiom and colloquial freedom. Sterne's was in this respect the best style that ever was written. You fancy that you hear the people talking. For a contrary reason, no college man writes a good style, or understands it when written. Fine writing is with him all verbiage and monotony — a translation into classical centos or hexameter lines.

That which I have just mentioned is among many instances I could give of ingenious absurdities advanced by Mr. Tooke in the heat and pride of controversy. A person who knew him well, and greatly admired his talents, said of him that he never (to his recollection) heard him defend an opinion which he thought right, or in which he believed him to be himself sincere. He indeed provoked his antagonists into the toils by the very extravagance of his assertions, and the teasing sophistry by which he rendered them plausible. His temper was prompter to his skill. He had the manners of a man of the world, with great scholastic resources. He flung every one else off his guard, and was himself immovable. I never knew any one who did not admit his superiority in this kind of warfare. He put a full stop to one of Coleridge's long-winded prefatory apologies for his youth and inexperience, by saying abruptly, "Speak up, young man!" and, at another time, silenced a learned professor by desiring an explanation of a word which the other frequently used, and which, he said, he had been many years trying to get at the meaning of — the copulative Is! He was the best intellectual fencer of his day.

He made strange havoc of Fuseli's fantastic hieroglyphics, violent humors, and oddity of dialect. Curran, who was sometimes of the same party, was lively and animated in convivial conversation, but dull in argument; nay, averse to anything like reasoning or serious observation, and had the worst taste I ever knew. His favorite critical topics were to abuse Milton's "Paradise Lost," and "Romeo and Juliet." Indeed, he confessed a want of sufficient acquaintance with books when he found himself in literary society in London. He and Sheridan once dined at John Kemble's with Mrs. Inchbald and Mary Woolstonecroft, when the discourse almost wholly turned on Love "from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day!" What a subject! What speakers, and what hearers! What would I not give to have been there, had I not learned it all from the bright eyes of Amaryllis, and may one day make a "Table-talk" of it! Peter Pindar was rich in anecdote and grotesque humor, and profound in technical knowledge both of music, poetry, and painting, but he was gross and overbearing. Wordsworth sometimes talks like a man inspired on subjects of poetry (his own out of the question), Coleridge well on every subject, and Godwin on none. To finish this subject — Mrs. Montagu's conversation is as fine cut as her features, and I like to sit in the room with that sort of coronet face. What she says leaves a flavor, like fine, green tea. Hunt's is like champagne, and Northcote's like anchovy sandwiches. Haydon's is like a game at trap ball, Lamb's like snapdragon, and my own (if I do not mistake the matter) is not very much unlike a game at ninepins! . . . One source of the conversation of authors is the character of other authors, and on that they are rich indeed. What things they say! What stories they tell of one another, more particularly of their friends! If I durst only give some of these confidential communications! . . . The reader may perhaps think the foregoing a specimen of them — but indeed he is mistaken.

I do not know of any greater impertinence than for an obscure individual to set about pumping a character of celebrity. "Bring him to me," said a Dr. Tronchin, speaking of Rousseau, "that I may see whether he has anything in him." Before you can take measure of the capacity of others, you ought to be sure that they have not taken measure of yours. They may think you a spy on them, and may not like their company. If you really want to know whether another person

can talk well, begin by saying a good thing yourself. and you will have a right to look for a rejoinder. "The best tennis players," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "make the best matches."

——For wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best players.

We hear it often said of a great author, or a great actress, that they are very stupid people in private. But he was a fool that said so. *Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners.* In conversation, as in other things, the action and reaction should bear a certain proportion to each other. Authors may, in some sense, be looked upon as foreigners, who are not naturalized even in their native soil. Lamb once came down into the country to see us. He was "like the most capricious poet Ovid among the Goths." The country people thought him an oddity, and did not understand his jokes. It would be strange if they had; for he did not make any while he stayed. But when he crossed the country to Oxford, then he spoke a little. He and the old colleges were "hail fellow well met"; and in the quadrangles he "walked gowned."

There is a character of a gentleman; so there is a character of a scholar, which is no less easily recognized. The one has an air of books about him, as the other has of good breeding. The one wears his thoughts as the other does his clothes, gracefully; and even if they are a little old-fashioned, they are not ridiculous: they have had their day. The gentleman shows, by his manner, that he has been used to respect from others; the scholar that he lays claim to self-respect and to a certain independence of opinion. The one has been accustomed to the best company; the other has passed his time in cultivating an intimacy with the best authors. There is nothing forward or vulgar in the behavior of the one; nothing shrewd or petulant in the observations of the other, as if he should astonish the bystanders, or was astonished himself at his own discoveries. Good taste and good sense, like common politeness, are, or are supposed to be, matters of course. One is distinguished by an appearance of marked attention to every one present; the other manifests an habitual air of abstraction and absence of mind. The one is not an upstart, with all the self-important airs of the founder of his own fortune; nor the other a self-

taught man, with the repulsive self-sufficiency which arises from an ignorance of what hundreds have known before him. We must excuse perhaps a little conscious family pride in the one, and a little harmless pedantry in the other. As there is a class of the first character which sinks into the mere gentleman, that is, which has nothing but this sense of respectability and propriety to support it — so the character of a scholar not unfrequently dwindles down into the shadow of a shade, till nothing is left of it but the mere bookworm. There is often something amiable as well as enviable in this last character. I know one such instance, at least. The person I mean has an admiration for learning, if he is only dazzled by its light. He lives among old authors, if he does not enter much into their spirit. He handles the covers, and turns over the pages, and is familiar with the names and dates. He is busy and self-involved. He hangs like a film and cobweb upon letters, or is like the dust upon the outside of knowledge, which should not be rudely brushed aside. He follows learning as its shadow; but as such, he is respectable. He browses on the husk and leaves of books, as the young fawn browses on the bark and leaves of trees. Such a one lives all his life in a dream of learning, and has never once had his sleep broken by a real sense of things. He believes implicitly in genius, truth, virtue, liberty, because he finds the names of these things in books. He thinks that love and friendship are the finest things imaginable, both in practice and theory. The legend of good women is to him no fiction. When he steals from the twilight of his cell, the scene breaks upon him like an illuminated missal, and all the people he sees are but so many figures in a *camera obscura.* He reads the world, like a favorite volume, only to find beauties in it, or like an edition of some old work which he is preparing for the press, only to make emendations in it, and correct the errors that have inadvertently slipped in. He and his dog Tray are much the same honest, simple-hearted, faithful, affectionate creatures — if Tray could but read! His mind cannot take the impression of vice: but the gentleness of his nature turns gall to milk. He would not hurt a fly. He draws the picture of mankind from the guileless simplicity of his own heart: and when he dies, his spirit will take its smiling leave, without having ever had an ill thought of others, or the consciousness of one in itself!

POEMS OF JOANNA BAILLIE.

[JOANNA BAILLIE, Scotch poet and dramatist, was born in Bothwell Manse, Lanarkshire, September 11, 1762, and came to London in 1784, to reside with her brother, Matthew Baillie, one of the physicians in ordinary to George III. and George IV. Subsequently she moved to a house in Hampstead, and was visited by men of genius from all over the world. In 1798 she published the first series of her "Plays on the Passions," in which she delineates the principal passions of the mind, each passion being made the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. "De Montfort" was produced by John Kemble at Drury Lane, and "The Family Legend" met with great success at the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, where it was brought out under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott. Miss Baillie died at Hampstead, February 23, 1851.]

WOOED AND MARRIED AND A'.

[Version taken from an old song of that name.]

THE bride she is winsome and bonny,
Her hair is snooded sae sleek,
And faithful and kind is her Johnny,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenishing too,
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right mickle ado
Wooed and married and a'!
Wooed and married and a'!
Is na' she very weel aff
To be wooed and married at a'?

Her mither then hastily spak',
"The lassie is glaikit wi' pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack
On the day when I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel, and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Wooed and married and a'!
Wi' havins and tocher sae sma'!
I think ye are very weel aff
To be wooed and married at a'!"

"Toot, toot I," quo' her gray-headed faither,
"She's less o' a bride than a bairn,

She's ta'en like a cout frae the heather,
  Wi' sense and discretion to learn
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
  As humor inconstantly leans,
The cheil maun be patient and steady,
  That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
    A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
    O'er her locks that the winds used to blaw.
  I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
    When I think o' her married at a'!"

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
  Weel waled were his wordies I ween,
"I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
  Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue een.
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
  Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few.
Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride,
  Wi' purfles and pearlins enow.
    Dear and dearest of ony!
    Ye're wooed and buikit and a'!
  And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
    And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turned and she blushed and she smiled,
  And she looket sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
  And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown;
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
  And she nippet her bodice sae blue,
Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
  And off like a maukin she flew.
    Wooed and married and a'!
    Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
  She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
    To be wooed and married at a'!

It was on a Morn.

It was on a morn, when we were thrang,
  The Kirn it crooned, the cheese was making
  And bannocks on the girdle baking,
When ane at the door chappt loud and lang.

Yet the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight,
  Of a' this bauld din took sma' notice I ween;

For a chap at the door in braid daylight
  Is no like a chap that's heard at e'en.

But the docksy auld laird of the Warlock glen,
  Wha waited without, half blate, half cheery,
  And langed for a sight o' his winsome deary,
Raised up the latch, and cam crousely ben.

His coat it was new and his o'erlay was white,
  His mittens and hose were cozie ane bien;
But a wooer that comes in braid daylight,
  Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carline and lasses and braw,
  And his bare lyart pow, sae smoothly he straikit,
  And he looket about, like a body half glaikit,
On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a'.

"Ha laird!" quo' the carline, "and look ye that way?
  Fy let na' sic fancies bewilder you clean:
An elderlin man, in the noon o' the day,
  Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na, na," quo' the pawky auld wife, "I trow,
  You'll no' fash your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
  As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."

He hemmed and he hawed, and he drew in his mouth,
  And he squeezed the blue bannet his twa hands between,
For a wooer that comes when the sun's i' the south,
  Is mair landward than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge is sae carefu'"—"What's that to me?"
  "She's sober and eydent, has sense in her noddle:
  She's douce and respeckit"—"I care na' a bodle:
Love wi' not be guided, and fancy's free."

Madge tossed back her head wi' a saucy slight,
  And Nanny, loud laughing, ran out to the green;
For a wooer that comes when the sun shines bright
  Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

Then away flung the laird, and loud muttered he,
  "A' the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed, O!
  Black or fair, young or auld, dame or damsel or widow,
May gang in their sarks to the de'il for me!"

But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight
  Cared little for a' his stour banning, I ween;
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight,
  Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.



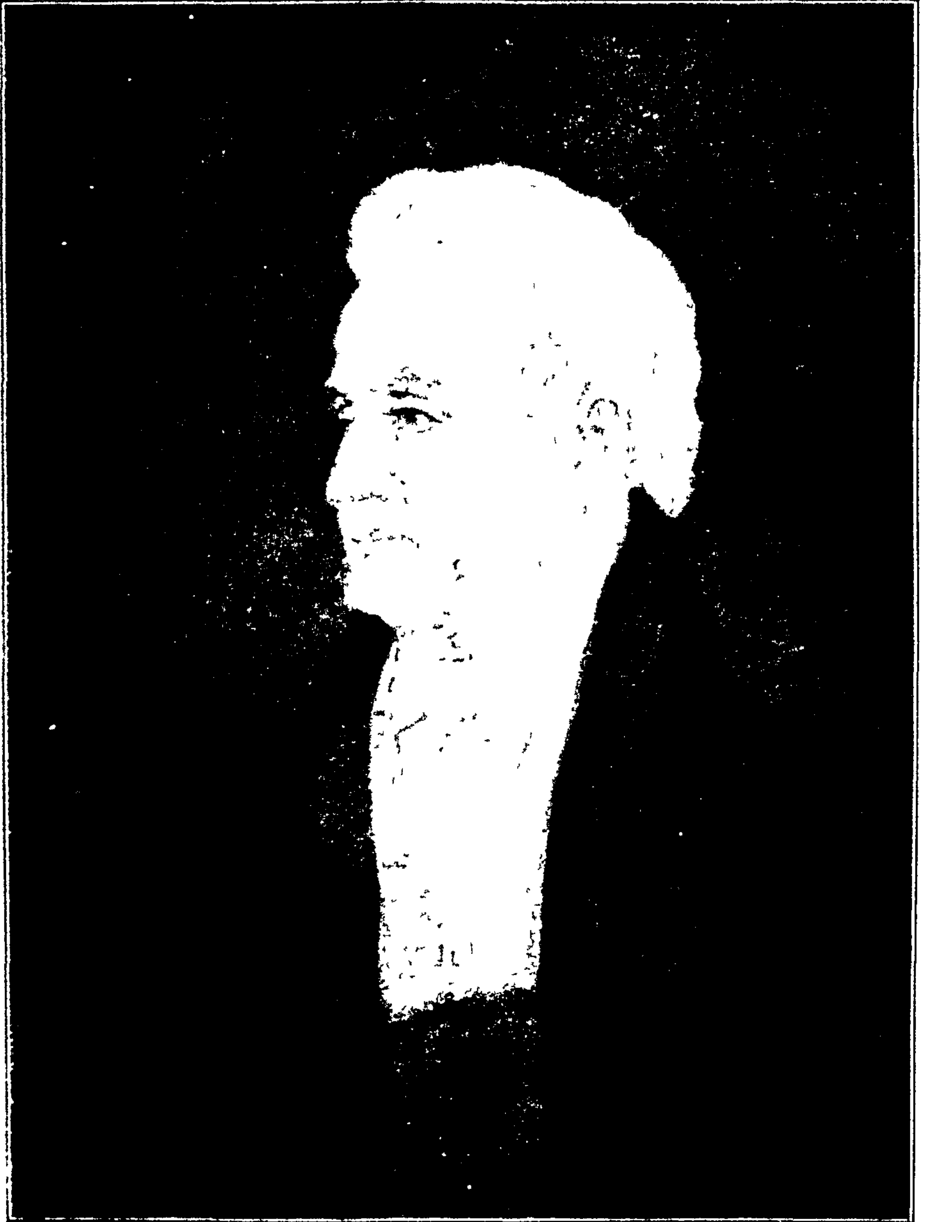
ON WIT.

By SYDNEY SMITH

[SYDNEY SMITH, preacher, lecturer, essayist, reformer, and wit, was born in Woodford, Essex, June 3, 1771. After graduating at Oxford he was for a short time curate of a parish in Wiltshire. Accepting a tutorship in Edinburgh, in 1798, he became the friend of Brougham, Jeffrey, and other writers; assisted in founding the *Edinburgh Review* (1802); was its first editor, and remained one of its chief contributors for twenty years. In 1803 he went to London, where he soon became famous for his lectures and sermons; held livings at Foston-le-Clay and Combe-Florey, and in 1831 was made canon residentiary of St Paul's. His chief works are. "Peter Plymley's Letters" (1807–1808) and "Wit and Wisdom" (1856), edited by Duyckinck. He died in London, February 22, 1845.]

To begin at the beginning of this discussion, it is plain that wit concerns itself with the relations which subsist between our ideas: and the first observation which occurs to any man turning his attention to this subject is that it cannot, of course, concern itself with *all* the relations which subsist between all our ideas; for then every proposition would be witty; — The rain wets me through — Butter is spread upon bread — would be propositions replete with mirth; and the moment the mind observed the plastic and diffusible nature of butter, and the excellence of bread as a substratum, it would become enchanted with this flash of facetiousness. Therefore, the first limit to be affixed to that observation of relations which produces the feeling of wit is that they must be relations which excite *surprise*. If you tell me that all men must die, I am very little struck with what you say, because it is not an assertion very remarkable for its novelty; but if you were to say that man was like a time glass — that both must run out, and both render up their dust, I should listen to you with more attention, because I should feel something like surprise at the sudden relation you had struck out between two such apparently dissimilar ideas as a man and a time glass.

Surprise is so essential an ingredient of wit, that no wit



REV. SYDNEY SMITH

will bear repetition — at least the original electrical feeling produced by any piece of wit can never be renewed. There is a sober sort of approbation succeeds at hearing it the second time, which is as different from its original rapid, pungent volatility, as a bottle of champagne that has been open three days is from one that has at that very instant emerged from the darkness of the cellar. To hear that the top of Mont Blanc is like an umbrella, though the relation be new to me, is not sufficient to excite surprise; the idea is so very obvious, it is so much within the reach of the most ordinary understandings, that I can derive no sort of pleasure from the comparison. The relation discovered must be something remote from all the common tracks and sheep walks made in the mind; it must not be a comparison of color with color, and figure with figure, or any comparison which, though individually new, is specifically stale, and to which the mind has been in the habit of making many similar; but it must be something removed from common apprehension, distant from the ordinary haunts of thought — things which are never brought together in the common events of life, and in which the mind has discovered relations by its own subtilty and quickness.

Now, then, the point we have arrived at, at present, in building up our definition of wit, is that it is the discovery of those relations in ideas which are calculated to excite surprise. But a great deal must be taken away from this account of wit before it is sufficiently accurate; for, in the first place, there must be no feeling or conviction of the *utility* of the relation so discovered. If you go to see a large cotton mill, the manner in which the large water wheel below works the little parts of the machinery seven stories high, the relation which one bears to another, is extremely surprising to a person unaccustomed to mechanics; but, instead of feeling as you feel at a piece of wit, you are absorbed in the contemplation of the *utility* and *importance* of such relations — there is a sort of rational approbation mingled with your surprise, which makes the *whole* feeling very different from that of wit. At the same time, if we attend very accurately to our feelings, we shall perceive that the discovery of any surprising relation whatever produces some slight sensation of wit. When first the manner in which a steam engine opens and shuts its own valves is explained to me, or when I at first perceive the ingenious and complicated contrivances of any piece of machinery, the surprise that I feel

at the discovery of these connections has always something in it which resembles the feeling of wit, though that is very soon extinguished by others of a very different nature. Children, who view the different parts of a machine not so much with any notions of its utility, feel something still more like the sensation of wit when first they perceive the effect which one part produces upon another. Show a child of six years old that, by moving the treadle of a knife grinder's machine, you make the large wheel turn round, or that by pressing the spring of a repeating watch you make the watch strike, and you probably raise up a feeling in the child's mind precisely similar to that of wit. There is a mode of teaching children geography by disjointed parts of a wooden map, which they fit together. I have no doubt that the child, in finding the kingdom or republic which fits into a great hole in the wooden sea, feels exactly the sensation of wit. Every one must remember that fitting the inviting projection of Crim Tartary into the Black Sea was one of the greatest delights of their childhood; and almost all children are sure to scream with pleasure at the discovery.

The relation between ideas which excite surprise, in order to be witty, must not excite any feeling of the beautiful. "The good man," says a Hindu epigram, "goes not upon enmity, but rewards with kindness the very being who injures him. So the sandalwood, while it is felling, imparts to the edge of the ax its aromatic flavor." Now here is a relation which would be witty if it were not beautiful: the relation discovered betwixt the falling sandalwood, and the returning good for evil, is a new relation which excites surprise; but the *mere* surprise at the relation is swallowed up by the contemplation of the moral beauty of the thought, which throws the mind into a more solemn and elevated mood than is compatible with the feeling of wit.

It would not be a difficult thing to do (and if the limits of my lecture allowed I would do it), to select from Cowley and Waller a suite of passages, in order to show the effect of the beautiful in destroying the feeling of wit, and *vice versa*. First, I would take a passage purely witty, in which the mind merely contemplated the singular and surprising relation of the ideas: next, a passage where the admixture of some beautiful sentiment — the excitation of some slight moral feeling — arrested the mind from the contemplation of the relation between the

ideas; then, a passage in which the beautiful overpowered still more the facetious, till, at last, it was totally destroyed.

If the relation between the ideas, to produce wit, must not be mingled with the beautiful, still less must they be so with the sublime. In that beautiful passage in Mr. Campbell's poem of "Lochiel," the wizard repeats these verses — which were in every one's mouth when first the poem was written: —

> Lochiel! Lochiel! though my eyes I should seal,
> Man cannot keep secret what God would reveal;
> 'Tis the sunset of life gives *me* mystical lore,
> And *coming events cast their shadows before.*

Now this comparison of the dark, uncertain sort of prescience of future events implied by the gift of second sight, and the notice of an approaching solid body by the previous approach of its shadow, contains a new and striking relation; but it is not *witty*, nor would it ever have been considered as witty, if expressed in a more concise manner, and with the rapidity of conversation, because it inspires feelings of a much higher cast than those of wit, and, instead of suffering the mind to dwell upon the mere relation of ideas, fills it with a sort of mysterious awe, and gives an air of sublimity to the fabulous power of prediction. Every one knows the Latin line on the miracle at the marriage supper in Cana of Galilee — on the conversion of water into wine. The poet says, —

> The modest water saw its God, and blushed!

Now, in my mind, that sublimity which some persons discover in this passage is destroyed by its wit; it appears to me witty, and *not* sublime. I have no *great* feelings excited by it, and can perfectly well stop to consider the mere relation of ideas. I hope I need not add that the line, *if it produce the effect of a witty conceit, and not of a sublime image*, is *perfectly misplaced* and *irreverent:* the *intent*, however, of the poet, was *undoubtedly* to be *serious.* In the same manner, whenever the mind is not left to the mere surprise excited by the relation of ideas, but when that relation excites any powerful emotion — as those of the sublime and beautiful, or any high passion — as anger or pity, or any train of reflections upon the *utility* of the relations, the feeling of wit is always diminished or destroyed. It seems to be occasioned by those ations of ideas which excite surprise, and surprise *alone.* er relations excite any other

strong feeling as well as surprise, the wit is either destroyed, diminished, or the two coexistent feelings of wit and the other emotion may, by careful reflection, be distinguished from each other. I may be very wrong (for these subjects are extremely difficult), but I know no single passage in any author which is at once beautiful and witty, or sublime and witty. I know innumerable passages which are intended to be beautiful or sublime, and which are merely witty; and I know many passages in which the relation of ideas is very new and surprising, and which are *not* witty because they are beautiful and sublime. Lastly, when the effect of wit is heightened by strong sense and useful truth, we may perceive in the mind what part of the pleasure arises from the mere relation of ideas, what from the utility of the precept; and many instances might be produced, where the importance and utility of the thing said prevent the mind from contemplating the mere relation, and considering it as wit. For example: in that apothegm of Rochefoucault, that hypocrisy is a homage which vice renders to virtue, the image is witty, but all attention to the *mere wit* is swallowed up in the justness and value of the observation. So that I think I have some color for saying that wit is produced by those relations between ideas which excite surprise, and surprise only. Observe, I am only defining the *causes* of a certain feeling in the mind called wit; I can no more define the feeling itself than I can define the flavor of venison. We all seem to partake of one and the other, with a very great degree of satisfaction; but why each feeling *is* what it is, and nothing else, I am sure I cannot pretend to determine.

Louis XIV. was exceedingly molested by the solicitations of a general officer at the *levée*, and cried out, loud enough to be overheard, "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer in the whole army." "Your Majesty's enemies have said the same thing more than once," was the answer. The wit of this answer consists in the sudden relation discovered in his assent to the King's invective and his own defense. By admitting the King's observation, he seems, at first sight, to be subscribing to the imputation against him; whereas, in reality, he effaces it by this very means. A sudden relation is discovered where none was suspected. Voltaire, in speaking of the effect of epithets in weakening style, said that the adjectives were the greatest enemies of the substantives, though they agreed in gender, number, and in cases. Here, again, it is very obvious

that a relation is discovered which, upon first observation, does not appear to exist. These instances may be multiplied to any extent. A gentleman at Paris, who lived very unhappily with his wife, used, for twenty years together, to pass his evenings at the house of another lady, who was very agreeable and drew together a pleasant society. His wife died; and his friends all advised him to marry the lady in whose society he had found so much pleasure. He said no, he certainly should not, for that, if he married her, he should not know where to spend his evenings. Here we are suddenly surprised with the idea that the method proposed of securing his comfort may possibly prove the most effectual method of destroying it. At least, to enjoy the pleasantry of the reply, we view it through *his* mode of thinking, who had not been very fortunate in the connection established by his first marriage. I have, in consequence of the definition I have printed of wit in the cards of the Institution, passed one of the most polemical weeks that ever I remember to have spent in my life. I think, however, that if my words are understood in their fair sense, I am not wrong. I have said, surprising relations between *ideas*—not between *facts*. The difference is very great. A man may tell me he sees a fiery meteor on the surface of the sea: he has no merit in the discovery—it is no extraordinary act of mind in him—any one who has eyes can ascertain this relation of facts as well, if it really exist; but to discover a surprising relation in ideas is an act of power in the discoverer, in which, if his wit be good, he exceeds the greater part of mankind: so that the very terms I have adopted imply comparison and superiority of mind. The discovery of any relation of ideas exciting pure surprise involves the notion of such superiority, and enhances the surprise. To discover relations between facts exciting pure surprise involves the notion of no such superiority; for any man could ascertain that a calf had two heads if it had two heads: therefore, I again repeat, let any man show me that which is an acknowledged proof of wit, and I believe I could analyze the pleasure experienced from it into surprise, partly occasioned by the unexpected relation established, partly by the display of talent in discovering it; and, putting this relation synthetically, I would say, whe[illegible]ere is a superior act of intelligence in discovering [illegible] between ideas, which relation excites surprise, an[illegible] emotion, the mind will have the feeling of wit. [illegible]

a gold watch and seals hanging upon a hedge? Because it is a mere relation of facts discovered without any effort of mind, and not (as I have said in my definition) a relation of ideas. Why is it not witty to discover the relation between the moon and the tides? Because it raises other notions than those of mere surprise. Why are not all the extravagant relations in "Gargantua" witty? Because they are merely odd and extravagant; and mere oddity and extravagance is too easy to excite surprise. Why is it witty, in one of Addison's plays, where the undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him, "You rascal, you! I have been raising your wages for these two years past, upon condition that you should appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look!" Here is a relation between ideas, the discovery of which implies superior intelligence, and excites no other emotion than surprise.

It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning, and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically and as successfully to the study of wit, as he might to the study of mathematics: and I would answer for it that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again. For what is there to hinder the mind from gradually acquiring a habit of attending to the lighter relations of ideas in which wit consists? Punning grows upon everybody, and punning is the wit of words. I do not mean to say that it is so easy to acquire a habit of discovering new relations in *ideas* as in *words*, but the difficulty is not so much greater as to render it insuperable to habit. One man is unquestionably much better calculated for it by nature than another: but association, which gradually makes a bad speaker a good one, might give a man wit who had it not, if any man chose to be so absurd as to sit down to acquire it.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them — the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its

kind, should contain two distinct meanings: the one common and obvious, the other more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs;* but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges.* A friend of the writer observed to her that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game;* and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns; they are in very bad repute, and so they *ought* to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them: it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters, — from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world. One invaluable blessing produced by the banishment of punning is, an immediate reduction of the number of wits. It is a wit of so low an order, and in which some sort of progress is so easily made, that the number of those endowed with the gift of wit would be nearly equal to those endowed with the gift of speech. The condition of putting together ideas in order to be witty operates much in the same salutary manner as the condition of finding rhymes in poetry; — it reduces the number of performers to those who have vigor enough to overcome incipient difficulties, and makes a sort of provision that that which need not be done at all should be done *well* whenever it *is* done. For we may observe that mankind are always more fastidious about that which is pleasing, than they are about that which is useful. A commonplace piece of morality is much more easily

pardoned than a commonplace piece of poetry or of wit; because it is absolutely necessary for the wellbeing of society that the rules of morality should be frequently repeated and enforced; and though in any individual instance the thing may be badly done, the sacred necessity of the practice itself atones in some degree for the individual failure; but as there is no absolute necessity that men should be either wits or poets, we are less inclined to tolerate their mediocrity in superfluities. If a man have ordinary chairs and tables, no one notices it; but if he stick vulgar, gaudy pictures on his walls, which he need not have at all, every one laughs at him for his folly.



AN ODE OF ANACREON.

[562–477 B C]

(Translated by THOMAS MOORE.)

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great:
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy wreath,
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe;
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er would shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then —
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimmed their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from each new bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us — drink no more!

THE LIMERICK GLOVES.

By MARIA EDGEWORTH.

[MARIA EDGEWORTH, English novelist, was born at Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, January 1, 1767, the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth. Her first novel, "Castle Rackrent," a picture of Irish manners, appeared in 1798, and she then published from year to year other novels, moral tales, and treatises on education. Her best works are: "Castle Rackrent," "Belinda," "Leonora," "Patronage," and "Ormond." She died at Edgeworthstown, May 22, 1849.]

It was Sunday morning, and a fine day in autumn; the bells of Hereford cathedral rang, and all the world, smartly dressed, were flocking to church.

"Mrs. Hill! Mrs. Hill! — Phœbe! Phœbe! There's the cathedral bell, I say, and neither of you ready for church, and I a verger," cried Mr. Hill, the tanner, as he stood at the bottom of his own staircase. "I'm ready, papa," replied Phœbe; and down she came, looking so clean, so fresh, and so gay, that her stern father's brows unbent, and he could only say to her, as she was drawing on a new pair of gloves, "Child, you ought to have had those gloves on before this time of day."

"Before this time of day!" cried Mrs. Hill, who was now coming downstairs completely equipped, "before this time of day! she should know better, I say, than to put on those gloves at all: more especially when going to the cathedral."

"The gloves are very good gloves, as far as I see," replied Mr. Hill. "But no matter now. It is more fitting that we should be in proper time in our pew, to set an example, as becomes us, than to stand here talking of gloves and nonsense."

He offered his wife and daughter each an arm, and set out for the cathedral; but Phœbe was too busy in drawing on her new gloves, and her mother was too angry at the sight of them, to accept of Mr. Hill's courtesy: "What I say is always nonsense, I know, Mr. Hill," resumed the matron; "but I can see as far into a millstone as other folks. Was it not I that first gave you a hint of what became of the great dog, that we lost out of our tanyard last winter? And was it not I who first took notice to you, Mr. Hill, verger as you are, of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral? Was it not, I ask you, Mr. Hill?"

"But, my dear Mrs. Hill, what has all this to do with Phœbe's gloves?"

"Are you blind, Mr. Hill? Don't you see that they are Limerick gloves?"

"What of that?" said Mr. Hill, still preserving his composure, as it was his custom to do as long as he could, when he saw his wife was ruffled.

"What of that, Mr. Hill! why, don't you know that Limerick is in Ireland, Mr. Hill?"

"With all my heart, my dear."

"Yes, and with all your heart, I suppose, Mr. Hill, you would see our cathedral blown up, some fair day or other, and your own daughter married to the person that did it; and you a verger, Mr. Hill."

"God forbid!" cried Mr. Hill, and he stopped short and settled his wig. Presently recovering himself, he added, "But, Mrs. Hill, the cathedral is not yet blown up; and our Phœbe is not yet married."

"No: but what of that, Mr. Hill? Forewarned is forearmed, as I told you before your dog was gone; but you would not believe me, and you see how it turned out in that case; and so it will in this case, you'll see, Mr. Hill."

"But you puzzle and frighten me out of my wits, Mrs. Hill," said the verger, again settling his wig. "*In that case and in this case!* I can't understand a syllable of what you've been saying to me this half-hour. In plain English, what is there the matter about Phœbe's gloves?"

"In plain English, then, Mr. Hill, since you can understand nothing else, please to ask your daughter Phœbe who gave her those gloves. Phœbe, who gave you those gloves?"

"I wish they were burnt," said the husband, whose patience could endure no longer. "Who gave you those cursed gloves, Phœbe?"

"Papa," answered Phœbe, in a low voice, "they were a present from Mr. Brian O'Neill."

"The Irish glover!" cried Mr. Hill, with a look of terror.

"Yes," resumed the mother; "very true, Mr. Hill, I assure you. Now, you see, I had my reasons."

"Take off the gloves directly: I order you, Phœbe," said her father, in his most peremptory tone. "I took a mortal dislike to that Mr. Brian O'Neill the first time I ever saw him. He's an Irishman, and that's enough, and too much, for me.



MARIA EDGEWORTH

Off with the gloves, Phœbe! When I order a thing, it must be done." . . .

After church, Phœbe walked pensively homewards, endeavoring to discover why her father should take a mortal dislike to a man, at first sight, merely because he was an Irishman, and why her mother had talked so much of the great dog, which had been lost last year out of the tanyard, and of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral! What has all this to do with my Limerick gloves? thought she. The more she thought, the less connection she could perceive between these things: for as she had not taken a dislike to Mr. Brian O'Neill at first sight, because he was an Irishman, she could not think it quite reasonable to suspect him of making away with her father's dog; nor yet of a design to blow up Hereford cathedral. As she was pondering upon these matters, she came within sight of the ruins of a poor woman's house, which a few months before this time had been burnt down. She recollected that her first acquaintance with her lover began at the time of this fire; and she thought that the courage and humanity he showed, in exerting himself to save this unfortunate woman and her children, justified her notion of the possibility that an Irishman might be a good man.

The name of the poor woman whose house had been burnt down was Smith; she was a widow, and she now lived at the extremity of a narrow lane in a wretched habitation. Why Phœbe thought of her with more concern than usual at this instant we need not examine, but she did; and, reproaching herself for having neglected it for some weeks past, she resolved to go directly to see the widow Smith, and to give her a crown which she had long had in her pocket, with which she had intended to have bought play tickets.

It happened that the first person she saw in the poor widow's kitchen was the identical Mr. O'Neill. "I did not expect to see anybody here but you, Mrs. Smith," said Phœbe, blushing.

"So much the greater the pleasure of the meeting; to me, I mean, Miss Hill," said O'Neill, rising, and putting down a little boy, with whom he had been playing. Phœbe went on talking to the poor woman, and, after slipping the crown into her hand, said she would call again. O'Neill, surprised at the change in her manner, followed her when she left the house, and said, "It would be a great misfortune to me to have done anything to offend Miss Hill; especially if I could not conceive how or what

it was, which is my case at this present speaking." And, as the spruce glover spoke, he fixed his eyes upon Phœbe's ragged gloves. She drew them up in vain, and then said, with her natural simplicity and gentleness, "You have not done anything to offend me, Mr. O'Neill; but you are some way or other displeasing to my father and mother, and they have forbidden me to wear the Limerick gloves."

"And sure Miss Hill would not be after changing her opinion of her humble servant for no reason in life, but because her father and mother, who have taken a prejudice against him, are a little contrary?"

"No," replied Phœbe; "I should not change my opinion without any reason; but I have not yet had time to fix my opinion of you, Mr. O'Neill."

"To let you know a piece of my mind, then, my dear Miss Hill," resumed he, "the more contrary they are, the more pride and joy it would give me to win and wear you, in spite of 'em all; and if without a farthing in your pocket, so much the more I should rejoice in the opportunity of proving to your dear self, and all else whom it may consarn, that Brian O'Neill is no fortune hunter, and scorns them that are so narrow-minded as to think that no other kind of cattle but them there fortune hunters can come out of all Ireland. So, my dear Phœbe, now we understand one another, I hope you will not be paining my eyes any longer with the sight of these odious brown bags, which are not fit to be worn by any Christian arms, to say nothing of Miss Hill's, which are the handsomest, without any compliment, that ever I saw, and, to my mind, would become a pair of Limerick gloves beyond anything; and I expect she'll show her generosity and proper spirit by putting them on immediately."

"You expect, sir!" repeated Miss Hill, with a look of more indignation than her gentle countenance had ever before been seen to assume. "Expect!" If he had said hope, thought she, it would have been another thing: but expect! what right has he to expect?

Now Miss Hill, unfortunately, was not sufficiently acquainted with the Irish idiom, to know that to expect, in Ireland, is the same thing as to hope in England; and, when her Irish admirer said I expect, he meant only in plain English, I hope. But thus it is that a poor Irishman, often, for want of understanding the niceties of the English language, says the rudest when he means to say the civilest things imaginable.

Miss Hill's feelings were so much hurt by this unlucky "I expect," that the whole of his speech, which had before made some favorable impression upon her, now lost its effect; and she replied with proper spirit, as she thought, "You expect a great deal too much, Mr. O'Neill; and more than ever I gave you reason to do. It would be neither pleasure nor pride to me to be won and worn, as you were pleased to say, in spite of them all; and to be thrown, without a farthing in my pocket, upon the protection of one who expects so much at first setting out. —So I assure you, sir, whatever you may expect, I shall not put on the Limerick gloves."

Mr. O'Neill was not without his share of pride and proper spirit; nay, he had, it must be confessed, in common with some others of his countrymen, an improper share of pride and spirit. Fired by the lady's coldness, he poured forth a volley of reproaches; and ended by wishing, as he said, a good morning, forever and ever, to one who could change her opinion, point-blank, like the weathercock. "I am, miss, your most obedient; and I expect you'll never think no more of poor Brian O'Neill and the Limerick gloves."

On Monday morning Miss Jenny Brown, the perfumer's daughter, came to pay Phœbe a morning visit, with face of busy joy.

"So, my dear!" said she: "fine doings in Hereford! but what makes you look so downcast? To be sure you are invited, as well as the rest of us."

"Invited where?" cried Mrs. Hill, who was present, and who could never endure to hear of an invitation in which she was not included. "Invited where, pray, Miss Jenny?"

"La! have not you heard? Why, we all took it for granted that you and Miss Phœbe would have been the first and foremost to have been asked to Mr. O'Neill's ball."

"Ball!" cried Mrs. Hill, and luckily saved Phœbe, who was in some agitation, the trouble of speaking. "Why, this is a mighty sudden thing: I never heard a tittle of it before."

"Well, this is really extraordinary! And, Phœbe, have you not received a pair of Limerick gloves?"

"Yes, I have," said Phœbe, "but what then? What have my Limerick gloves to do with the ball?"

"A great deal," replied Jenny. "Don't you know that a pair of Limerick gloves is, as one may say, a ticket to this ball? for every lady that has been asked has had a pair sent to her

along with the card; and I believe as many as twenty, besides myself, have been asked this morning."

Jenny then produced her new pair of Limerick gloves; and as she tried them on, and showed how well they fitted, she counted up the names of the ladies who, to her knowledge, were to be at this ball. When she had finished the catalogue, she expatiated upon the grand preparations which it was said the widow O'Neill, Mr. O'Neill's mother, was making for the supper; and concluded by condoling with Mrs. Hill for her misfortune in not having been invited. Jenny took her leave, to get her dress in readiness; "for," added she, "Mr. O'Neill has engaged me to open the ball, in case Phœbe does not go; but I suppose she will cheer up and go, as she has a pair of Limerick gloves as well as the rest of us."

There was silence for some minutes after Jenny's departure, which was broken by Phœbe, who told her mother that, early in the morning, a note had been brought to her, which she had returned unopened; because she knew, from the handwriting of the direction, that it came from Mr. O'Neill.

We must observe that Phœbe had already told her mother of her meeting with this gentleman at the poor widow's, and of all that had passed between them afterwards. This openness on her part had softened the heart of Mrs. Hill; who was really inclined to be good-natured, provided people would allow that she had more penetration than any one else in Hereford. She was moreover a good deal piqued and alarmed by the idea that the perfumer's daughter might rival and outshine her own. Whilst she had thought herself sure of Mr. O'Neill's attachment to Phœbe, she had looked higher; especially as she was persuaded by the perfumer's lady to think that an Irishman could not but be a bad match; but now she began to suspect that the perfumer's lady had changed her opinion of Irishmen, since she did not object to her own Jenny's leading up the ball at Mr. O'Neill's.

"Why, child," said Mrs. Hill, "since you have a pair of Limerick gloves; and since certainly that note was an invitation to us to the ball; and since it is much more fitting that you should open the ball than Jenny Brown; and since, after all, it was very handsome and genteel of the young man to say he would take you without a farthing in your pocket, which shows that those were misinformed who talked of him as an Irish adventurer; and since we are not certain 'twas he made

away with the dog, although he said its barking was a great nuisance; there is no great reason to suppose he was the person who made the hole under the foundation of the cathedral, or that he could have such a wicked thought as to blow it up; and since he must be in a very good way of business to be able to afford giving away four or five guineas' worth of Limerick gloves, and balls and suppers; and since, after all, it is no fault of his to be an Irishman; I give it as my vote and opinion, my dear, that you put on your Limerick gloves and go to this ball; and I'll go and speak to your father, and bring him round to our opinion; and then I'll pay the morning visit I owe to the widow O'Neill, and make up your quarrel with Brian. Love quarrels are easy to make up, you know; and then we shall have things all upon velvet again; and Jenny Brown need not come with her hypocritical condoling face to us any more."

After running this speech glibly off, Mrs. Hill, without waiting to hear a syllable from poor Phœbe, trotted off in search of her consort. It was not, however, quite so easy a task as his wife expected to bring Mr. Hill round to her opinion. He was slow in declaring himself of any opinion; but, when once he had said a thing, there was but little chance of altering his notions. On this occasion, Mr. Hill was doubly bound to his prejudice against our unlucky Irishman: for he had mentioned with great solemnity, at the club which he frequented, the grand affair of the hole under the foundation of the cathedral, and his suspicions that there was a design to blow it up. Several of the club had laughed at this idea; others, who supposed that Mr. O'Neill was a Roman Catholic, and who had a confused notion that a Roman Catholic *must* be a very wicked, dangerous being, thought that there must be a great deal in the verger's suggestions, and observed that a very watchful eye ought to be kept upon this Irish glover, who had come to settle at Hereford nobody knew why, and who seemed to have money at command nobody knew how.

In consequence of these most shrewd cogitations, our verger silenced his wife with a peremptory nod, when she came to persuade him to let Phœbe put on the Limerick gloves and go to the ball. "To this ball she shall not go; and I charge her not to put on those Limerick gloves, as she values my blessing," said Mr. Hill. "Please to tell her so, Mrs. Hill, and trust to my judgment and discretion in all things, Mrs. Hill. Strange work may be in Hereford [illegible]: but I'll say no more;

I must go and consult with knowing men who are of my opinion."

He sallied forth, and Mrs. Hill was left in a state which only those who are troubled with the disease of excessive curiosity can rightly comprehend or compassionate. She hied her back to Phœbe, to whom she announced her father's answer; and then went gossiping to all her female acquaintance in Hereford, to tell them all that she knew, and all that she did not know; and to endeavor to find out a secret where there was none to be found.

There are trials of temper in all conditions; and no lady, in high or low life, could endure them with a better grace than Phœbe. Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Hill were busied abroad, there came to see Phœbe one of the widow Smith's children. With artless expressions of gratitude to Phœbe, this little girl mixed the praises of O'Neill, who, she said, had been the constant friend of her mother, and had given her money every week since the fire happened. "Mammy loves him dearly, for being so good-natured," continued the child.

As the child finished these words, Phœbe took out of a drawer some clothes, which she had made for the poor woman's children, and gave them to the little girl. It happened that the Limerick gloves had been thrown into this drawer; and Phœbe's favorable sentiments of the giver of those gloves were revived by what she had just heard, and by the confession Mrs. Hill had made, that she had no reasons, and but vague suspicions, for thinking ill of him. She laid the gloves perfectly smooth, and strewed over them, whilst the little girl went on talking of Mr. O'Neill, the leaves of a rose which she had worn on Sunday.

Mr. Hill was all this time in deep conference with those prudent men of Hereford who were of his own opinion about the perilous hole under the cathedral. The ominous circumstance of this ball was also considered, the great expense at which the Irish glover lived, and his giving away gloves; which was a sure sign he was not under any necessity to sell them; and consequently a proof that, though he pretended to be a glover, he was something wrong in disguise. Upon putting all these things together, it was resolved, by these overwise politicians, that the best thing that could be done for Hereford, and the only possible means of preventing the immediate destruction of its cathedral, would be to take Mr. O'Neill into custody. Upon

recollection, however, it was perceived that there was no legal ground on which he could be attacked. At length, after consulting an attorney, they devised what they thought an admirable mode of proceeding.

Our Irish hero had not that punctuality which English tradesmen usually observe in the payment of bills: he had, the preceding year, run up a long bill with a grocer in Hereford; and, as he had not at Christmas cash in hand to pay it, he had given a note, payable six months after date. The grocer, at Mr. Hill's request, made over the note to him; and it was determined that the money should be demanded, as it was now due, and that, if it was not paid directly, O'Neill should be that night arrested. How Mr. Hill made the discovery of this debt to the grocer agree with his former notion that the Irish glover had always money at command, we cannot well conceive; but anger and prejudice will swallow down the grossest contradictions without difficulty.

On the night of Mr. O'Neill's grand ball, as he was seeing his fair partner, the perfumer's daughter, safe home, he felt himself tapped on the shoulder by no friendly hand. When he was told that he was the king's prisoner, he vociferated with sundry strange oaths, which we forbear to repeat, "No, I am not the king's prisoner! I am the prisoner of that shabby rascally tanner, Jonathan Hill. None but he would arrest a gentleman, in this way, for a trifle not worth mentioning."

Miss Jenny Brown screamed when she found herself under the protection of a man who was arrested; and, what between her screams and his oaths, there was such a disturbance that a mob gathered.

Among this mob there was a party of Irish haymakers, who, after returning late from a hard day's work, had been drinking in a neighboring alehouse. With one accord they took part with their countryman, and would have rescued him from the civil officers with all the pleasure in life, if he had not fortunately possessed just sufficient sense and command of himself to restrain their party spirit, and to forbid them, as they valued his life and reputation, to interfere, by word or deed, in his defense.

He then dispatched one of the haymakers home to his mother, to inform her of what had happened, and to request that she would get somebody to be bail for him as soon as possible, as the officers said they could not let him out of their

sight till he was bailed by substantial people, or till the debt was discharged.

O'Neill, after being in custody for about an hour and a half, was set at liberty upon the payment of his debt.

Next morning, our verger rose in unusually good spirits, congratulating himself upon the eminent service he had done to the city of Hereford, by his sagacity in discovering the foreign plot to blow up the cathedral, and by his dexterity in having the enemy held in custody at the very hour when the dreadful deed was to have been perpetrated. What was his surprise and consternation, on going to his tanyard, to behold his great rick of oak bark leveled to the ground; the pieces of bark were scattered far and wide, some over the close, some over the fields, and some were seen swimming upon the water! No tongue, no pen, no muse, can describe the feelings of our tanner at this spectacle! feelings which became the more violent from the absolute silence which he imposed on himself upon this occasion. He instantly decided in his own mind that this injury was perpetrated by O'Neill, in revenge for his arrest, and went privately to the attorney to inquire what was to be done, on his part, to secure legal vengeance.

The attorney unluckily, or at least as Mr. Hill thought unluckily, had been sent for, half an hour before, by a gentleman at some distance from Hereford, to draw up a will, so that our tanner was obliged to postpone his legal operations.

We forbear to recount his return, and how many times he walked up and down the close to view his scattered bark, and to estimate the damage that had been done to him. At length that hour came which usually suspends all passions by the more imperious power of appetite — the hour of dinner, an hour of which it was never needful to remind Mr. Hill by watch, clock, or dial; for he was blessed with a punctual appetite, and powerful as punctual: so powerful, indeed, that it often excited the spleen of his more genteel or less hungry wife. — "Bless my stars, Mr. Hill," she would oftentimes say, "I am really downright ashamed to see you eat so much; and when company is to dine with us, I do wish you would take a snack by way of a damper before dinner, that you may not look so prodigious famishing and ungenteel."

Upon this hint, Mr. Hill commenced a practice, to which he ever afterwards religiously adhered, of going, whether there was to be company or no company, into the kitchen regularly

every day, half an hour before dinner, to take a slice from the roast or the boiled before it went up to table. As he was this day, according to his custom, in the kitchen, taking his snack by way of a damper, he heard the housemaid and the cook talking about some wonderful fortune teller, whom the housemaid had been consulting. This fortune teller was no less a personage than the successor to Bampfylde Moore Carew, king of the gypsies, whose life and adventures are probably in many, too many, of our readers' hands. Bampfylde, the second king of the gypsies, assumed this title, in hopes of becoming as famous, or as infamous, as his predecessor: he was now holding his court in a wood near the town of Hereford, and numbers of servant maids and 'prentices went to consult him — nay, it was whispered that he was resorted to, secretly, by some whose education might have taught them better sense.

Numberless were the instances which our verger heard in his kitchen of the supernatural skill of this cunning man; and whilst Mr. Hill ate his snack with his wonted gravity, he revolved great designs in his secret soul. Mrs. Hill was surprised, several times during dinner, to see her consort put down his knife and fork, and meditate. "Gracious me, Mr. Hill, what can have happened to you this day? What can you be thinking of, Mr. Hill, that can make you forget what you have upon your plate?"

"Mrs. Hill," replied the thoughtful verger, "our grandmother Eve had too much curiosity; and we all know it did not lead to good. What I am thinking of will be known to you in due time, but not now, Mrs. Hill; therefore, pray, no questions, or teasing, or pumping. What I think, I think; what I say, I say; what I know, I know; and that is enough for you to know at present: only this, Phœbe, you did very well not to put on the Limerick gloves, child. What I know, I know. Things will turn out just as I said from the first. What I say, I say; and what I think, I think; and this is enough for you to know at present."

When the dusk of the evening increased, our wise man set out towards the wood to consult the king of the gypsies. Bampfylde the second resided in a sort of hut made of the branches of trees: the verger stooped, but did not stoop low enough, as he entered this temporary palace; and, whilst his body was almost bent double, his peruke was caught upon a twig. From this awkward situation he was relieved by the consort of

the king; and he now beheld, by the light of some embers, the person of his gypsy majesty, to whose sublime appearance this dim light was so favorable that it struck a secret awe into our wise man's soul; and, forgetting Hereford cathedral, and oak bark, and Limerick gloves, he stood for some seconds speechless. During this time, the queen very dexterously disencumbered his pocket of all superfluous articles. When he recovered his recollection, he put with great solemnity the following queries to the king of the gypsies, and received the following answers:—

"Do you know a dangerous Irishman, of the name of O'Neill, who has come, for purposes best known to himself, to settle at Hereford?"

"Yes, we know him well."

"Indeed! And what do you know of him?"

"That he is a dangerous Irishman."

"Right! And it was he, was it not, that pulled down, or caused to be pulled down, my rick of oak bark?"

"It was."

"And who was it that made away with my dog Jowler, that used to guard the tanyard?"

"It was the person that you suspect."

"And was it the person whom I suspect that made the hole under the foundation of our cathedral?"

"The same, and no other."

"And for what purpose did he make that hole?"

"For a purpose that must not be named," replied the king of the gypsies, nodding his head in a mysterious manner.

"But it may be named to me," cried the verger, "for I have found it out, and I am one of the vergers; and is it not fit that a plot to blow up the Hereford cathedral should be known *to* me, and *through* me?"

"Now, take my word,
Wise men of Hereford,
None in safety may be,
Till the *bad man* doth flee."

These oracular verses, pronounced by Bampfylde with all the enthusiasm of one who was inspired, had the desired effect upon our wise man; and he left the presence of the king of the gypsies with a prodigiously high opinion of his majesty's

judgment and of his own, fully resolved to impart, the next morning, to the mayor of Hereford his important discoveries.

Now it happened that, during the time Mr. Hill was putting the foregoing queries to Bampfylde the second, there came to the door or entrance of the audience chamber an Irish haymaker, who wanted to consult the cunning man about a little leathern purse which he had lost, whilst he was making hay, in a field near Hereford. As this man, whose name was Paddy M'Cormack, stood at the entrance of the gypsies' hut, his attention was caught by the name of O'Neill; and he lost not a word of all that passed. He had reason to be somewhat surprised at hearing Bampfylde assert it was O'Neill who pulled down the rick of bark. "By the holy poker," said he to himself, "the old fellow now is out there. I know more o' that matter than he does — no offense to his majesty: he knows no more of my purse, I'll engage now, than he does of this man's rick of bark and his dog: so I'll keep my tester in my pocket, and not be giving it to this king o' the gypsies, as they call him, who, as near as I can guess, is no better than a cheat. But there is one secret which I can be telling this conjurer himself; he shall not find it such an easy matter to do all what he thinks; he shall not be after ruining an innocent countryman of my own, whilst Paddy M'Cormack has a tongue and brains."

Now Paddy M'Cormack had the best reason possible for knowing that Mr. O'Neill did not pull down Mr. Hill's rick of bark; it was Mr. M'Cormack himself who, in the heat of his resentment for the insulting arrest of his countryman in the streets of Hereford, had instigated his fellow-haymakers to this mischief; he headed them, and thought he was doing a clever, spirited action.

As soon as poor Paddy found out that this spirited action of pulling down the rick of bark was likely to be the ruin of his countryman, he resolved to make all the amends in his power for his folly: he went to collect his fellow-haymakers and persuaded them to assist him this night in rebuilding what they had pulled down. . . .

Happy they who have in their neighborhood such a magistrate as Mr. Marshal! He was a man who, to an exact knowledge of the duties of his office, joined the power of discovering truth from the midst of contradictory evidence, and the happy art of soothing, or laughing, the angry passions into good

humor. It was a common saying in Hereford — that no one ever came out of Justice Marshal's house as angry as he went into it.

Mr. Marshal had scarcely breakfasted when he was informed that Mr. Hill, the verger, wanted to speak to him on business of the utmost importance. Mr. Hill, the verger, was ushered in, and, with gloomy solemnity, took a seat opposite to Mr. Marshal.

"Sad doings in Hereford, Mr. Marshal! Sad doings, sir."

"Sad doings? Why, I was told we had merry doings in Hereford. A ball the night before last, as I heard."

"So much the worse, Mr. Marshal; so much the worse; as those think with reason that see as far into things as I do."

"So much the better, Mr. Hill," said Mr. Marshal, laughing; "so much the better; as those think with reason that see no farther into things than I do."

"But, sir," said the verger, still more solemnly, "this is no laughing matter, nor time for laughing; begging your pardon. Why, sir, the night of that there diabolical ball, our Hereford cathedral, sir, would have been blown up — blown up from the foundation, if it had not been for me, sir!"

"Indeed, Mr. Verger! And pray how, and by whom, was the cathedral to be blown up? and what was there diabolical in this ball?"

Here Mr. Hill let Mr. Marshal into the whole history of his early dislike to O'Neill, and his shrewd suspicions of him the first moment he saw him in Hereford; related in the most prolix manner all that the reader knows already, and concluded by saying that, as he was now certain of his facts, he was come to swear examinations against this villainous Irishman, who, he hoped, would be speedily brought to justice, as he deserved.

"To justice he shall be brought, as he deserves," said Mr. Marshal; "but, before I write, and before you swear, will you have the goodness to inform me how you have made yourself as certain, as you evidently are, of what you call your facts?"

"Sir, that is a secret," replied our wise man, "which I shall trust to you alone;" and he whispered into Mr. Marshal's ear that his information came from Bampfylde the second, king of the gypsies.

Mr. Marshal instantly burst into laughter; then composing himself said, "My good sir, I am really glad that you have proceeded no farther in this business, and that no one in

Hereford, besides myself, knows that you were on the point of swearing examinations against a man on the evidence of Bampfylde the second, king of the gypsies. My dear sir, it would be a standing joke against you to the end of your days. A grave man, like Mr. Hill; and a verger too! Why, you would be the laughingstock of Hereford!"

Now Mr. Marshal well knew the character of the man to whom he was talking, who, above all things on earth, dreaded to be laughed at. Mr. Hill colored all over his face, and, pushing back his wig by way of settling it, showed that he blushed not only all over his face but all over his head.

"Why, Mr. Marshal, sir," said he, "as to my being laughed at, it is what I did not look for, being as there are some men in Hereford to whom I have mentioned that hole in the cathedral, who have thought it no laughing matter, and who have been precisely of my own opinion thereupon."

"But did you tell these gentlemen that you had been consulting the king of the gypsies?"

"No, sir, no: I can't say that I did."

"Then I advise you, keep your own counsel, as I will."

Mr. Hill, whose imagination wavered between the hole in the cathedral and his rick of bark on one side, and between his rick of bark and his dog Jowler on the other, now began to talk of the dog, and now of the rick of bark; and when he had exhausted all he had to say upon these subjects, Mr. Marshal gently pulled him towards the window, and putting a spyglass into his hand, bade him look towards his own tanyard, and tell him what he saw. To his great surprise, Mr. Hill saw his rick of bark rebuilt. "Why, it was not there last night," exclaimed he, rubbing his eyes. "Why, some conjurer must have done this."

"No," replied Mr. Marshal, "no conjurer did it: but your friend Bampfylde the second, king of the gypsies, was the cause of its being rebuilt; and here is the man who actually pulled it down, and who actually rebuilt it."

As he said these words, Mr. Marshal opened the door of an adjoining room, and beckoned to the Irish haymaker, who had been taken into custody about an hour before this time.

It was with much surprise that the verger heard the simple truth from this poor fellow; but no sooner was he convinced that O'Neill was innocent as to this affair, than he recurred to his other ground of suspicion, the loss of his dog.

The Irish haymaker now stepped forward, and, with a peculiar twist of the hips and shoulders, which those only who have seen it can picture to themselves, said, "Plase your honor's honor, I have a little word to say too about the dog."

"Say it then," said Mr. Marshal.

"Plase your honor, if I might expect to be forgiven, and let off for pulling down the jontleman's stack, I might be able to tell him what I know about the dog."

"If you can tell me anything about my dog," said the tanner, "I will freely forgive you for pulling down the rick: especially as you have built it up again. Speak the truth now: did not O'Neill make away with the dog?"

"Not at all at all, plase your honor," replied the haymaker: "and the truth of the matter is, I know nothing of the dog, good or bad; but I know something of his collar, if your name, plase your honor, is Hill, as I take it to be."

"My name is Hill: proceed," said the tanner, with great eagerness. "You know something about the collar of my dog Jowler?"

"Plase your honor, this much I know anyway, that it is now, or was the night before last, at the pawnbroker's there, below in town; for, plase your honor, I was sent late at night (that night that Mr. O'Neill, long life to him! was arrested) to the pawnbroker's for a Jew, by Mrs. O'Neill, poor creature! She was in great trouble that same time."

"Very likely," interrupted Mr. Hill: "but go on to the collar; what of the collar?"

"She sent me,—I'll tell you the story, plase your honor, *out of the face*—she sent me to the pawnbroker's for the Jew; and, it being so late at night, the shop was shut, and it was with all the trouble in life that I got into the house anyway: and, when I got in, there was none but a slip of a boy up; and he set down the light that he had in his hand, and ran up the stairs to waken his master: and, whilst he was gone, I just made bold to look round at what sort of a place I was in, and at the old clothes and rags and scraps; there was a sort of a frieze trusty."

"A trusty!" said Mr. Hill; "what is that pray?"

"A big coat, sure, plase your honor: there was a frieze big coat lying in a corner, which I had my eye upon, to trate myself to; I having, as I then thought, money in my little purse enough for it. Well, I won't trouble your honor's honor with

telling of you now how I lost my purse in the field, as I found after; but about the big coat, as I was saying, I just lifted it off the ground, to see would it fit me; and, as I swung it round, something, plase your honor, hit me a great knock on the shins: it was in the pocket of the coat, whatever it was, I knew; so I looks into the pocket, to see what was it, plase your honor, and out I pulls a hammer and a dog collar; it was a wonder, both together, they did not break my shins entirely: but it's no matter for my shins now: so, before the boy came down, I just out of idleness spelt out to myself the name that was upon the collar: there were two names, plase your honor; and out of the first there were so many letters hammered out I could make nothing of it at all at all; but the other name was plain enough to read anyway, and it was Hill, plase your honor's honor, as sure as life: Hill, now." . . .

A warrant was immediately dispatched for his majesty, and Mr. Hill was a good deal alarmed by the fear of its being known in Hereford that he was on the point of swearing examinations against an innocent man, upon the evidence of a dog stealer and a gypsy.

Bampfylde the second made no sublime appearance, when he was brought before Mr. Marshal; nor could all his astrology avail upon this occasion: the evidence of the pawnbroker was so positive, as to the fact of his having sold to him the dog collar, that there was no resource left for Bampfylde but an appeal to Mr. Hill's mercy. He fell on his knees, and confessed that it was he who stole the dog; which used to bark at him at night so furiously that he could not commit certain petty depredations, by which, as much as by telling fortunes, he made his livelihood.

Mr. Hill stood in profound silence, leaning upon his walking stick, whilst the committal was making out for Bampfylde the second. The fear of ridicule was struggling with the natural positiveness of his temper: he was dreadfully afraid that the story of his being taken in by the king of the gypsies would get abroad; and, at the same time, he was unwilling to give up his prejudice against the Irish glover.

"But, Mr. Marshal," cried he, after a long silence, "the hole under the foundation of the cathedral has never been accounted for: that is, was, and ever will be, an ugly mystery to me; and I never can have a good opinion of this Irishman till it is cleared up; nor can I think the cathedral in safety."

"What!" said Mr. Marshal, with an arch smile, "I suppose the verses of the oracle still work upon your imagination, Mr. Hill. They are excellent in their kind. I must have them by heart that, when I am asked the reason why Mr. Hill has taken an aversion to an Irish glover, I may be able to repeat them;—

"Now, take my word,
Wise men of Hereford,
None in safety may be,
Till the bad man doth flee."

"You'll oblige me, sir," said the verger, "if you would never repeat those verses, sir; nor mention, in any company, the affair of the king of the gypsies."

"I will oblige you," replied Mr. Marshal, "if you will oblige me. Will you tell me honestly whether, now that you find this Mr. O'Neill is neither a dog killer nor a puller down of bark ricks, you feel that you could forgive him for being an Irishman, if the mystery, as you call it, of the hole under the cathedral was cleared up?"

"But that is not cleared up, I say, sir," cried Mr. Hill, striking his walking stick forcibly upon the ground with both his hands. "As to the matter of his being an Irishman, I have nothing to say to it. Ireland is now in His Majesty's dominions, I know very well, Mr. Marshal; and I have no manner of doubt that an Irishman born may be as good, almost, as an Englishman born."

"I am glad," said Mr. Marshal, "to hear you speak, almost, as reasonably as an Englishman born and every man ought to speak; and I am convinced that you have too much English hospitality to persecute an inoffensive stranger, who comes amongst us trusting to our justice and good nature."

"I would not persecute a stranger, God forbid!" replied the verger, "if he was, as you say, inoffensive."

"And if he was not only inoffensive, but ready to do every service in his power to those who are in want of his assistance, we should not return evil for good, should we?"

"That would be uncharitable, to be sure; and moreover a scandal," said the verger.

"Then," said Mr. Marshal, "will you walk with me as far as the widow Smith's, the poor woman whose house was burnt last winter? This haymaker, who lodged near her, can show us the way to her present abode."

During his examination of Paddy M'Cormack, who would tell his whole history, as he called it, *out of the face*, Mr. Marshal heard several instances of the humanity and goodness of O'Neill, which Paddy related to excuse himself for that warmth of attachment to his cause that had been manifested so injudiciously by pulling down the rick of bark in revenge for the arrest. Amongst other things, Paddy mentioned his countryman's goodness to the widow Smith: Mr. Marshal was determined, therefore, to see whether he had, in this instance, spoken the truth; and he took Mr. Hill with him, in hopes of being able to show him the favorable side of O'Neill's character.

Things turned out just as Mr. Marshal expected. The poor widow and her family, in the most simple and affecting manner, described the distress from which they had been relieved by the good gentleman and lady — the lady was Phœbe Hill; and the praises that were bestowed upon Phœbe were delightful to her father's ear, whose angry passions had now all subsided.

The benevolent Mr. Marshal seized the moment when he saw Mr. Hill's heart was touched, and exclaimed, "I must be acquainted with this Mr. O'Neill. I am sure we people of Hereford ought to show some hospitality to a stranger who has so much humanity. Mr. Hill, will you dine with him to-morrow at my house?"

Mr. Hill was just going to accept of this invitation, when the recollection of all he had said to his club about the hole under the cathedral came across him; and, drawing Mr. Marshal aside, he whispered, "But, sir, sir, that affair of the hole under the cathedral has not been cleared up yet."

At this instant, the widow Smith exclaimed, "Oh! here comes my little Mary" (one of her children, who came running in): "this is the little girl, sir, to whom the lady has been so good. Make your courtesy, child. Where have you been all this while?"

"Mammy," said the child, "I've been showing the lady my rat."

"Lord bless her! Gentlemen, the child has been wanting me this many a day to go to see this tame rat of hers; but I could never get time, never: and I wondered too at the child's liking such a creature. Tell the gentlemen, dear, about your rat. All I know is that, let her have but never such a tiny bit of bread, for breakfast or supper, she saves a little of that

little for this rat of hers: she and her brothers have found it out somewhere by the cathedral."

"It comes out of a hole under the wall of the cathedral," said one of the elder boys; "and we have diverted ourselves watching it, and sometimes we have put victuals for it, so it has grown, in a manner, tame like."

Mr. Hill and Mr. Marshal looked at one another during this speech; and the dread of ridicule again seized on Mr. Hill, when he apprehended that, after all he had said, the mountain might, at last, bring forth—a rat. Mr. Marshal, who instantly saw what passed in the verger's mind, relieved him from this fear, by refraining even from a smile on this occasion. He only said to the child, in a grave manner, "I am afraid, my dear, we shall be obliged to spoil your diversion. Mr. Verger, here, cannot suffer rat holes in the cathedral; but, to make you amends for the loss of your favorite, I will give you a very pretty little dog, if you have a mind."

The child was well pleased with this promise; and, at Mr. Marshal's desire, she then went along with him and Mr. Hill to the cathedral, and they placed themselves at a little distance from that hole which had created so much disturbance. The child soon brought the dreadful enemy to light; and Mr. Hill, with a faint laugh, said, "I'm glad it's no worse: but there were many in our club who were of my opinion; and, if they had not suspected O'Neill too, I am sure I should never have given you so much trouble, sir, as I have done this morning. But I hope, as the club know nothing about that vagabond, that king of the gypsies, you will not let any one know anything about the prophecy, and all that. I am sure, I am very sorry to have given you so much trouble, Mr. Marshal."

Mr. Marshal assured him that he did not regret the time which he had spent in endeavoring to clear up all these mysteries and suspicions; and Mr. Hill gladly accepted his invitation to meet O'Neill at his house the next day. No sooner had Mr. Marshal brought one of the parties to reason and good humor, than he went to prepare the other for a reconciliation. O'Neill and his mother were both people of warm but forgiving tempers: the arrest was fresh in their minds; but when Mr. Marshal represented to them the whole affair, and the verger's prejudices, in a humorous light, they joined in the good-natured laugh, and O'Neill declared that, for his part, he

was ready to forgive and to forget everything, if he could but see Miss Phœbe in the Limerick gloves.

Phœbe appeared the next day, at Mr. Marshal's, in the Limerick gloves; and no perfume ever was so delightful to her lover as the smell of the rose leaves in which they had been kept.

Mr. Marshal had the benevolent pleasure of reconciling the two families. The tanner and the glover of Hereford became, from bitter enemies, useful friends to each other; and they were convinced, by experience, that nothing could be more for their mutual advantage than to live in union.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

By MARY HOWITT.

[1799-1888]

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the Spider to the Fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.

"The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things
To show when you are there."

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly,
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around;
The sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in!"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly,
"For I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again,
Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly:
"Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?

"I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice:
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly,
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

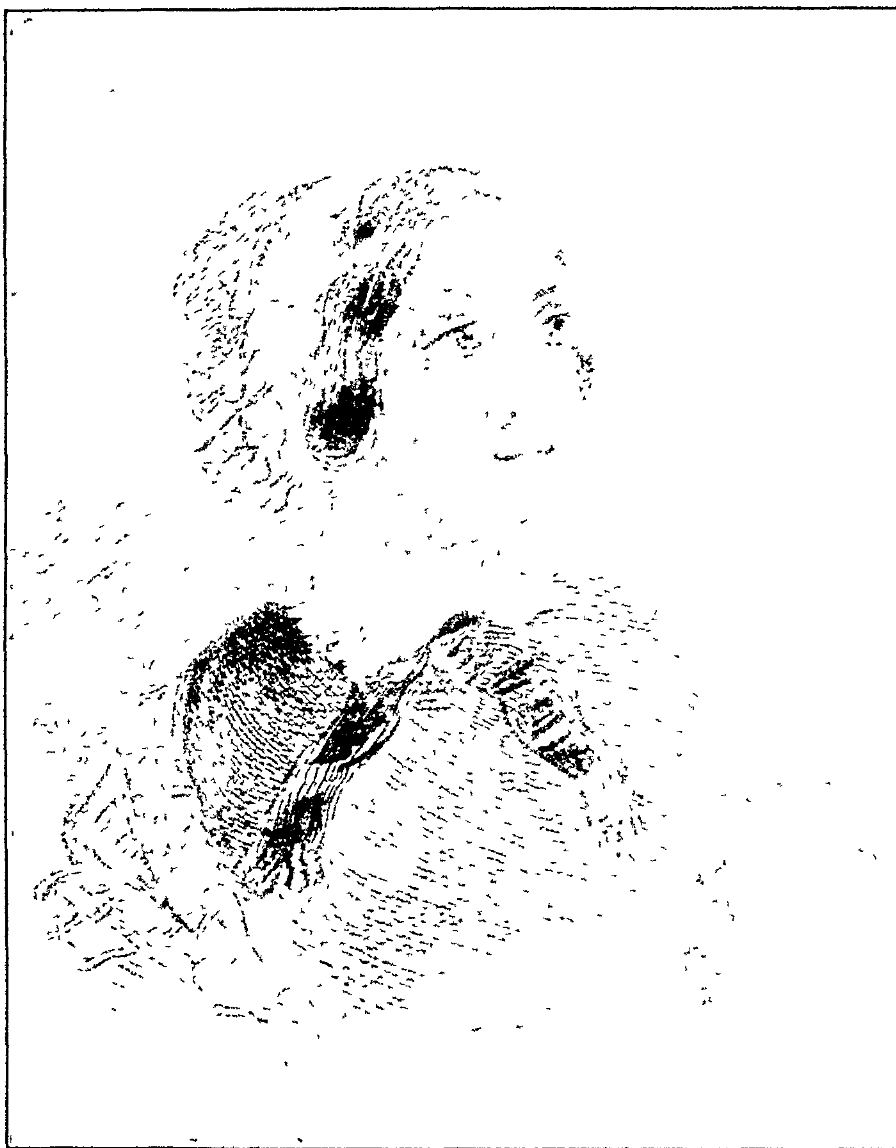
"Sweet creature!" said the Spider,
'You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings!
How brilliant are your eyes!

"I have a little looking-glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good morning now,
I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly
Would soon come back again:

So he wove a subtle web
In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
To dine upon the Fly.



MARY HOWITT

Then came out to his door again,
  And merrily did sing:—
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly,
  With the pearl and silver wing;

"Your robes are green and purple—
  There's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
  But mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon
  This silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
  Came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
  Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,
  And green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—
  Poor, foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider,
  And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
  Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor—
  But she ne'er came out again.

And now, dear little children,
  Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
  I pray you ne'er give heed.

Unto an evil counselor
  Close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale
  Of the Spider and the Fly.

HAJJI BABA AND THE STOLEN MONEY.

By JAMES MORIER.

(From "The Adventures of Hajji Baba.")

[JAMES MORIER: An English traveler and author; born in England in 1780, died at Brighton, March 23, 1849. He entered the diplomatic service, was private secretary to Lord Elgin in his embassy to Constantinople; accompanied the grand vizier in the campaign in Egypt against the French, and was for many years chargé d'affaires in Persia. His books about Persia established his reputation as an author. He was master of several Oriental languages, and a charming and graceful writer. His works include: "A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor to Constantinople in the Years 1808 and 1809" (1812), "A Second Journey through Persia between the Years 1810 and 1816, with a Journal of the Voyage by the Brazils and Bombay to the Persian Gulf" (1818), "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan" (5 vols., 1824–1828), "Zohrab the Hostage" (3 vols., 1832), "Ayesha, the Maid of Kars" (3 vols., 1834), and "Mirza" (3 vols., 1841).]

My father having died without a will, I was, of course, proclaimed his sole heir without any opposition, and consequently all those who had aspired to be sharers of his property, balked by my unexpected appearance, immediately withdrew to vent their disappointment in abusing me. They represented me as a wretch devoid of all respect for my parents, as one without religion, an adventurer in the world, and the companion of lûties and wandering dervishes.

As I had no intention of remaining at Ispahan, I treated their endeavors to hurt me with contempt, and consoled myself by giving them a full return of all their scurrility, by expressions which neither they nor their fathers had ever heard — expressions which I had picked up from amongst the illustrious characters with whom I had passed the first years of my youth.

When we were left to ourselves, my mother and I, after having bewailed in sufficiently pathetic language, she the death of a husband, I the loss of a father, the following conversation took place: —

"Now tell me, O my mother — for there can be no secrets between us — tell me what was the state of Kerbelai Hassan's concerns. He loved you, and confided in you, and you must therefore be better acquainted with them than any one else."

"What do I know of them, my son?" said she, in great haste, and seeming confusion.

I stopped her, to continue my speech. "You know that, according to the law, his heir is bound to pay his debts: — they must be ascertained. Then, the expenses of the funeral are to be defrayed; they will be considerable; and at present I am as destitute of means as on the day you gave me birth. To meet all this, money is necessary, or else both mine and my father's name will be disgraced among men, and my enemies will not fail to overcome me. He must have been reputed wealthy, or else his deathbed would never have been surrounded by that host of bloodsuckers and timeservers which have been driven away by my presence. You, my mother, must tell me where he was accustomed to deposit his ready cash; who were, or who are likely to be, his debtors; and what might be his possessions, besides those which are apparent."

"Oh, Allah!" exclaimed she, "what words are these? Your father was a poor, good man, who had neither money nor possessions. Money, indeed! We had dry bread to eat, and that was all! Now and then, after the arrival of a great caravan, when heads to be shaved were plentiful, and his business brisk, we indulged in our dish of rice, and our skewer of kabob, but otherwise we lived like beggars. A bit of bread, a morsel of cheese, an onion, a basin of sour curds — that was our daily fare; and, under these circumstances, can you ask me for money, ready money too? There is this house, which you see and know; then his shop, with its furniture; and when I have said that, I have nearly said all. You are just arrived in time, my son, to step into your father's shoes, and take up his business; and *Inshallah*, please God, may your hand be fortunate! may it never cease wagging, from one year's end to the other!"

"This is very strange!" exclaimed I, in my turn. "Fifty years, and more, hard and unceasing toil! and nothing to show for it! This is incredible! We must call in the diviners."

"The diviners?" said my mother, in some agitation; "of what use can they be? They are only called in when a thief is to be discovered. You will not proclaim your mother a thief, Hajji, will you? Go, make inquiries of your friend, and your father's friend, the *ákhon* [schoolmaster]. He is acquainted with the whole of the concerns, and I am sure he will repeat what I have said."

"You do not speak amiss, mother," said I. "The âkhon probably does know what were my father's last wishes, for he appeared to be the principal director in his dying moments; and he may tell me, if money there was left, where it is to be found."

Accordingly I went straightway to seek the old man, whom I found seated precisely in the very same corner of the little parish mosque, surrounded by his scholars, in which some twenty years before I myself had received his instructions. As soon as he saw me he dismissed his scholars, saying that my footsteps were fortunate, and that others, as well as himself, should partake of the pleasure which I was sure to dispense wherever I went.

"Ahi, âkhon," said I, "do not laugh at my beard. My good fortune has entirely forsaken me; and even now, when I had hoped that my destiny, in depriving me of my father, had made up the loss by giving me wealth, I am likely to be disappointed, and to turn out a greater beggar than ever."

"*Allah kerim*, God is merciful," said the schoolmaster; and lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst he placed his hands on his knees, with their palms uppermost, he exclaimed, "Oh, Allah, whatever is, thou art it." Then addressing himself to me, he said, "Yes, my son, such is the world, and such will it ever be, as long as man shuts not up his heart from all human desires. Want nothing, seek nothing, and nothing will seek you."

"How long have you been a Sûfi," said I, "that you talk after this manner? I can speak on that subject also, since my evil star led me to Kom, but now I am engrossed with other matters." I then informed him of the object of my visit, and requested him to tell me what he knew of my father's concerns.

Upon this question he coughed, and, making up a face of great wisdom, went through a long string of oaths and professions, and finished by repeating what I had heard from my mother; namely, that he believed my father to have died possessed of no (*nagd*) ready cash (for that, after all, was the immediate object of my search); and what his other property was, he reminded me that I knew as well as himself.

I remained mute for some time with disappointment, and then expressed my surprise in strong terms. My father, I was aware, was too good a Mussulman to have lent out his money upon interest; for I recollected a circumstance, when

I was quite a youth, which proved it. Osman Aga, my first master, wanting to borrow a sum from him, for which he offered an enormous interest, my father put his conscience into the hands of a rigid mollah, who told him that the precepts of the Koran entirely forbade it. Whether since that time he had relaxed his principles, I could not say; but I was assured that he always set his face against the unlawful practice of taking interest, and that he died as he had lived, a perfect model of a true believer.

I left the mosque in no very agreeable mood, and took my way to the spot where I had made my first appearance in life, — namely, my father's shop, — turning over in my mind as I went what steps I should take to secure a future livelihood. To remain at Ispahan was out of the question — the place and the inhabitants were odious to me; — therefore, it was only left me to dispose of everything that was now my own, and to return to the capital, which, after all, I knew to be the best market for an adventurer like myself. However, I could not relinquish the thought that my father had died possessed of some ready money, and suspicions would haunt my mind, in spite of me, that foul play was going on somewhere or other. I was at a loss to whom to address myself, unknown as I was in the city, and I was thinking of making my case known to the cadi, when, approaching the gate of the caravanserai, I was accosted by the old capiji. "Peace be unto you, Aga!" said he; "may you live many years, and may your abundance increase! My eyes are enlightened by seeing you."

"Are your spirits so well wound up, Ali Mohamed," said I, in return, "that you choose to treat me thus? As for the abundance you talk of, 'tis abundance of grief, for I have none other that I know of. Och!" said I, sighing, "my liver has become water, and my soul has withered up."

"What news is this?" said the old man. "Your father (peace be unto him!) is just dead — you are his heir — you are young, and, *Mashallah!* you are handsome — your wit is not deficient: — what do you want more?"

"I am his heir, 'tis true; but what of that — what advantage can accrue to me, when I only get an old mud-built house, with some worn-out carpets, some pots and pans, and decayed furniture, and yonder shop with a brass basin and a dozen of razors? — Let me spit upon such an inheritance."

"But where is your money, your ready cash, Hajji? Your father (God be with him!) had the reputation of being as great

a niggard of his money as he was liberal of his soap. Everybody knows that he amassed much, and never passed a day without adding to his store."

"That may be true," said I; "but what advantage will that be to me, since I cannot find where it was deposited? My mother says that he had none — the âkhon repeats the same — I am no conjurer to discover the truth. I had it in my mind to go to the cadi."

"To the cadi?" said Ali Mohamed. "Heaven forbid! Go not to him — you might as well knock at the gate of this caravanserai, when I am absent, as try to get justice from him, without a heavy fee. No, he sells it by the miscal, at a heavy price, and very light weight does he give after all. He does not turn over one leaf of the Koran until his fingers have been well plated with gold, and if those who have appropriated your father's sacks are to be your opponents, do not you think that they will drain them into the cadi's lap, rather than he should pronounce in your favor?"

"What then is to be done?" said I. "Perhaps the diviners might give me some help."

"There will be no harm in that," answered the doorkeeper. "I have known them make great discoveries during my service in this caravanserai. Merchants have frequently lost their money, and found it again through their means. It was only in the attack of the Turcomans, when much property was stolen, that they were completely at their wits' end. Ah! that was a strange event. It brought much misery on my head; for some were wicked enough to say that I was their accomplice, and, what is more extraordinary, that you were amongst them, Hajji! — for it was on account of your name, which the dog's son made use of to induce me to open the gate, that the whole mischief was produced."

Lucky was it for me that old Ali Mohamed was very dull of sight, or else he would have remarked strange alterations in my features when he made these observations. However, our conference ended by his promising to send me the most expert diviner of Ispahan; "a man," said he, "who would entice a piece of gold out of the earth, if buried twenty gez deep, or even if it was hid in the celebrated well of Kashan."

The next morning, soon after the first prayers, a little man came into my room, whom I soon discovered to be the diviner.

He was a humpback, with an immense head, with eyes so wonderfully brilliant, and a countenance so intelligent, that I felt he could look through and through me at one glance. He wore a dervish's cap, from under which flowed a profusion of jet-black hair, which, added to a thick bush of a beard, gave an imposing expression to his features. His eyes, which by a quick action of his eyelid (whether real or affected, I know not) twinkled like stars, made the monster, who was not taller than a good bludgeon, look like a little demon.

He began by questioning me very narrowly; made me relate every circumstance of my life — particularly since my return to Ispahan — inquired who were my father's greatest apparent friends and associates, and what my own suspicions led me to conclude. In short, he searched into every particular, with the same scrutiny that a doctor would in tracing and unraveling an intricate disorder.

When he had well pondered over everything that I had unfolded, he then required to be shown the premises which my father principally inhabited. My mother having gone that morning to the bath, I was enabled, unknown to her, to take him into her apartments, where he requested me to leave him to himself, in order that he might obtain a knowledge of the localities necessary to the discoveries which he hoped to make. He remained there a full quarter of an hour, and when he came out requested me to collect those who were in my father's intimacy, and in the habit of much frequenting the house, and that he would return, they being assembled, and begin his operations.

Without saying a word to my mother about the diviner, I requested her to invite her most intimate friends for the following morning, it being my intention to give them a breakfast; and I myself begged the attendance of the âkhon, the capiji, my father's nephew by his first wife, and a brother of my mother, with others who had free entrance into the house.

They came punctually; and when they had partaken of such fare as I could place before them, they were informed of the predicament in which I stood, and that I had requested their attendance to be witnesses to the endeavors of the diviner to discover where my father was wont to keep his money, of the existence of which, somewhere or other, nobody who knew him could doubt. I looked into each man's face as I made this speech, hoping to remark some expression which might

throw a light upon my suspicions, but everybody seemed ready to help my investigation, and maintained the most unequivocal innocence of countenance.

At length the dervish, Teez Negah (for that was the name of the conjurer), was introduced, accompanied by an attendant who carried something wrapt up in a handkerchief. Having ordered the women in the anderûn to keep themselves veiled, because they would probably soon be visited by men, I requested the dervish to begin his operations.

He first looked at every one present with great earnestness, but more particularly fixed his basilisk eyes upon the âkhon, who evidently could not stand the scrutiny, but exclaimed "*Allah il Allah!*" — there is but one God, — stroked down his face and beard, and blew first over one shoulder and then over the other, by way of keeping off the evil spirit. Some merriment was raised at his expense; but he did not appear to be in a humor to meet any one's jokes.

After this, the dervish called to his attendant, who from the handkerchief drew forth a brass cup of a plain surface, but written all over with quotations from the Koran, having reference to the crime of stealing, and defrauding the orphan of his lawful property. He was a man of few words, and simply saying, "In the name of Allah, the All-wise, and All-seeing," he placed the cup on the floor, treating it with much reverence, both in touch and in manner.

He then said to the lookers-on, "*Inshallah*, it will lead us at once to the spot where the money of the deceased Kerbelai Hassan (may God show him mercy!) is, or was, deposited."

We all looked at each other, some with expressions of incredulity, others with unfeigned belief, when he bent himself towards the cup, and with little shoves and pats of his hand he impelled it forwards, exclaiming all the time, "See, see, the road it takes. Nothing can stop it. It will go, in spite of me. *Mashallah, Mashallah!*"

We followed him, until he reached the door of the harem, where we knocked for admittance. After some negotiation it was opened, and there we found a crowd of women (many of whom had only loosely thrown on their veils) waiting with much impatience to witness the feats which this wonderful cup was to perform.

"Make way," said the diviner to the women who stood in his path, as he took his direction towards a corner of the

court, upon which the windows of the room opened — "Make way; nothing can stop my guide."

A woman, whom I recognized to be my mother, stopped his progress several times, until he was obliged to admonish her, with some bitterness, to keep clear of him.

"Do not you see," said he, "we are on the Lord's business? Justice will be done in spite of the wickedness of man."

At length he reached a distant corner, where it was plain that the earth had been recently disturbed, and there he stopped.

"*Bismillah*, in the name of Allah," said he, "let all present stand around me, and mark what I do." He dug into the ground with his dagger, clawed the soil away with his hands, and discovered a place in which were the remains of an earthen vessel, and the marks near it of there having been another.

"Here," said he, "here the money was, but is no more." Then taking up his cup, he appeared to caress it, and make much of it, calling it his little uncle and his little soul.

Every one stared. All cried out, "*ajaib*," wonderful; and the little humpback was looked upon as a supernatural being.

The capiji, who was accustomed to such discoveries, was the only one who had the readiness to say, "But where is the thief? You have shown us where the game lay, but we want you to catch it for us: — the thief and the money, or the money without the thief — that is what we want."

"Softly, my friend," said the dervish to the capiji, "don't jump so soon from the crime to the criminal. We have a medicine for every disorder, although it may take some time to work."

He then cast his eyes upon the company present, twinkling them all the while in quick flashes, and said, "I am sure every one here will be happy to be clear of suspicion, and will agree to what I shall propose. The operation is simple and soon over."

"*Elbettah*," certainly; "*Belli*," yes; "*Een che har est?*" what word is this? was heard to issue from every mouth, and I requested the dervish to proceed.

He called again to his servant, who produced a small bag, whilst he again took the cup under his charge.

"This bag," said the diviner, "contains some old rice. I will put a small handful of it into each person's mouth, which they will forthwith chew. Let those who cannot break it beware, for Eblis is near at hand."

Upon this, plac[illegible] ow, he filled each person's

mouth with rice, and all immediately began to masticate. Being the complainant, of course I was exempt from the ordeal; and my mother, who chose to make common cause with me, also stood out of the ranks. The quick-sighted dervish would not allow of this, but made her undergo the trial with the rest, saying, "The property we seek is not yours, but your son's. Had he been your husband, it would be another thing." She agreed to his request, though with bad grace, and then all the jaws were set to wagging, some looking upon it as a good joke, others thinking it a hard trial to the nerves. As fast as each person had ground his mouthful, he called to the dervish, and showed the contents of his mouth.

All had now proved their innocence excepting the âkhon and my mother. The former, whose face exhibited the picture of an affected cheerfulness with great nervous apprehension, kept mumbling his rice, and turning it over between his jaws, until he cried out in a querulous tone, "Why do you give me this stuff to chew? I am old, and have no teeth: — it is impossible for me to reduce the grain;" and then he spit it out. My mother, too, complained of her want of power to break the hard rice, and did the same thing. A silence ensued, which made us all look with more attention than usual upon them, and it was only broken by a timeserver of my mother, an old woman, who cried out, "What child's play is this? Who has ever heard of a son treating his mother with this disrespect, and his old schoolmaster, too? Shame, shame! — let us go — he is probably the thief himself."

Upon this the dervish said, "Are we fools and asses, to be dealt with in this manner? — either there was money in that corner, or there was not — either there are thieves in the world, or there are not. This man and this woman," pointing to the âkhon and my mother, "have not done that which all the rest have done. Perhaps they say the truth, they are old, and cannot break the hard grain. Nobody says that they stole the money — they themselves know that best," said he, looking at them through and through; "but the famous diviner, Hezarfun, he who was truly called the bosom friend to the Great Bear, and the confidant of the planet Saturn, — he who could tell all that a man has ever thought, thinks, or will think, — he hath said that the trial by rice among cowards was the best of all tests of a man's honesty. Now, my friends, from all I have remarked, none of you are slayers of lions,

and fear is easily produced among you. However, if you doubt my skill in this instance, I will propose a still easier trial, — one which commits nobody, which works like a charm upon the mind, and makes the thief come forward of his own accord, to ease his conscience and purse of its ill-gotten wealth, at one and the same time. I propose the *Hak reezî*, or the heaping up earth. Here in this corner I will make a mound, and will pray so fervently this very night, that, by the blessing of Allah, the Hajji," pointing to me, "will find his money buried in it to-morrow at this hour. Whoever is curious, let them be present, and if something be not discovered, I will give him a miscal of hair from my beard."

He then set to work, and heaped up earth in a corner, whilst the lookers-on loitered about, discussing what they had just seen; some examining me and the dervish as children of the evil spirit, whilst others again began to think as much of my mother and the schoolmaster. The company then dispersed, most of them promising to return the following morning, at the appointed time, to witness the search into the heap of earth.

I must own that I began now to look upon the restoration of my property as hopeless. The diviner's skill had certainly discovered that money had been buried in my father's house, and he had succeeded in raising ugly suspicions in my mind against two persons whom I felt it to be a sin to suspect; but I doubted whether he could do more.

However, he appeared again on the following morning, accompanied by the capiji, and by several of those who had been present at the former scene. The âkhon, however, did not appear, and my mother was also absent, upon pretext of being obliged to visit a sick friend. We proceeded in a body to the mound, and the dervish having made a holy invocation, he approached it with a sort of mysterious respect.

"Now we shall see," said he, "whether the Gins and the Peris have been at work this night;" and, exclaiming "*Bismillah!*" he dug into the earth with his dagger.

Having thrown off some of the soil, a large stone appeared, and having disengaged that, to the astonishment of all, and to my extreme delight, a canvas bag, well filled, was discovered.

"Oh, my soul! oh, my heart!" exclaimed the humpback, as he seized upon the bag, "you see that the dervish Teez

Negah is not a man to lose a hair of his beard. There, there," said he, putting it into my hand, "there is your property: go, and give thanks that you have fallen into my hands, and do not forget my *hak sai*, or my commission."

Everybody crowded round me, whilst I broke open the wax that was affixed to the mouth of the bag, upon which I recognized the impression of my father's seal; and eagerness was marked on all their faces as I untied the twine with which it was fastened. My countenance dropped woefully when I found that it contained only silver, for I had made up my mind to see gold. Five hundred reals was the sum of which I became the possessor; out of which I counted fifty, and presented them to the ingenious discoverer of them. "There," said I, "may your house prosper! If I were rich I would give you more: and although this is evidently but a small part of what my father (God be with him!) must have accumulated, still, again I say, may your house prosper, and many sincere thanks to you."

The dervish was satisfied with my treatment of him, and took his leave, and I was soon after left by the rest of the company—the capiji alone remaining. "Famous business we have made of it this morning," said he. "Did I not say that these diviners performed wonders?"

"Yes," said I, "yes, it is wonderful, for I never thought his operations would have come to anything."

Impelled by a spirit of cupidity, now that I had seen money glistening before me, I began to complain that I had received so little, and again expressed to Ali Mohamed my wish of bringing the case before the cadi; "for," said I, "if I am entitled to these five hundred reals, I am entitled to all my father left; and you will acknowledge that this must be but a very small part of his savings."

"Friend," said he, "listen to the words of an old man. Keep what you have got, and be content. In going before the cadi, the first thing you will have to do will be to give of your certain, to get at that most cursed of all property, the uncertain. Be assured that, after having drained you of your four hundred and fifty reals, and having got five hundred from your opponents, you will have the satisfaction to hear him tell you both to 'go in peace, and do not trouble the city with your disputes.' Have not you lived long enough in the world to have learnt this common saying—'Every one's teeth are blunted by acids, except the cadi's, which are by sweets?' The cadi who

takes five cucumbers as a bribe will admit any evidence for ten beds of melons."

After some deliberation, I determined to take the advice of the capiji; for it was plain that, if I intended to prosecute any one, it could only be my mother and the âkhon; and to do that, I should raise such a host of enemies, and give rise to such unheard-of scandal, that perhaps I should only get stoned by the populace for my pains.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRANÇOIS ARAGO.

[FRANÇOIS JEAN DOMINIQUE ARAGO: A French astronomer; born near Perpignan, in the eastern Pyrenees, February 26, 1786; died at Paris, October 3, 1853. After a brilliant course at the École Polytechnique in Paris, he went to Spain in 1806 to make astronomical observations. There he was mistaken for a French spy and succeeded in escaping only after many remarkable adventures. On returning to Paris in 1809 he was elected a member of the Academy and was given a professorship in the École Polytechnique. He rapidly rose to distinction as an astronomer and natural philosopher and held many high offices. His collected works were published in fourteen volumes, 1865, of which three volumes are given to biographies of deceased Academicians.]

THE members of the Institute were always presented to the Emperor after he had confirmed their nominations. On the appointed day, in company with the presidents, with the secretaries of the four classes, and with the Academicians who had special publications to offer to the Chief of the State, they assembled in one of the saloons of the Tuileries. When the Emperor returned from mass, he held a kind of review of these savants, these artists, these literary men, in green uniform.

I must own that the spectacle which I witnessed on the day of my presentation did not edify me. I even experienced real displeasure in seeing the anxiety evinced by members of the Institute to be noticed.

"You are very young," said Napoleon to me on coming near me; and without waiting for a flattering reply, which it would not have been difficult to find, he added, "What is your name?" And my neighbor on the right, nct leaving me time to answer the simple enough question just addressed to me, hastened to say: —

"*His* name is Arago."

"What science do you cultivate?"

My neighbor on the left immediately replied: —

"*He* cultivates astronomy."

"What have you done?"

My neighbor on the right, jealous of my left-hand neighbor for having encroached on his rights at the second question, now hastened to reply, and said: —

"*He* has just been measuring the line of the meridian in Spain."

The Emperor, imagining doubtless that he had before him a dumb man or an imbecile, passed on to another member of the Institute. This one was not a novice, but a naturalist well known through his beautiful and important discoveries; it was M. Lamarck. The old man presented a book to Napoleon.

"What is that?" said the latter; "it is your absurd *meteorology*, in which you rival Matthieu Laensberg. It is this 'annuaire' which dishonors your old age. Do something in Natural History, and I should receive your productions with pleasure. As to this volume, I only take it in consideration of your white hair. Here!" And he passed the book to an aid-de-camp.

Poor M. Lamarck, who, at the end of each sharp and insulting sentence of the Emperor, tried in vain to say, "It is a work on Natural History which I present to you," was weak enough to fall into tears.

The Emperor immediately afterwards met with a more energetic antagonist in the person of M. Lanjuinais. The latter had advanced, book in hand. Napoleon said to him, sneeringly: —

"The entire Senate, then, is to merge in the Institute?"

"Sire," replied Lanjuinais, "it is the body of the state to which most time is left for occupying itself with literature."

The Emperor, displeased at this answer, at once quitted the civil uniforms, and busied himself among the great epaulets which filled the room.

Immediately after my nomination, I was exposed to strange annoyances on the part of the military authorities. I had left for Spain, still holding the title of pupil of the Polytechnic School. My name could not remain on the books more than four years; consequently I had been enjoined to return to France to go through the examinations necessary on quitting the school. But in the mean time Lalande died, and thus a place in the Bureau of Longitude became vacant. I was

named assistant astronomer. These places were submitted to the nomination of the Emperor. L. Lacuée, Director of the Conscription, thought that, through this latter circumstance, the law would be satisfied, and I was authorized to continue my operations.

M. Matthieu Dumas, who succeeded him, looked at the question from an entirely different point of view; he enjoined me either to furnish a substitute, or else to set off myself with the contingent of the twelfth arrondissement of Paris.

All my remonstrances and those of my friends having been fruitless, I announced to the honorable General that I should present myself in the Place de l'Estrapade, whence the conscripts had to depart, in the costume of a member of the Institute; and that thus I should march on foot through the city of Paris. General Matthieu Dumas was alarmed at the effect which this scene would produce on the Emperor, himself a member of the Institute, and hastened, under fear of my threat, to confirm the decision of General Lacuée.

In the year 1809 I was chosen by the "conseil du perfectionnement" of the Polytechnic School to succeed M. Monge, in his chair of Analysis applied to Geometry. The circumstances attending that nomination have remained a secret; I seize the first opportunity which offers itself to me to make them known.

M. Monge took the trouble to come to me one day, at the Observatory, to ask me to succeed him. I declined this honor, because of a proposed journey which I was going to make into Central Asia with M. de Humboldt. "You will certainly not set off for some months to come," said the illustrious geometer; "you could, therefore, take my place temporarily." "Your proposal," I replied, "flatters me infinitely; but I do not know whether I ought to accept it. I have never read your great work on partial differential equations; I do not, therefore, feel certain that I should be competent to give lessons to the pupils of the Polytechnic School on such a difficult theory." "Try," said he, "and you will find that that theory is clearer than it is generally supposed to be." Accordingly, I did try; and M. Monge's opinion appeared to me to be well founded.

The public could not comprehend, at that time, how it was that the benevolent M. Monge obstinately refused to confide the delivery of his course to M. Binet (a private teacher under

him), whose zeal was well known. It is this motive which I am going to reveal.

There was then in the Bois de Boulogne a residence named the Gray House, where there assembled round M. Coessin, the high priest of a new religion, a number of adepts, such as Lesueur, the musician, Colin, private teacher of chemistry at the school, M. Binet, etc. A report from the prefect of police had signified to the Emperor that the frequenters of the Gray House were connected with the Society of Jesuits. The Emperor was uneasy and irritated at this. "Well," said he to M. Monge, "there are your dear pupils become disciples of Loyola!" And on Monge's denial, "You deny it," answered the Emperor; "well, then, know that the private teacher of your course is in that clique." Every one can understand that after such a remark, Monge could not consent to being succeeded by M. Binet.

Having entered the Academy, young, ardent, and impassioned, I took much greater part in the nominations than may have been suitable for my position and my time of life. Arrived at an epoch of life whence I examine retrospectively all my actions with calmness and impartiality, I can render this amount of justice to myself, that, excepting in three or four instances, my vote and interest were always in favor of the most deserving candidate, and more than once I succeeded in preventing the Academy from making a deplorable choice. Who could blame me for having maintained with energy the election of Malus, considering that his competitor, M. Girard, unknown as a physicist, obtained twenty-two votes out of fifty-three, and that an addition of five votes would have given him the victory over the savant who had just discovered the phenomenon of polarization by reflection, over the savant whom Europe would have named by acclamation? The same remarks are applicable to the nomination of Poisson, who would have failed against this same M. Girard, if four votes had been otherwise given. Does not this suffice to justify the unusual ardor of my conduct? Although in a third trial the majority of the Academy was decided in favor of the same engineer, I cannot regret that I supported up to the last moment with conviction and warmth the election of his competitor, M. Dulong.

I do not suppose that, in the scientific world, any one will be disposed to blame me for having preferred M. Liouville to M. de Pontécoulant.

Sometimes it happened that the government wished to in-

fluence the choice of the Academy; with a strong sense of my rights, I invariably resisted all dictation. Once this resistance acted unfortunately on one of my friends — the venerable Legendre; as to myself, I had prepared myself beforehand for all the persecutions of which I could be made the object. Having received from the Minister of the Interior an invitation to vote for M. Binet against M. Navier on the occurrence of a vacant place in the section of mechanics, Legendre nobly answered that he would vote according to his soul and his conscience. He was immediately deprived of a pension which his great age and his long services rendered due to him. The protégé of the authorities failed; and, at the time, this result was attributed to the activity with which I enlightened the members of the Academy as to the impropriety of the Minister's proceedings.

On another occasion the King wished the Academy to name Depuytren, the eminent surgeon, but whose character at the time lay under grave imputations. Depuytren was nominated, but several blanks protested against the interference of the authorities in Academic elections.

I said above that I had saved the Academy from some deplorable choices; I will only cite a single instance, on which occasion I had the sorrow of finding myself in opposition to M. de Laplace. The illustrious geometer wished a vacant place in the astronomical section to be granted to M. Nicollet, — a man suspected of misdeeds which reflected on his honor in the most serious degree. At the close of a contest which I maintained undisguisedly, notwithstanding the danger which might follow from thus braving the powerful protectors of M. Nicollet, the Academy proceeded to the ballot; the respected M. Damoiseau, whose election I had supported, obtained forty-five votes out of forty-eight. Thus M. Nicollet had collected but three.

"I see," said M. de Laplace to me, "that it is useless to struggle against young people; I acknowledge that the man who is called the *great elector* of the Academy is more powerful than I am."

"No," replied I; "M. Arago can only succeed in counterbalancing the opinion justly preponderating for M. de Laplace, when the right is found to be without possible contradiction on his side."

A short time afterwards M. Nicollet had run away to

America, and the Bureau of Longitude had a warrant passed to expel him ignominiously from its bosom.

I would warn those savants who, having early entered the Academy, might be tempted to imitate my example, to expect nothing beyond the satisfaction of their conscience. I warn them, with a knowledge of the case, that gratitude will almost always be found wanting.

The elected Academician, whose merits you have sometimes exalted beyond measure, pretends that you have done no more than justice to him — that you have only fulfilled a duty, and that he therefore owes you no thanks.

Delambre died the 19th of August, 1822. After the necessary delay, they proceeded to fill his place. The situation of perpetual secretary is not one which can long be left vacant. The Academy named a commission to present it with candidates; it was composed of Messrs. de Laplace, Arago, Legendre, Rossel, Prony, and Lacroix. The list presented was composed of the names of Messrs. Biot, Fourier, and Arago. It is not necessary for me to say with what obstinacy I opposed the inscription of my name on this list; I was compelled to give way to the will of my colleagues, but I seized the first opportunity of declaring publicly that I had neither the expectation nor the wish to obtain a single vote; that, moreover, I had on my hands already as much work as I could get through; that in this respect M. Biot was in the same position; and that, in short, I should vote for the nomination of M. Fourier.

It was supposed, but I dare not flatter myself that it was the fact, that my declaration exercised a certain influence on the result of the ballot. The result was as follows: M. Fourier received thirty-eight votes, and M. Biot ten. In a case of this nature each man carefully conceals his vote, in order not to run the risk of future disagreement with him who may be invested with the authority which the Academy gives to the perpetual secretary. I do not know whether I shall be pardoned if I recount an incident which amused the Academy at the time.

M. de Laplace, at the moment of voting, took two plain pieces of paper; his neighbor was guilty of the indiscretion of looking, and saw distinctly that the illustrious geometer wrote the name of Fourier on both of them. After quietly folding them up, M. de Laplace put the papers into his hat, shook it, and said to this same curious neighbor: "You see I have written two papers; I am going to tear up one, I

shall put the other into the urn; I shall thus be myself ignorant for which of the candidates I have voted."

All went on as the celebrated Academician had said, only that every one knew with certainty that his vote had been for Fourier; and "the calculation of probabilities" was in no way necessary for arriving at this result.

After having fulfilled the duties of secretary with much distinction, but not without some feebleness and negligence in consequence of his bad health, Fourier died on the 16th of May, 1830. I declined several times the honor which the Academy appeared willing to do me, in naming me to succeed him. I believed, without false modesty, that I had not the qualities necessary to fill this important place suitably. When thirty-nine out of forty voters had appointed me, it was quite time that I should give in to an opinion so flattering and so plainly expressed. On the 7th of June, 1830, I, therefore, became perpetual secretary of the Academy for the Mathematical Sciences; but, conformably to the plea of an accumulation of offices, which I had used as an argument to support, in November, 1822, the election of M. Fourier, I declared that I should give in my resignation of the Professorship in the Polytechnic School. Neither the solicitations of Marshal Soult, the Minister of War, nor those of the most eminent members of the Academy, could avail in persuading me to renounce this resolution.



THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

By W. E. AYTOUN.

[1813-1865.]

Come listen to another song,
  Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
  And the luster to your eye;—
It is a song of olden time,
  Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
  As e'er wore sword on thigh!
    Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
      All of the olden time!

He kept his castle in the north,
  Hard by the thundering Spey;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
  All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
  Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
  Though exiled far away
    From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
      All of the olden time!

His father drew the righteous sword
  For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
  And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
  The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie Pass,
  With the glory of the Graemes;
    Like a true old Scottish cavalier
      All of the olden time!

He never owned the foreign rule,
  No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
  From foray and from raid;
And when they asked him for his oath,
  He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
  That bore the white cockade:
    Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
      All of the olden time!

At length the news ran through the land,—
  The Prince had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
  O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old baron rose in might,
  Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
  To Charlie and his men,
    With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
      All of the olden time!

He was the first that bent the knee
  When the Standard waved abroad,

He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;
And ever, in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until on bleak Culloden's heath
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!

O, never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true,—
The olden times have passed away
And weary are the new:
The fair white rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time!



CON CREGAN'S LEGACY.

By CHARLES LEVER.

(From "The Confessions of Con Cregan")

[CHARLES JAMES LEVER: Irish novelist; born at Dublin, August 31, 1806. He was educated for the medical profession, studying first at Trinity College and then on the Continent. After taking his degree at Gottingen, he practiced in Ireland, and at Brussels as physician to the British legation, and, on his resignation of that post, became editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*. Appointed vice consul at Spezia (1857), he was transferred to Triest (1867), and died there, June 1, 1872. Under the pseudonym of Cornelius O'Dowd he wrote articles on miscellaneous subjects for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and became celebrated as the author of humorous novels, chiefly descriptive of Irish life and character, such as "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "Tom Burke of Ours," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Con Cregan," "Arthur O'Leary," and "That Boy of Norcott's"]

WHEN we shall have become better acquainted, my worthy reader, there will be little necessity for my insisting upon a fact which, at this early stage of our intimacy, I deem it requisite to mention; namely, that my native modesty and bashfulness are only second to my veracity, and that while the latter quality in a manner compels me to lay an occasional

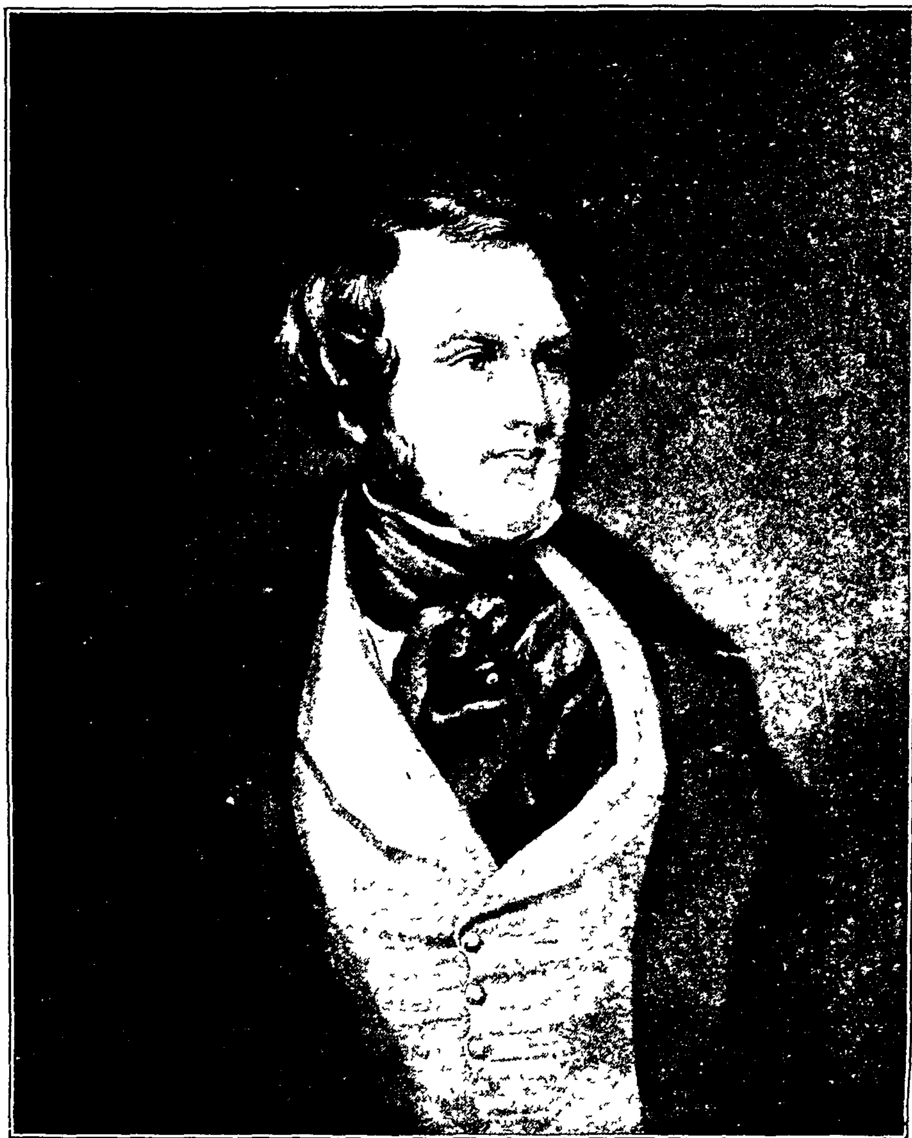
stress upon my own goodness of heart, generosity, candor, and so forth, I have, notwithstanding, never introduced the subject without a pang,—such a pang as only a sensitive and diffident nature can suffer or comprehend; there now, not another word of preface or apology!

I was born in a little cabin on the borders of Meath and King's County: it stood on a small triangular bit of ground, beside a crossroad; and although the place was surveyed every ten years or so, they were never able to say to which county we belonged, there being just the same number of arguments for one side as for the other—a circumstance, many believed, that decided my father in his original choice of the residence; for while, under the "disputed boundary question," he paid no rates or county cess, he always made a point of voting at both county elections! This may seem to indicate that my parent was of a naturally acute habit; and indeed the way he became possessed of the bit of ground will confirm that impression.

There was nobody of the rank of gentry in the parish, nor even "squireen"; the richest being a farmer, a snug old fellow, one Henry M'Cabe, that had two sons, who were always fighting between themselves which was to have the old man's money. Peter, the elder, doing everything to injure Mat, and Mat never backward in paying off the obligation. At last Mat, tired out in the struggle, resolved he would bear no more. He took leave of his father one night, and next day set off for Dublin, and 'listed in the "Buffs." Three weeks after, he sailed for India; and the old man, overwhelmed by grief, took to his bed, and never arose from it after.

Not that his death was any way sudden, for he lingered on for months longer; Peter always teasing him to make his will, and be revenged on "the dirty spalpeen" that disgraced the family: but old Harry as stoutly resisting, and declaring that whatever he owned should be fairly divided between them.

These disputes between them were well known in the neighborhood. Few of the country people passing the house at night but had overheard the old man's weak reedy voice, and Peter's deep hoarse one, in altercation. When, at last—it was on a Sunday night—all was still and quiet in the house; not a word, not a footstep, could be heard, no more than if it were uninhabited, the neighbors looked knowingly at each other, and wondered if the old man were worse—if he were dead!



CHARLES JAMES LEVER

It was a little after midnight that a knock came to the door of our cabin. I heard it first, for I used to sleep in a little snug basket near the fire; but I didn't speak, for I was frightened. It was repeated still louder, and then came a cry—"Con Cregan; Con, I say, open the door! I want you." I knew the voice well; it was Peter M'Cabe's; but I pretended to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last my father unbolted the door, and I heard him say, "Oh, Mr. Peter, what's the matter? is the ould man worse?"

"Faix that's what he is! for he's dead!"

"Glory be his bed! when did it happen?

"About an hour ago," said Peter, in a voice that even I from my corner could perceive was greatly agitated. "He died like an ould haythen, Con, and never made a will!"

"That's bad," says my father, for he was always a polite man, and said whatever was pleasing to the company.

"It is bad," said Peter; "but it would be worse if we couldn't help it. Listen to me now, Corny, I want ye to help me in this business; and here's five guineas in goold, if ye do what I bid ye. You know that ye were always reckoned the image of my father, and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week."

"Anan!" said my father; for he was getting frightened at the notion, without well knowing why.

"Well, what I want is, for ye to come over to the house, and get into the bed."

"Not beside the corpse?" said my father, trembling.

"By no means, but by yourself; and you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make yer will before ye die; and then I'll send for the neighbors, and Billy Scanlan the schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him what to write, laving all the farm and everything to me,—ye understand. And as the neighbors will see ye, and hear yer voice, it will never be believed but that it was himself that did it."

"The room must be very dark," says my father.

"To be sure it will, but have no fear! Nobody will dare to come nigh the bed; and ye'll only have to make a cross with yer pen under the name."

"And the priest?" said my father.

"My father quarreled with him last week about the Easter dues: and Father Tom said he'd not give him the 'rites': and that's lucky now! Come along now, quick, for we've

no time to lose: it must be all finished before the day breaks."

My father did not lose much time at his toilet, for he just wrapped his big coat 'round him, and slipping on his brogues, left the house. I sat up in the basket and listened till they were gone some minutes; and then, in a costume as light as my parent's, set out after them, to watch the course of the adventure. I thought to take a short cut, and be before them; but by bad luck I fell into a bog hole, and only escaped being drowned by a chance. As it was, when I reached the house, the performance had already begun.

I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little window with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the proceeding. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed, and beside it a table, with physic bottles, and spoons, and teacups; a little farther off was another table, at which sat Billy Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him. The country people sat two, sometimes three, deep round the walls, all intently eager and anxious for the coming event. Peter himself went from place to place, trying to smother his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whisky — which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of the deceit and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain solemnity. The misty distance of the half-lighted room; the highly wrought expression of the country people's faces, never more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind; the low, deep-drawn breathings, unbroken save by a sigh or a sob — the tribute of affectionate sorrow to some lost friend, whose memory was thus forcibly brought back: these, I repeat it, were all so real, that, as I looked, a thrilling sense of awe stole over me, and I actually shook with fear.

A low faint cough, from the dark corner where the bed stood, seemed to cause even a deeper stillness; and then in a silence where the buzzing of a fly would have been heard, my father said, "Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make my will!"

"He's here, father!" said Peter, taking Billy by the hand and leading him to the bedside.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick; for I haven't a long time afore me here. I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the 'rites'!"

A general chorus of muttered "Oh! musha, musha," was now heard through the room; but whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbors and all mankind!"

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son, Peter,—and never was there a better son, or a decenter boy!—have you that down? I bequeath unto my son, Peter, the whole of my two farms of Killimundoonery and Knocksheboora, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house, the forge, and the right of turf on the Dooran bog. I give him, and much good may it do him, Lanty Cassarn's acre, and the Luary field, with the limekiln; and that reminds me that my mouth is just as dry; let me taste what ye have in the jug." Here the dying man took a very hearty pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it. "Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he; "oh, I remember, at the limekiln; I leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the two potato gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant fine crops grows there."

"Ain't you gettin' wake, father, darlin'?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of my father's loquaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he; "I am getting wake; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah, Peter, Peter, you watered the drink!"

"No, indeed, father; but it's the taste is lavin' you," says Peter; and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the cabin.

"Well, I'm nearly done now," says my father: "there's only one little plot of ground remaining; and I put it on you, Peter,—as yé wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart I do now,—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening? Are the neighbors listening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, father. We're all minding," chorused the audience.

"Well, then, it's my last will and testament, and may—give me over the jug,"—here he took a long drink—"and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager

about this as every other part of my will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the crossroads to poor Con Cregan; for he has a heavy charge, and is as honest and as hard-working a man as ever I knew. Be a friend to him, Peter, dear; never let him want while ye have it yourself; think of me on my deathbed whenever he asks ye for any trifle. Is it down, Billy Scanlan? the two acres at the cross to Con Cregan, and his heirs *in secla seclorum.* Ah, blessed be the saints! but I feel my heart lighter after that," says he; "a good work makes an easy conscience; and now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns——"

What he was going to add, there's no saying; but Peter, who was now terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people away into another room, to let his father die in peace.

When they were all gone, Peter slipped back to my father, who was putting on his brogues in a corner: "Con," says he, "ye did it all well; but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross."

"Of course it was, Peter," says he; "sure it was all a joke for the matter of that: won't I make the neighbors laugh hearty to-morrow when I tell them all about it!"

"You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me?" says Peter, trembling with fright.

"Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against yer father's dying words?" says my father; "the last sentence ever he spoke;" and here he gave a low wicked laugh, that made myself shake with fear.

"Very well, Con!" says Peter, holding out his hand; "a bargain's a bargain; yer a deep fellow, that's all!" and so it ended; and my father slipped quietly home over the bog, mighty well satisfied with the legacy he left himself.

And thus we became the owners of the little spot known to this day as Con's Acre; of which, more hereafter.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.[1]

By A. W. Kingslake

(From "Eothen")

[Alexander William Kingslake: An English historian; born at Taunton, Devonshire, August 5, 1809, died in London, January 2, 1891. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge University; was called to the bar in 1837; served in the English army at Algiers in 1845 and during the Crimean War in 1854; and was a member of Parliament for Bridgewater. 1857–1869. His first work, "Eothen, or Traces of Travel brought Home from the East," was published anonymously in 1844 and was immediately successful, reaching its fifth edition in 1846 His greatest work was "The Invasion of the Crimea, its Origin and an Account of its Progress" (8 vols., 1863–1887)]

Beyrout on its land side is hemmed in by the Druses, who occupy all the neighboring highlands.

Often enough I saw the ghostly images of the women with their exalted horns stalking through the streets, and I saw too in traveling the affrighted groups of the mountaineers as they fled before me, under the fear that my party might be a company of income-tax commissioners, or a press gang enforcing the conscription for Mehemet Ali; but nearly all my knowledge of the people, except in regard of their mere costume and outward appearance, is drawn from books and dispatches, to which I have the honor to refer you.

I received hospitable welcome at Beyrout from the Europeans, as well as from the Syrian Christians, and I soon discovered that their standing topic of interest was the Lady Hester Stanhope, who lived in an old convent on the Lebanon range. at the distance of about a day's journey from the town. The lady's habit of refusing to see Europeans added the charm of mystery to a character which, even without that aid, was sufficiently distinguished to command attention.

Many years of Lady Hester's early womanhood had been passed with Lady Chatham at Burton Pynsent, and during that inglorious period of the heroine's life, her commanding character, and (as they would have called it in the language of those days) her "condescending kindness" towards my mother's family, had increased in them those strong feelings of respect and attachment which her rank and station alone would have easily won from people of the middle class. You may suppose how deeply the quiet women in Somersetshire

[1] By permission of W Blackwood & Sons (Crown 8vo, price 3s 6d.)

must have been interested, when they slowly learned by vague and uncertain tidings that the intrepid girl who had been used to break their vicious horses for them was reigning in sovereignty over the wandering tribes of Western Asia! I know that her name was made almost as familiar to me in my childhood as the name of Robinson Crusoe; both were associated with the spirit of adventure, but whilst the imagined life of the castaway mariner never failed to seem glaringly real, the true story of the Englishwoman ruling over Arabs always sounded to me like fable. I never had heard, nor indeed, I believe, had the rest of the world ever heard, anything like a certain account of the heroine's adventures; all I knew was that in one of the drawers which were the delight of my childhood, along with attar of roses and fragrant wonders from Hindostan, there were letters carefully treasured, and trifling presents which I was taught to think valuable because they had come from the Queen of the Desert, who dwelt in tents, and reigned over wandering Arabs.

The subject, however, died away, and from the ending of my childhood up to the period of my arrival in the Levant, I had seldom ever heard a mentioning of the Lady Hester Stanhope, but now wherever I went I was met by the name so familiar in sound, and yet so full of mystery, from the vague, fairy-tale sort of idea which it brought to my mind; I heard it too connected with fresh wonders, for it was said that the woman was now acknowledged as an inspired being by the people of the mountains, and it was even hinted with horror that she claimed to be *more than a prophet.*

I felt at once that my mother would be sadly sorry to hear that I had been within a day's ride of her early friend without offering to see her, and I therefore dispatched a letter to the recluse, mentioning the maiden name of my mother (whose marriage was subsequent to Lady Hester's departure), and saying that if there existed on the part of her Ladyship any wish to hear of her old Somersetshire acquaintance, I should make a point of visiting her. My letter was sent by a foot messenger who was to take an unlimited time for his journey, so that it was not, I think, until either the third or the fourth day that the answer arrived. A couple of horsemen covered with mud suddenly dashed into the little court of the "Locanda" in which I was staying, bearing themselves as ostentatiously as though they were carrying a cartel from the

Devil to the Angel Michael. One of these (the other being his attendant) was an Italian by birth (though now completely orientalized), who lived in my Lady's establishment as doctor nominally, but practically as an upper servant; he presented me a very kind and appropriate letter of invitation.

It happened that I was rather unwell at this time, so that I named a more distant day for my visit than I should otherwise have done, and after all, I did not start at the time fixed. Whilst still remaining at Beyrout I received this letter, which certainly betrays no symptom of the pretensions to divine power which were popularly attributed to the writer:—

Sir,—I hope I shall be disappointed in seeing you on Wednesday, for the late rains have rendered the river Damoor, if not dangerous, at least very unpleasant to pass for a person who has been lately indisposed, for, if the animal swims, you would be immerged in the waters. The weather will probably change after the 21st of the moon, and after a couple of days the roads and the river will be passable; therefore I shall expect you either Saturday or Monday.

It will be a great satisfaction to me to have an opportunity of inquiring after your mother, who was a sweet, lovely girl when I knew her. Believe me, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

Hester Lucy Stanhope.

Early one morning I started from Beyrout. There are no regularly established relays of horses in Syria, at least not in the line which I took, and you therefore hire your cattle for the whole journey, or at all events for your journey to some large town. Under these circumstances you have no occasion for a Tartar (whose principal utility consists in his power to compel the supply of horses). In other respects the mode of traveling through Syria differs very little from that which I have described as prevailing in Turkey. I hired my horses and mules (for I had some of both) for the whole of the journey from Beyrout to Jerusalem. The owner of the beasts (who had a couple of fellows under him) was the most dignified member of my party; he was, indeed, a magnificent old man, and was called Shereef, or "holy,"—a title of honor, which, with the privilege of wearing the green turban, he well deserved, not only from the blood of the Prophet that glowed in his veins, but from the well-known sanctity of his life, and the length of his blessed beard.

Mysseri, of course, still traveled with me, but the Arabic was not one of the seven languages which he spoke so perfectly, and I was, therefore, obliged to hire another interpreter. I had no difficulty in finding a proper man for the purpose—one Demetrius,—or, as he was always called, Dthemetri, a native of Zante, who had been tossed about by fortune in all directions. He spoke the Arabic very well, and communicated with me in Italian. The man was a very zealous member of the Greek Church. He had been a tailor. He was as ugly as the devil, having a thoroughly Tartar countenance, which expressed the agony of his body, or mind, as the case might be, in the most ludicrous manner imaginable. He embellished the natural caricature of his person by suspending about his neck and shoulders and waist quantities of little bundles and parcels which he thought too valuable to be intrusted to the jerking of pack saddles. The mule that fell to his lot on this journey, every now and then forgetting that his rider was a saint, and remembering that he was a tailor, took a quiet roll upon the ground, and stretched his limbs calmly and lazily, like a good man awaiting a sermon. Dthemetri never got seriously hurt, but the subversion and dislocation of his bundles made him for the moment a sad spectacle of ruin, and when he regained his legs his wrath with the mule became very amusing. He always addressed the beast in language which implied that he, as a Christian and saint, had been personally insulted and oppressed by a Mahometan mule. Dthemetri, however, on the whole proved to be a most able and capital servant. I suspected him of now and then leading me out of my way in order that he might have the opportunity of visiting the shrine of a saint, and on one occasion, as you will see by and by, he was induced by religious motives to commit a gross breach of duty; but putting these pious faults out of the question (and they were faults of the right side), he was always faithful and true to me.

I left Saïde (the Sidon of ancient times) on my right, and about an hour, I think, before sunset began to ascend one of the many low hills of Lebanon. On the summit before me was a broad, gray mass of irregular building, which, from its position as well as from the gloomy blankness of its walls, gave the idea of a neglected fortress. It had, in fact, been a convent of great size, and, like most of the religious houses in this part of the world, had been made strong enough for opposing an inert resistance to any mere casual band of assailants who might be

unprovided with regular means of attack. This was the dwelling place of the Chatham's fiery granddaughter.

The aspect of the first court which I entered was such as to keep one in the idea of having to do with a fortress rather than a mere peaceable dwelling place. A number of fierce-looking and ill-clad Albanian soldiers were hanging about the place, and striving to bear the curse of tranquillity as well as they could; two or three of them, I think, were smoking their *tchibouques*, but the rest of them were lying torpidly upon the flat stones like the bodies of departed brigands. I rode on to an inner part of the building and at last, quitting my horses, was conducted through a doorway that led me at once from an open court into an apartment on the ground floor. As I entered, an Oriental figure in male costume approached me from the farther end of the room with many and profound bows, but the growing shades of evening prevented me from distinguishing the features of the personage who was receiving me with this solemn welcome. I had always, however, understood that Lady Hester Stanhope wore the male attire, and I began to utter in English the common civilities that seemed to be proper on the commencement of a visit by an uninspired mortal to a renowned Prophetess; but the figure which I addressed only bowed so much the more, prostrating itself almost to the ground, but speaking to me never a word. I feebly strove not to be outdone in gestures of respect, but presently my bowing opponent saw the error under which I was acting, and suddenly convinced me that at all events I was not *yet* in the presence of a superhuman being, by declaring that he was not "Miladi," but was in fact nothing more or less godlike than the poor doctor, who had brought his mistress' letter to Beyrout.

Her Ladyship, in the right spirit of hospitality, now sent, and commanded me to repose for a while after the fatigues of my journey, and to dine.

The cuisine was of the Oriental kind, which is highly artificial, and I thought it very good. I rejoiced, too, in the wine of the Lebanon.

Soon after the ending of the dinner, the doctor arrived with Miladi's compliments, and an intimation that she would be happy to receive me if I were so disposed. It had now grown dark, and the rain was falling heavily, so that I got rather wet in following my guide through the open courts that I had to

pass in order to reach the presence chamber. At last I was ushered into a small apartment, which was protected from the drafts of air passing through the doorway by a folding screen; passing this, I came alongside of a common European sofa, where sat the Lady Prophetess. She rose from her seat very formally — spoke to me a few words of welcome, pointed to a chair which was placed exactly opposite to her sofa, at a couple of yards' distance, and remained standing up to the full of her majestic height, perfectly still and motionless, until I had taken my appointed place. She then resumed her seat, not packing herself up according to the mode of the Orientals, but allowing her feet to rest on the floor or the footstool; at the moment of seating herself she covered her lap with a mass of loose white drapery, which she held in her hand. It occurred to me at the time that she did this in order to avoid the awkwardness of sitting in manifest trousers under the eye of a European, but I can hardly fancy now that, with her willful nature, she would have brooked such a compromise as this.

The woman before me had exactly the person of a prophetess — not, indeed, of the divine sibyl imagined by Domenichino, so sweetly distracted betwixt love and mystery, but of a good businesslike practical prophetess, long used to the exercise of her sacred calling. I have been told by those who knew Lady Hester Stanhope in her youth, that any notion of a resemblance betwixt her and the great Chatham must have been fanciful, but at the time of my seeing her, the large commanding features of the gaunt woman, then sixty years old or more, certainly reminded me of the statesman that lay dying in the House of Lords, according to Copley's picture. Her face was of the most astonishing whiteness. She wore a very large turban, which seemed to be of pale cashmere shawls, so disposed as to conceal the hair; her dress, from the chin down to the point at which it was concealed by the drapery which she held over her lap, was a mass of white linen loosely folding — an ecclesiastical sort of affair, — more like a surplice than any of those blessed creations which our souls love under the names of "dress," and "frock," and "bodice," and "collar," and "habit shirt," and sweet "chemisette."

Such was the outward seeming of the personage that sat before me, and indeed she was almost bound by the fame of her actual achievements, as well as by her sublime pretensions, to look a little differently from the rest of womankind. There had

been something of grandeur in her career. After the death of Lady Chatham, which happened in 1803, she lived under the roof of her uncle, the second Pitt, and when he resumed the government in 1804, she became the dispenser of much patronage, and sole Secretary of State for the department of Treasury banquets. Not having seen the lady until late in her life, when she was fired with spiritual ambition, I can hardly fancy that she could have performed her political duties in the saloons of the minister with much of feminine sweetness and patience. I am told, however, that she managed matters very well indeed; perhaps it was better for the lofty-minded leader of the House to have his reception rooms guarded by this stately creature, than by a merely clever and managing woman; it was fitting that the wholesome awe with which he filled the minds of the country gentlemen should be aggravated by the presence of his majestic niece. But the end was approaching. The sun of Austerlitz showed the Czar madly sliding his splendid army like a weaver's shuttle, from his right hand to his left, under the very eyes — the deep, gray, watchful eyes of Napoleon; before night came the coalition was a vain thing — meet for history, and the heart of its great author was crushed with grief when the terrible tidings came to his ears. In the bitterness of his despair he cried out to his niece, and bade her "ROLL UP THE MAP OF EUROPE." There was a little more of suffering, and at last, with his swollen tongue (so they say) still muttering something for England, he died by the noblest of all sorrows.

Lady Hester, meeting the calamity in her own fierce way, seems to have scorned the poor island that had not enough of God's grace to keep the "heaven-sent" minister alive. I can hardly tell why it should be, but there is a longing for the East very commonly felt by proud-hearted people when goaded by sorrow. Lady Hester Stanhope obeyed this impulse. For some time, I believe, she was at Constantinople, where her magnificence, and near alliance to the late minister, gained her great influence. Afterwards she passed into Syria. The people of that country, excited by the achievements of Sir Sydney Smith, had begun to imagine the possibility of their land being occupied by the English, and many of them looked upon Lady Hester as a princess who came to prepare the way for the expected conquest.

A couple of black slave girls came at a signal, and supplied

their mistress, as well as myself, with lighted *tchibouques* and coffee.

The custom of the East sanctions, and almost commands, some moments of silence whilst you are inhaling the first few breaths of the fragrant pipe. The pause was broken, I think, by my Lady, who addressed to me some inquiries respecting my mother, and particularly as to her marriage; but before I had communicated any great amount of family facts, the spirit of the Prophetess kindled within her, and presently (though with all the skill of a woman of the world) she shuffled away the subject of poor dear Somersetshire, and bounded onward into loftier spheres of thought.

My old acquaintance with some of "the twelve" enabled me to bear my part (of course a very humble one) in a conversation relative to occult science. Milnes once spread a report that every gang of gypsies was found upon inquiry to have come last from a place to the westward, and to be about to make the next move in an eastern direction; either therefore they were to be all gathered together towards the rising of the sun, by the mysterious finger of Providence, or else they were to revolve round the globe forever and ever. Both of these suppositions were highly gratifying, because they were both marvelous, and though the story on which they were founded plainly sprang from the inventive brain of a poet, no one had ever been so odiously statistical as to attempt a contradiction of it. I now mentioned the story as a report to Lady Hester Stanhope, and asked her if it were true. I could not have touched upon any imaginable subject more deeply interesting to my hearer — more closely akin to her habitual train of thinking. She immediately threw off all the restraint belonging to an interview with a stranger; and when she had received a few more similar proofs of my aptness for the marvelous, she went so far as to say that she would adopt me as her *élève* in occult science.

For hours and hours, this wondrous white woman poured forth her speech, for the most part concerning sacred and profane mysteries. But every now and then she would stay her lofty flight, and swoop down upon the world again. Whenever this happened, I was interested in her conversation.

She adverted more than once to the period of her lost sway amongst the Arabs, and mentioned some of the circumstances

that aided her in obtaining influence with the wandering tribes. The Bedouin, so often engaged in irregular warfare, strains his eyes to the horizon in search of a coming enemy, just as habitually as the sailor keeps his "bright lookout" for a strange sail. In the absence of telescopes, a far-reaching sight is highly valued, and Lady Hester possessed this quality to an extraordinary degree. She told me that on one occasion, when there was good reason to expect a hostile attack, great excitement was felt in the camp by the report of a far-seeing Arab, who declared that he could just distinguish some moving objects upon the very farthest point within the reach of his eyes. Lady Hester was consulted, and she instantly assured her comrades in arms that there weie indeed a number of horses within sight, but that they were without riders. The assertion proved to be correct, and from that time forth her superiority over all others in respect of far sight remained undisputed.

Lady Hester related to me this other anecdote of her Arab life. It was when the heroic qualities of the Englishwoman were just beginning to be felt amongst the people of the desert, that she was marching one day, along with the forces of the tribe to which she had allied herself. She perceived that preparations for an engagement were going on, and upon her making inquiry as to the cause, the Sheik at first affected mystery and concealment, but at last confessed that war had been declared against his tribe on account of its alliance with the English princess, and that they were now unfortunately about to be attacked by a very superior force. He made it appear that Lady Hester was the sole cause of hostility betwixt his tribe and the impending enemy, and that his sacred duty of protecting the Englishwoman whom he had admitted as his guest was the only obstacle which prevented an amicable arrangement of the dispute. The Sheik hinted that his tribe was likely to sustain an almost overwhelming blow, but at the same time declared that no fear of the consequences, however terrible to him and his whole people, should induce him to dream of abandoning his illustrious guest. The heroine instantly took her part: it was not for her to be a source of danger to her friends, but rather to her enemies; so she resolved to turn away from the people, and trust for help to none, save only her haughty self. The Sheiks affected to dissuade her from so rash a course, and fairly told her that although they (having been freed from her presence) would be able to make good

terms for themselves, yet that there was no means of allaying the hostility felt towards her, and that the whole face of the desert would be swept by the horsemen of her enemies so carefully as to make her escape into other districts almost impossible. The brave woman was not to be moved by terrors of this kind, and bidding farewell to the tribe which had honored and protected her, she turned her horse's head and rode straight away from them, without friend or follower. Hours had elapsed, and for some time she had been alone in the center of the round horizon, when her quick eye perceived some horsemen in the distance. The party came nearer and nearer; soon it was plain that they were making towards her, and presently some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, galloped up to her, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life at the instant with their pointed spears. Her face at the time was covered with the *yashmack*, according to Eastern usage, but at the moment when the foremost of the horsemen had all but reached her with their spears, she stood up in her stirrups — withdrew the *yashmack* that veiled the terrors of her countenance — waved her arm slowly and disdainfully, and cried out with a loud voice, "Avaunt!" The horsemen recoiled from her glance, but not in terror. The threatening yells of the assailants were suddenly changed for loud shouts of joy and admiration at the bravery of the stately Englishwoman, and festive gunshots were fired on all sides around her honored head. The truth was that the party belonged to the tribe with which she had allied herself, and that the threatened attack, as well as the pretended apprehension of an engagement, had been contrived for the mere purpose of testing her courage. The day ended in a great feast prepared to do honor to the heroine, and from that time her power over the minds of the people grew rapidly. Lady Hester related this story with great spirit, and I recollect that she put up her *yashmack* for a moment, in order to give me a better idea of the effect which she produced by suddenly revealing the awfulness of her countenance.

Speaking of Ibrahim Pasha, Lady Hester said that he was a bold, bad man, and was possessed of some of those common and wicked magical arts upon which she looked down with so much contempt; she said, for instance, that Ibrahim's life was charmed against balls and steel, and that after a battle he loosened the folds of his shawl and shook out the bullets like dust.

Lady Hester told me that since her residence at Djoun she had been attacked by a terrible illness, which rendered her for a long time perfectly helpless; all her attendants fled and left her to perish. Whilst she lay thus alone and quite unable to rise, robbers came and carried away her property. She told me that they actually unroofed a great part of the building, and employed engines with pulleys for the purpose of hoisting out such of her valuables as were too bulky to pass through doors. It would seem that before this catastrophe Lady Hester had been rich in the possession of Eastern luxuries, for she told me that when the chiefs of the Ottoman force took refuge with her after the fall of Acre they brought their wives also in great numbers. To all of these Lady Hester, as she said, presented magnificent dresses, but her generosity occasioned strife only instead of gratitude: for every woman who fancied her present less splendid than that of another with equal or less pretension became absolutely furious. All these audacious guests had now been got rid of, but the Albanian soldiers, who had taken refuge with Lady Hester at the same time, still remained under her protection.

In truth, this half-ruined convent, guarded by the proud heart of an English gentlewoman, was the only spot throughout all Syria and Palestine in which the will of Mehemet Ali and his fierce lieutenant was not the law. More than once had the Pasha of Egypt commanded that Ibrahim should have the Albanians delivered up to him, but this white woman of the mountain (grown classical, not by books, but by very pride) answered only with a disdainful invitation to "come and take them." Whether it was that Ibrahim was acted upon by any superstitious dread of interfering with the Prophetess (a notion not at all incompatible with his character as an able Oriental commander), or that he feared the ridicule of putting himself in collision with a gentlewoman, he certainly never ventured to attack the sanctuary, and so long as the Chatham's granddaughter breathed a breath of life, there was always this one hillock, and that, too, in the midst of a most populous district, which stood out and kept its freedom. Mehemet Ali used to say, I am told, that the Englishwoman had given him more trouble than all the insurgent people of Syria and Palestine.

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG.[1]

By ESAIAS TEGNER.

(From "Frithiof's Saga": translated by Leopold Hamel)

[ESAIAS TEGNER, regarded as the chief of Swedish poets, was born at Kyrkerud in Wermland, November 13, 1782. He entered the University of Lund; held a Greek professorship in that institution for twelve years; and in 1824 was elected bishop of Wexio, where he died November 2, 1846. In 1825 appeared in its complete form the cycle of romances, based upon the old Norse saga of the same name, "Frithiof's Saga," his masterpiece and one of the most famous works in Scandinavian literature. It has been repeatedly translated into English. Tegner also wrote "Axel," "Svea," and "The Children of the Lord's Supper," an idyll, translated by Longfellow.]

IN Hilding's manor, broad and fair,
Two graceful plants were fostered there;
There bloomed beneath the Northern shadow,
No statelier buds on verdant meadow.

Straight as a lance, firm as a rock,
Upshot the one, a sapling oak,
Whose crown in mid air is trembling,
Its archèd brow a helm resembling.

The other bloomed a tender rose,
By winter held in sweet repose,
Which, as the Spring dispels earth's sadness,
Awakes to beauty and to gladness.

When tempests on the earth appear,
The oak the combat does not fear;
When Spring sun glows, and sing the thrushes,
The rose then opes her lip and blushes.

Thus they grew up, in fresh fields free,
Young Frithiof was the strong young tree;
The rose, the valley's green adorning,
Was Ing'borg named, fair as the morning.

Didst see them in the sun's bright ray,
Thou'dst think thyself 'neath Freyâ's sway,
Where couples dance in bridal dresses,
With rosy wings and golden tresses.

Didst see them trip, at moonlight's sheen,
Beneath the forest's fragrant green,

[1] By permission of Mr. David Nutt. (Price 3s.)



ESAIAS TEGNER

By permission of F Bruckmann, Munich

Thou'dst think the silver beams were glancing,
On Elfin king and queen there dancing.

With love of lore his heart throbbed fast,
When he his runes had learned at last,
And, all their mystic import gleaning,
To Ing'borg taught their hidden meaning.

How happy in his little boat,
They o'er the clear blue billows float!
How winsome when, in stormy weather,
Her wee white hands are clasped together!

No bird's nest was for him too high,
For *her* would he all risk defy;
The eagle, who with clouds is wrestling,
Is robbed by him of eggs and nestling.

There was no stream however swift,
O'er which he did not Ing'borg lift;
And where tumultuous it was ringing,
Her soft white arms were round him clinging.

The first sweet flower his garden yields,
The first red berry of the fields,
The first gold ear in ripened beauty,
He brought to her, in bounden duty.

But childhood passes swiftly on,
Soon to a youth the boy has grown,
His sparkling eye is love demanding —
The maid is full-blown beauty standing.

Young Frithiof now on hunting bent,
When others blanched, he boldly went
To darksome cave, with courage peerless,
To seek the bear, unarmed and fearless.

There, breast to breast, with hug and strain,
The savage monster strives in vain;
Returned, with shaggy booty laden —
How happy then the blushing maiden!

Man's courage, woman e'er esteems;
To beauty strength most worthy seems;
The fair should to the strong be clinging,
As helm to brow, when swords are swinging.

But when at winter's eve there shed
The hearth its ruddy glow, he read
Songs with Walhalla's glories swelling,
Where gods and goddesses are dwelling.

Then sang he: "Freyâ's hair is gold,
A wavy field of sheaves untold;
My Ing'borg's hair, like hers, is shining,
Bright gold round rose and lily twining.

"Iduna's breast, like snowy down,
Heaves chaste beneath her silken gown;
I know a silk 'neath which are hiding
Two elfins gay, 'midst rosebuds gliding.

"And clear and blue is Frigga's eye,
Reflecting heaven's purest sky;
I know two eyes whose lustrous powers
Spring sky obscure at midday hours.

"Are Gerda's cheeks alone so white?
Like new-fallen snow 'neath northern light?
I know two cheeks with bloom, adorning,
Like roseate blush, the early morning.

"A heart I know as tender framed
As Nanna's, though not quite so famed,
Nanna, the theme of every Skalder,
In songs of praise, with thee, O Baldur.

"Ah! that, like thee, I could find death,
Bewailed by a true maiden's breath:
Like Nanna's, faithful, true, and tender,
To Hel' would gladly I surrender."

The royal maid wrought at her frame,
And sang of heroes and of fame;
Brave deeds the 'broidery is showing,
Round verdant groves blue waves are flowing.

And deftly in the woolly snow,
Gold-woven shields in splendor grow;
Red lances are in combat flying,
On fields of green the armor lying.

And more and more like Frithiof stands
The hero worked by nimble hands;

Her blushing cheek the truth confesses —
The pliant wool *his* deeds expresses.

And every birch within the grove,
With F and I told Frithiof's love;
The runes in joy and glee are meeting,
Like two young hearts together beating.

Soon as the Day King's fiery blaze
Tinges with gold the rising haze;
When life is stirring, men are moving,
They think but of each other, loving.

And when through clouds, hid in the night,
World Queen appears in silvery light;
When through the stillness stars are gleaming,
They of each other's love are dreaming.

*"Thou emerald earth! in fresh array,
Decked is thy hair with flowers gay,
Give me the freshest, perfume breathing,
My Frithiof's hair shall they be wreathing!"*

*"Thou sea! beneath whose deep blue wave
A thousand pearls their beauty lave,
Of thee I am the rarest asking —
On Ing'borg's breast they shall lie basking!"*

*"Thou orb of Odin's kingly hall!
Eye of the day, thou flaming ball!
Wert mine, shouldst serve, thou burnished dial,
As Frithiof's shield, without denial!"*

*"Thou orb, high in Allfader's hall,
Thou clear pale moon, thou silvery ball!
Wert mine, thou shouldst adorn, oh, pleasure!
My lovely maid, my choicest treasure!"*

*But Hilding warned: "Set not thy heart
Upon this love, ye two must part;
Unequally the Norns are laden,
King Bele's daughter is thy maiden.*

*"To Odin e'en, his star-speed done,
Does Bele's lineage [illegible] -wards roam;
Thou, Thorsten's [illegible] -ander,
Thine ne'er can [illegible] tender."*

But Frithiof laughs: "My line I sped
Down to the valley of the dead;
When I the forest king was taming,
My lineage with his fur was claiming.

"No freeborn man to fate will yield,
To him belongs the world's wide field;
Fortune succeeds where fate is frowning,
Hope is with victory courage crowning!

"Nobility is valor's claim,
On high to Thrudwang reaches fame;
For prowess only Thor is caring, —
The sword is suitor for the daring.

"For her I dare to combat fly,
And e'en with Thor my prowess try;
In joy bloom safe, my lily ever,
Woe him who dares us two to sever!"



THE WEAKNESS, UNREST, AND DEFECTS OF MAN.

By BLAISE PASCAL.

(From the "Thoughts.")

[BLAISE PASCAL: French mathematician and philosopher, was born at Clermont-Ferrand, in Auvergne, June 19, 1623. In early youth he showed a decided inclination for mathematics, and so rapid was his advance that at sixteen he wrote a treatise on conic sections that astonished Descartes, invented a calculating machine before he was twenty, and made brilliant discoveries concerning hydrostatics, pneumatics, etc. About 1649, however, he was seized with religious fervor, renounced his scientific pursuits, and joined the Jansenist community of Port Royal, where he devoted himself to theological studies and the practice of asceticism. Never in robust health, he broke down under the strain of long vigils and severe discipline, and finally died, a physical and mental wreck, at Paris, August 19, 1662. His chief works are the "Provincial Letters," a caustic satire on the Jesuits, and the so-called "Pensées," fragmentary materials of a projected "Apology of the Catholic Religion."]

WE care nothing for the present. We anticipate the future as too slow in coming, as if we could make it move faster; or we call back the past, to stop its rapid flight. So imprudent are we that we wander through the times in which we have no part, unthinking of that which alone is ours; so frivolous are we that we dream of the days which are not, and pass by with-

out reflection those which alone exist. For the present generally gives us pain; we conceal it from our sight because it afflicts us, and if it be pleasant we regret to see it vanish away. We endeavor to sustain the present by the future, and think of arranging things not in our power, for a time at which we have no certainty of arriving.

If we examine our thoughts, we shall find them always occupied with the past or the future. We scarcely think of the present, and if we do so, it is only that we may borrow light from it to direct the future. The present is never our end; the past and the present are our means, the future alone is our end. Thus we never live, but hope to live, and while we always lay ourselves out to be happy, it is inevitable that we can never be so.

We are so unhappy that we cannot take pleasure in a thing save on condition of being troubled if it turn out ill, as a thousand things may do, and do every hour. He who should find the secret of rejoicing in good without being troubled at its contrary evil, would have hit the mark. It is perpetual motion.

Our nature exists by motion; perfect rest is death.

When we are well we wonder how we should get on if we were sick, but when sickness comes we take our medicine cheerfully — into that the evil resolves itself. We have no longer those passions, and that desire for amusement and gadding abroad, which were ours in health but are now incompatible with the necessities of our disease. So then nature gives us passions and desires in accordance with the immediate situation. Nothing troubles us but fears, which we, and not nature, make for ourselves, because fear adds to the condition in which we are the passions of the condition in which we are not.

Since nature makes us always unhappy in every condition, our desires paint for us a happy condition, joining to that in which we are the pleasures of the condition in which we are not; and were we to gain these pleasures we should not therefore be happy, because we should have other desires conformable to this new estate.

The example of Alexander's chastity has not made so many continent as that of his drunkenness has made intemperate. It is not shameful to be less virtuous than he, and it seems excusable to be no more vicious. We do not think ourselves

wholly partakers in the vices of ordinary men, when we see that we share those of the great, not considering that in such matters the great are but ordinary men. We hold on to them by the same end by which they hold on to the people, for at whatsoever height they be, they are yet united at some point to the lowest of mankind. They are not suspended in the air, abstracted from our society. No, doubly no; if they are greater than we, it is because their heads are higher; but their feet are as low as ours. There all are on the same level, resting on the same earth, and by the lower extremity are as low as we are, as the meanest men, as children, and the brutes.

Great men and little have the same accidents, the same tempers, the same passions, but one is on the felloe of the wheel, the other near the axle, and so less agitated by the same revolutions.

Man is full of wants, and cares only for those who can satisfy them all. "Such an one is a good mathematician," it is said. But I have nothing to do with mathematics, he would take me for a proposition. "This other is a good soldier." He would treat me as a besieged city. I need then an honorable man who can lend himself generally to all my wants.

We are fools if we rest content with the society of those like ourselves; miserable as we are, powerless as we are, they will not aid us, we shall die alone. We ought therefore to act as though we were alone, and should we in that case build superb mansions, etc.? We should search for truth unhesitatingly, and if we refuse it, we show that we value the esteem of men more than the search for truth.

The last act is tragic, how pleasantly soever the play may have run through the others. At the end a little earth is flung on our head, and all is over forever.

I feel that I might not have been, for the "I" consists in my thought; therefore I, who think, had not been had my mother been killed before I had life. So I am not a necessary being. Neither am I eternal nor infinite, but I see plainly there is in nature a necessary being, eternal and infinite.

Excessive or deficient mental powers are alike accused of madness. Nothing is good but mediocrity. The majority has settled that, and assails whoever escapes it, no matter by which

extreme. I make no objection, would willingly consent to be in the mean, and I refuse to be placed at the lower end, not because it is low, but because it is an extreme, for I would equally refuse to be placed at the top. To leave the mean is to leave humanity. The greatness of the human soul consists in knowing how to keep the mean. So little is it the case that greatness consists in leaving it, that it lies in not leaving it.

Discourses on humility give occasion for pride to the boastful, and for humility to the humble. Those on skepticism give occasion for believers to affirm. Few men speak humbly of humility, chastely of chastity, few of skepticism doubtingly. We are but falsehood, duplicity, and contradiction, using even to ourselves concealment and guile.

The intellect believes naturally, and the will loves naturally, so that for lack of true objects, they must needs attach themselves to the false.

We cannot think of Plato and Aristotle, save in professorial robes. They were honest men like others, laughing with their friends, and when they amused themselves with writing the "Laws or the Politics," they did it as a pastime. That part of their life was the least philosophic and the least serious; the most philosophic was to live simply and quietly. If they wrote on politics it was as though they were laying down rules for a madhouse, and if they made as though they were speaking of a great matter, it was because they knew that the madmen to whom they spoke fancied themselves kings and emperors. They entered into their views in order to make their folly as little harmful as possible.

We never teach men to be gentlemen, but we teach them everything else, and they never pique themselves so much on all the rest as on knowing how to be gentlemen. They pique themselves only on knowing the one thing they have not learnt.

Time heals all pain and misunderstanding, because we change and are no longer the same persons. Neither the offender nor the offended are any more themselves. It is like a nation which we have angered and meet again after two generations. They are Frenchmen still, but not the same.

Malignity when it has reason on its side becomes proud, and displays reason in all its splendor.

If we would reprove with success, and show another his mistake, we must see from what side he views the matter, for on that side it is generally true, and admitting that truth, show him the side on which it is false. He will be satisfied, for he will see that he was not mistaken, only that he did not see all sides. Now, no one is vexed at not seeing everything. But we do not like to be mistaken, and that perhaps arises from the fact that man by nature cannot see everything, and that by nature he cannot be mistaken in the side he looks at, since what we apprehend by our senses is always true.

The knowledge of external things will not console me for my ignorance of ethics in time of affliction, but the science of morals will always console me for my ignorance of external knowledge.



VAN ARTEVELDE AND HIS COMPANIONS.

By Sir HENRY TAYLOR

[Sir Henry Taylor: An English playwright and writer of essays; born in the early part of the first decade of the nineteenth century at Bishop Middleham, Durham, Eng. He was knighted in 1869 and died in 1886. He wrote "Isaac Comnenus: a Play" (1827), "Philip Van Artevelde: a Dramatic Romance" (1834), "The Statesman" (1836), "The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems" (1847), "Notes from Books" (1849), "The Virgin Widow" (1850), "St. Clement's Eve: a Play" (1862). He also published an autobiography, in 1885, which is a valuable work, chiefly consisting of studies of the characters of prominent Englishmen of recent years.]

Scene: The Exterior of the Stadt House. Two external flights of stone stairs meet in a landing place, or platform, midway in the front of the building and level with the first floor. On this platform appear Sir Guisebert Grutt, *with the aldermen of sundry guilds, and the deans of the several crafts of butchers, fishermen, glaziers, and cordwainers. Also* Van Artevelde, Van den Bosch, Frans Ackerman, Van Nuitre, *and others of their party.* Sir Guisebert Grutt *descends some steps, and meets* Sir Simon Bette *as he is coming up from the street.*

Sir Guisebert Grutt [*aside to* Sir Simon Bette] —
God's life, Sir! where is Occo?

Sir Simon Bette — Sick, sick, sick.
He has sent word he's sick, and cannot come.

Sir Guisebert Grutt —
Pray God his sickness be the death of him!

Sir Simon Bette —
Nay, his lieutenant's here, and has his orders.

Van den Bosch [*aside to* ARTEVELDE] —
I see there's something that hath staggered them.
Now push them to the point. [*Aloud*] Make way there, ho!

Artevelde [*coming forward*] —
Some citizen hath brought this concourse here.
Who is the man, and what hath he to say?

Sir Guisebert Grutt —
The noble Earl of Flanders of his grace
Commissions me to speak.

[*Some White Hoods interrupt him with cries of* "Ghent," *on which there is a great tumult, and they are instantly drowned in the cry of* "Flanders."

Artevelde — What, silence! peace!
Silence, and hear this noble Earl's behests,
Delivered by this thrice puissant knight.

Sir Guisebert Grutt —
First will I speak — not what I'm bid to say,
But what it most imports yourselves to hear.
For though ye cannot choose but know it well,
Yet by these cries I deem that some of you
Would, much like madmen, cast your knowledge off,
And both of that and of your reason reft
Run naked on the sword — which to forefend,
Let me *remind* you of the things ye know.
Sirs, when this month began ye had four chiefs
Of great renown and valor, — Jan de Bol,
Arnoul le Clerc, and Launoy and Van Ranst.
Where are they now? and what be ye without them?
Sirs, when the month began ye had good aid
From Brabant, Liège, St Tron, and Huy and Dinant.
How shall they serve you now? The Earl sits fast
Upon the Quatre-metiers and the Bridge.
What aid of theirs can reach you? What supplies?
I tell you, Sirs, that thirty thousand men
Could barely bring a bullock to your gates.
If thus without, how stand you then within?
Ask of your chatelain, the Lord of Occo;
Which worthy knight will tell you ——

Artevelde [*aside to* VAN DEN BOSCH] — Mark you that?

[*Then aloud to* Sir Guisebert Grutt] —
Where is this chatelain, your speech's sponsor?

Sir Guisebert Grutt —
He's sick in bed; but were he here, he'd tell you
There's not provision in the public stores
To keep you for a day. Such is your plight.
Now hear the offer of your natural liege,
Moved to compassion by our prayers and tears,
Well aided as they were by good Duke Aubert,
My Lady of Brabant, and Lord Compelant —
To whom our thanks are due, — the Earl says thus:
He will have peace, and take you to his love,
And be your good lord as in former days;
And all the injuries, hatreds, and ill will
He had against you he will now forget,
And he will pardon you your past offenses,
And he will keep you in your ancient rights;
And for his love and graces thus vouchsafed
He doth demand of you three hundred men,
Such citizens of Ghent as he shall name,
To be delivered up to his good pleasure.

Van den Bosch —
Three hundred citizens!

Artevelde — Peace, Van den Bosch.
Hear we this other knight. Well, worthy Sir,
Hast aught to say, or hast not got thy priming,
That thus thou gaspest like a droughty pump?

Van den Bosch —
Nay, 'tis black bile that chokes him. Come, up with it!
Be't but a gallon it shall ease thy stomach.

Several Citizens —
Silence! Sir Simon Bette's about to speak.

Sir Simon Bette —
Right worthy burgesses, good men and rich!
Much trouble ye may guess, and strife had we
To win his Highness to this loving humor:
For if ye rightly think, Sirs, and remember,
You've done him much offense — not of yourselves,
But through ill guidance of ungracious men.
For first ye slew his bailiff at the cross,
And with the Earl's own banner in his hand,
Which falling down was trampled underfoot
Through heedlessness of them that stood about.
Also ye burned the castle he loved best,
And ravaged all his parks at Andrehen,

All those delightful gardens on the plain.
And ye beat down two gates at Oudenarde,
And in the dike ye cast them upside down.
Also ye slew five knights of his, and brake
The silver font wherein he was baptized.
Wherefore it must be owned, Sirs, that much cause
He had of quarrel with the town of Ghent.
For how, Sirs, had the Earl afflicted you
That ye should thus dishonor him? 'tis true
That once a burgess was detained at Erclo
Through misbehavior of the bailiff; still
He hath delivered many a time and oft
Out of his prisons burgesses of yours
Only to do you pleasure; and when late
By kinsmen of the bailiff whom ye slew,
Some mariners of yours were sorely maimed
(Which was an inconvenience to this town),
What did the Earl? To prove it not his act,
He banished out of Flanders them that did it.
Moreover, Sirs, the taxes of the Earl
Were not so heavy but that, being rich,
Ye might have borne them; they were not the half
Of what ye since have paid to wage this war;
And yet had these been double that were half,
The double would have grieved you less in peace
Than but the half in war. Bethink ye, Sirs,
What were the fowage and the subsidies
When bread was but four mites that's now a groat?
All which considered, Sirs, I counsel you
That ye accept this honorable peace,
For mercifully is the Earl inclined,
And ye may surely deem of them he takes
A large and liberal number will be spared,
And many here, who least expect his love,
May find him free and gracious. Sirs, what say ye?

Artevelde —

First, if it be your pleasure, hear me speak.
[*Great tumult and cries of* "Flanders!"
What, Sirs! not hear me? was it then for this
Ye made me your chief captain yesternight,
To snare me in a trust whereof I bear
The name and danger only, not the power?
[*The tumult increases.*
Sirs, if we needs must cr[illegible] lows, so be it;
For I have [illegible] am[illegible] who can deal them.

Sir Simon Bette [*aside to* SIR GUISEBERT GRUTT]—
Had Occo now been here! but lacking him
It must not come to that.
Sir Guisebert Grutt— My loving friends,
Let us behave like brethren as we are,
And not like listed combatants. Ho, peace!
Hear this young bachelor of high renown,
Who writes himself your captain since last night,
When a few score of varlets, being drunk,
In mirth and sport so dubbed him. Peace, Sirs! hear him.
Artevelde—
Peace let it be, if so ye will; if not,
We are as ready as yourselves for blows.
One of the Citizens—
Speak, Master Philip, speak and you'll be heard.
Artevelde—
I thank you, Sirs; I knew it could not be
But men like you must listen to the truth.
Sirs, ye have heard these knights discourse to you
Of your ill fortunes, telling on their fingers
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs;
And ill it would become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall.
They died like heroes; for no recreant step
Had e'er dishonored them, no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil.
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.
But had they guessed, or could they but have dreamed
The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,
That men should say "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves,"—had they thought this,
Oh, then, with what an agony of shame,
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hence for heaven!
What! shall we teach our chroniclers henceforth
To write that in five bodies were contained
The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five defunct,
The heartless town, by brainless counsel led,
Delivered up her keys, stripped off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty lord that he would scourge her lightly!

It shall not be — no, verily! for now,
Thus looking on you as ye stand before me,
Mine eye can single out full many a man
Who lacks but opportunity to shine
As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell. —
But lo! the Earl is mercifully minded!
And surely if we, rather than revenge
The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
And fall upon our knees, and say we've sinned,
Then will my lord the Earl have mercy on us,
And pardon us our letch for liberty!
What pardon it shall be, if we know not,
Yet Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, Bruges, they know;
For never can those towns forget the day
When by the hangman's hands five hundred men,
The bravest of each guild, were done to death
In those base butcheries that he called pardons.
And did it seal their pardons, all this blood?
Had they the Earl's good love from that time forth?
Oh, Sirs! look round you lest ye be deceived;
Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue,
Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
But think not that the parchment and mouth pardon
Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
There's that betwixt you been which men remember
Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up
There's that betwixt you been which you yourselves,
Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves;
For must it not be thought some base men's souls
Have ta'en the seats of yours and turned you out,
If in the coldness of a craven heart
Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man
For all his black and murderous monstrous crimes?
Think of your mariners, three hundred men,
After long absence in the Indian seas
Upon their peaceful homeward voyage bound,
And now all dangers conquered, as they thought,
Warping the vessels up their native stream,
Their wives and children waiting them at home
In joy, with festal preparation made, —
Think of these mariners, their eyes torn out,
Their hands chopped off, turned staggering into Ghent,
To meet the blasted eyesight of their friends!

And was not this the Earl? 'Twas none but he,
No Hauterive of them all had dared to do it,
Save at the express instance of the Earl.
And now what asks he? Pardon me, Sir knights;
[*To* GRUTT *and* BETTE.
I had forgotten, looking back and back
From felony to felony foregoing,
This present civil message which ye bring;
Three hundred citizens to be surrendered
Up to that mercy which I tell you of—
That mercy which your mariners proved—which steeped
Courtray and Ypres, Grammont, Bruges, in blood!
Three hundred citizens,—a secret list,
No man knows who—not one can say he's safe—
Not one of you so humble but that still
The malice of some secret enemy
May whisper him to death—and hark—look to it!
Have some of you seemed braver than your fellows,
Their courage is their surest condemnation;
They are marked men—and not a man stands here
But may be so.—Your pardon, Sirs, again;
[*To* GRUTT *and* BETTE.
You are the pickers and the choosers here,
And doubtless you're all safe, ye think—ha! ha!
But we have picked and chosen, too, Sir knights.
What was the law for I made yesterday—
What! is it you that would deliver up
Three hundred citizens to certain death?
Ho! Van den Bosch! have at these traitors—hah——
[*Stabbs* GRUTT, *who falls.*

Van den Bosch—Die, treasonable dog—is that enough?
Down, felon, and plot treacheries in hell. [*Stabbs* BETTE.

The White Hoods draw their swords, with loud cries of "Treason," "Artevelde," "Ghent," *and* "The Chaperons Blancs." *A citizen of the other party, who in the former part of the scene had unfurled the Earl's banner, now throws it down and flies; several others are following him, and the aldermen and deans, some of whom had been dropping off towards the end of* ARTEVELDE'S *speech, now quit the platform with precipitation.* VAN AESWYN *is crossed by* VAN DEN BOSCH.

Van den Bosch, aiming a blow at him]—
Die thou, too, traitor.

Artevelde, warding it off]—Van den Bosch, forbear;
Up with your weapons, White Hoods; no more blood.
Those only are the guilty who lie here.

Let no more blood be spilt on pain of death.
Sirs, ye have naught to fear; I say, stand fast;
No man shall harm you; if he does, he dies.
Stand fast, or if ye go, take this word with you,
Philip van Artevelde is friend with all;
There's no man lives within the walls of Ghent
But Artevelde will look to him and his,
And suffer none to plunder or molest him.
Haste, Van den Bosch! by Heaven they run like lizards!
Take they not heart the sooner, by St. Paul
They'll fly the city, and that cripples us.
Haste with thy company to the west wards,
And see thou that no violence be done
Amongst the weavers and the fullers — stay —
And any that betake themselves to pillage
Hang without stint — and hark — begone — yet stay;
Shut the west gate, postern, and wicket too,
And catch my Lord of Occo where you can.
Stay — on thy life let no man's house be plundered.

Van den Bosch —

That is not to my mind; but what of that?
Thou'st played the game right boldly, and for me,
My oath of homage binds me to thee.

Artevelde — Well,

Thou to thy errand then, and I myself
Will go from street to street through all the town,
To reassure the citizens; that done
I'll meet thee here again. Form, White Hoods, form;
Range ten abreast; I'm coming down amongst you.
You Floris, Leefdale, Sphanghen, mount ye here,
And bear me down these bodies. Now, set forth.

The White Hoods, by whose shouts of "Artevelde for Ghent" *the latter part of the scene has been frequently interrupted, now join in a cry of triumph, and carry him off on their shoulders.*



HYMN FOR FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

By JOHN KEBLE.

(From "The Christian Year.")

[John Keble: An English clergyman and poet; born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, April 25, 1792; died at Bournemouth, March 29, 1866. He was educated at Oxford University; became a cl[illegible]n of the Church of England; was professor of poetry at C[illegible]6 until his death was vicar of

Horsley. His greatest work, "The Christian Year," appeared in two volumes in 1827, and in 1872 had reached its 158th edition. From the profits of the book the author built one of the most beautiful parish churches in England. He also wrote. "Contributions to 'Lyra Apostolica,'" (1836), "The Psalter in English Verse" (1839), "Lyra Innocentium," (1846), "On Eucharistical Adoration" (1857), "The Life of Thomas Wilson" (1863), "A Litany of Our Lord's Warnings" (1864), and others]

It was not then a poet's dream,
An idle vaunt of song,
Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
On vacant fancies throng:

Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
In all fair things around,
Strong yearnings for a blest new birth
With sinless glories crowned;

Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
From care and want and toil,
When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the day's turmoil,

In the low chant of wakeful birds,
In the deep weltering flood,
In whispering leaves, these solemn words:
"God made us all for good."

All true, all faultless, all in tune,
Creation's wondrous choir
Opened in mystic unison
To last till time expire.

And still it lasts: by day and night,
With one consenting voice,
All hymn Thy glory, Lord, aright,
All worship and rejoice.

Man only mars the sweet accord,
O'erpowering with "harsh din,"
The music of Thy works and word,
Ill-matched with grief and sin.

Sin is with man at morning break,
And through the livelong day
Deafens the ear that fain would wake
To Nature's simple lay.

But when eve's silent footfall steals
  Along the eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
  Those purer fires on high,

When one by one each human sound
  Dies on the awful ear,
Then Nature's voice no more is drowned,
  She speaks, and we must hear.

Then pours she on the Christian heart
  That warning still and deep,
At which high spirits of old would start
  Even from their Pagan sleep,

Just guessing, through their murky blind,
  Few, faint, and baffling sight,
Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,
  A cloudless depth of light.

Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise,
  Through many a dreary age,
Upbore whate'er of good and wise
  Yet lived in bard or sage:

They marked what agonizing throes
  Shook the great mother's womb;
But Reason's spells might not disclose
  The gracious birth to come;

Nor could th' enchantress Hope forecast
  God's secret love and power;
The travail pangs of earth must last
  Till her appointed hour —

The hour that saw from opening heaven
  Redeeming glory stream,
Beyond the summer hues of even,
  Beyond the midday beam.

Thenceforth, to eyes of high desire,
  The meanest things below,
As with a Seraph's robe of fire
  Invested, burn and glow:

The rod of Heaven has touched them all,
  The word from heaven is spoken:
"Rise, shine, and sing, thou captive thrall;
  Are not thy fetters broken?

"The God who hallowed thee and blessed,
Pronouncing thee all good —
Hath He not all thy wrongs redressed,
And all thy bliss renewed?

"Why mourn'st thou still as one bereft,
Now that th' eternal Son
His blessèd home in heaven hath left
To make thee all His own?"

Thou mourn'st because Sin lingers still
In Christ's new heaven and earth;
Because our rebel works and will
Stain our immortal birth —

Because, as love and prayer grow cold,
The Savior hides His face,
And worldlings blot the Temple's gold
With uses vile and base.

Hence all thy groans and travail pains,
Hence, till thy God return,
In wisdom's ear thy blithest strains,
O Nature, seem to mourn.



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AND HIS COMPANIONS.[1]

(From "Apologia pro Vita Sua.")

[JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, poet, prose writer, and cardinal, was born in London, February 21, 1801. After a brilliant scholastic career at Oxford, he took his degree in 1820, was elected Fellow of Oriel (1822), and ordained (1824). His early religious tendencies were evangelical, but he now became a supporter of the High Church party, and after being appointed incumbent of St. Mary's, preached a series of sermons which exercised an immense influence on the Oxford students and laid the foundation of the religious system to which his friend, Dr. Pusey, was to give his name. He entered the Roman Catholic Church in 1845; established a branch of the order of St Philip Neri; and in 1879 made a visit to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat. He died August 11, 1890. As a prose writer Cardinal Newman is one of the greatest masters of style in the English language. His works include: "Callista," "Apologia pro Vita Sua," "Dream of Gerontius," "A History of Arianism," the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," etc.]

THE two persons who knew me best at that time are still alive, beneficed clergymen, no longer my friends. They could

[1] By permission of the Rev. Father Neville Published by Longmans, Green & Co. (Crown 8vo, price 3s 6d)



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

tell better than any one else what I was in those years. From this time my tongue was, as it were, loosened, and I spoke spontaneously and without effort. One of the two, Mr. Rickards, said of me, I have been told, "Here is a fellow who, when he is silent, will never begin to speak; and when he once begins to speak, will never stop." It was at this time that I began to have influence, which steadily increased for a course of years. I gained upon my pupils, and was in particular intimate and affectionate with two of our probationer Fellows, Robert Isaac Wilberforce (afterwards Archdeacon) and Richard Hurrell Froude. Whately then, an acute man, perhaps saw around me the signs of an incipient party, of which I was not conscious myself. And thus we discern the first elements of that movement afterwards called Tractarian.

The true and primary author of it, however, as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honors of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? The first time that I was in a room with him was on occasion of my election to a fellowship at Oriel, when I was sent for into the Tower to shake hands with the Provost and Fellows. How is that hour fixed in my memory after the changes of forty-two years, forty-two this very day on which I write! I have lately had a letter in my hands, which I sent at the time to my great friend, John William Bowden, with whom I passed almost exclusively my Undergraduate years. "I had to hasten to the Tower," I say to him, "to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honor done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." His had been the first name which I had heard spoken of, with reverence rather than admiration, when I came up to Oxford. When one day I was walking in High Street with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, "There's Keble!" and with what awe did I look at him! Then at another time I heard a Master of Arts of my College give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then too it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant

reputation, the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, admired and loved him, adding that somehow he was strangely unlike any one else. However, at the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel, he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the evangelical and liberal schools. At least so I have ever thought. Hurrell Froude brought us together about 1828: it is one of the sayings preserved in his "Remains,"—"Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well; if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other."

Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him. I knew him first in 1826, and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 till his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts,—so truly many-sided that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient, winning considerateness in discussion which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart; for I am all along engaged upon matters of belief and opinion, and am introducing others into my narrative, not for their own sake, or because I love and have loved them, so much as because, and so far as, they have influenced my theological views. In this respect, then, I speak of Hurrell Froude—in his intellectual aspect—as a man of high genius, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled against each other in their effort after distinct shape and expression. And he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying prematurely as he did, and in the conflict and transition state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and their depth. His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, of sacerdotal power, and of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, "The Bible and the Bible only is

the religion of Protestants ;" and he gloried in accepting Tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He had a high severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of Virginity ; and he considered the Blessed Virgin its great Pattern. He delighted in thinking of the Saints; he had a vivid appreciation of the idea of sanctity, its possibility and its heights ; and he was more than inclined to believe a large amount of miraculous interference as occurring in the early and middle ages. He embraced the principle of penance and mortification. He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith. He was powerfully drawn to the Mediæval Church, but not to the Primitive.

He had a keen insight into abstract truth; but he was an Englishman to the backbone in his severe adherence to the real and the concrete. He had a most classical taste, and a genius for philosophy and art; and he was fond of historical inquiry, and the politics of religion. He had no turn for theology as such. He set no sufficient value on the writings of the Fathers, on the detail or development of doctrine, on the definite traditions of the Church viewed in their matter, on the teaching of the Ecumenical Councils, or on the controversies out of which they arose. He took an eager, courageous view of things on the whole. I should say that his power of entering into the minds of others did not equal his other gifts; he could not believe, for instance, that I really held the Roman Church to be Antichristian. On many points he would not believe but that I agreed with him, when I did not. He seemed not to understand my difficulties. His were of a different kind, the contrariety between theory and fact. He was a high Tory of the Cavalier stamp, and was disgusted with the Toryism of the opponents of the Reform Bill. He was smitten with the love of the Theocratic Church; he went abroad and was shocked by the degeneracy which he thought he saw in the Catholics of Italy.

It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.

To mention Mr. Hugh Rose's name is to kindle in the minds of those who knew him a host of pleasant and affection-

ate remembrances. He was the man above all others fitted by his cast of mind and literary powers to make a stand, if a stand could be made, against the calamity of the times. He was gifted with a high and large mind, and a true sensibility of what was great and beautiful; he wrote with warmth and energy; and he had a cool head and cautious judgment. He spent his strength and shortened his life, Pro Ecclesia Dei, as he understood that sovereign idea. Some years earlier he had been the first to give warning, I think from the University Pulpit at Cambridge, of the perils to England which lay in the biblical and theological speculations of Germany. The Reform agitation followed, and the Whig Government came into power; and he anticipated in their distribution of Church patronage the authoritative introduction of liberal opinions into the country. He feared that by the Whig party a door would be opened in England to the most grievous of heresies, which never could be closed again. In order under such grave circumstances to unite Churchmen together, and to make a front against the coming danger, he had in 1832 commenced the *British Magazine*, and in the same year he came to Oxford in the summer term, in order to beat up for writers for his publication; on that occasion I became known to him through Mr. Palmer. His reputation and position came in aid of his obvious fitness, in point of character and intellect, to become the center of an ecclesiastical movement, if such a movement were to depend on the action of a party. His delicate health, his premature death, would have frustrated the expectation, even though the new school of opinion had been more exactly thrown into the shape of a party, than in fact was the case. But he zealously backed up the first efforts of those who were principals in it; and when he went abroad to die, in 1838, he allowed me the solace of expressing my feelings of attachment and gratitude to him by addressing him, in the dedication of a volume of my Sermons, as the man "who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother."

But there were other reasons, besides Mr. Rose's state of health, which hindered those who so much admired him from availing themselves of his close coöperation in the coming fight. United as both he and they were in the general scope of the Movement, they were in discordance with each other from the first in their estimate of the means to be adopted for

attaining it. Mr. Rose had a position in the Church, a name, and serious responsibilities; he had direct ecclesiastical superiors; he had intimate relations with his own University, and a large clerical connection through the country. Froude and I were nobodies, with no characters to lose, and no antecedents to fetter us. Rose could not go ahead across country, as Froude had no scruples in doing. Froude was a bold rider — as on horseback, so also in his speculations. After a long conversation with him on the logical bearing of his principles, Mr. Rose said of him, with quiet humor, that "he did not seem to be afraid of inferences." It was simply the truth; Froude had that strong hold of first principles, and that keen perception of their value, that he was comparatively indifferent to the revolutionary action which would attend on their application to a given state of things; whereas in the thoughts of Rose, as a practical man, existing facts had the precedence of every other idea, and the chief test of the soundness of a line of policy lay in the consideration whether it would work. This was one of the first questions which, as it seemed to me, on every occasion occurred to his mind. With Froude, Erastianism — that is, the union (so he viewed it) of Church and State — was the parent or, if not the parent, the serviceable and sufficient tool of liberalism. Till that union was snapped, Christian doctrine never could be safe; and, while he well knew how high and unselfish was the temper of Mr. Rose, yet he used to apply to him an epithet, reproachful in his own mouth: — Rose was a "conservative." By bad luck I brought out this word to Mr. Rose in a letter of my own, which I wrote to him in criticism of something he had inserted in his Magazine: I got a vehement rebuke for my pains, for though Rose pursued a conservative line, he had as high a disdain as Froude could have of a worldly ambition, and an extreme sensitiveness of such an imputation.

I had known Dr. Pusey well since 1827–1828, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him ὁ μέγας. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy when, in the last days of 1833, he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. His Tract on Fasting appeared as one of the series with the date of December 21. He was not, however, I think, fully associated in the Movement till 1835 and 1836, when he published

his Tract on Baptism, and started the Library of the Fathers. He at once gave to us a position and a name. Without him we should have had little chance, especially at the early date of 1834, of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. But Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connections, and his easy relations with University authorities. He was to the Movement all that Mr. Rose might have been, with that indispensable addition, which was wanting to Mr. Rose, the intimate friendship and the familiar daily society of the persons who had commenced it. And he had that special claim on their attachment, which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and center of the zealous people in every part of the country, who were adopting the new opinions; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the Movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the University. In 1829 Mr. Froude, or Mr. Robert Wilberforce, or Mr. Newman were but individuals; and when they ranged themselves in the contest of that year on the side of Sir Robert Inglis, men on either side only asked with surprise how they got there, and attached no significancy to the fact; but Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob; and when various parties had to meet together in order to resist the liberal acts of the Government, we of the Movement took our place by right among them.

Such was the benefit which he conferred on the Movement externally; nor were the internal advantages at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities. People are apt to say that he was once nearer to the Catholic Church than he is now; I pray God that he may be one day far nearer to the Catholic Church than he was then; for I believe that, in his reason and judgment, all the time that I knew him, he never was near to it at all. When I became a Catholic, I was often asked, "What of Dr. Pusey?" When I said that I did not see symptoms of his doing as I had done, I was sometimes thought uncharitable. If confidence in

his position is (as it is) a first essential in the leader of a party, this Dr. Pusey possessed preëminently. The most remarkable instance of this was his statement, in one of his subsequent defenses of the Movement, when, moreover, it had advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its more hopeful peculiarities was its "stationariness." He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it.

Dr. Pusey's influence was felt at once. He saw that there ought to be more sobriety, more gravity, more careful pains, more sense of responsibility, in the Tracts and in the whole Movement. It was through him that the character of the Tracts was changed. When he gave to us his Tract on Fasting, he put his initials to it. In 1835 he published his elaborate Treatise on Baptism, which was followed by other Tracts from different authors, if not of equal learning, yet of equal power and appositeness. The Catenas of Anglican divines, projected by me, which occur in the Series, were executed with a like aim at greater accuracy and method. In 1836 he advertised his great project for a Translation of the Fathers: but I must return to myself.



THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.[1]

By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

[1] By permission of the Rev. Father Neville.

LEGEND OF THE DROPPING WELL.

BY HUGH MILLER.

[HUGH MILLER, Scotch geologist and author, was born at Cromarty, October 10, 1802. His chief works were: "The Old Red Sandstone" (1841), "Footprints of the Creator" (1847), "My Schools and Schoolmasters" (1852), and "Testimony of the Rocks" (1857). He also published "Poems" (1820), "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland" (1835), etc. He committed suicide December 2, 1856.]

IN perusing in some of our older Gazetteers the half-page devoted to Cromarty, we find that, among the natural curiosities of the place, there is a small cavern termed the Dropping Cave, famous for its stalactites and its petrifying springs. And though the progress of modern discovery has done much to lower the wonder, by rendering it merely one of thousands of the same class, — for even among the cliffs of the hill in which the cavern is perforated there is scarcely a spring that has not its border of coral-like petrifactions, and its moss and grass and nettle stalks of marble, — the Dropping Cave may well be regarded as a curiosity still. It is hollowed, a few feet over the beach, in the face of one of the low precipices which skirt the entrance of the bay. From a crag which overhangs the opening there falls a perpetual drizzle, which, settling on the moss and lichens beneath, converts them into stone; and on entering the long, narrow apartment within, there may be seen by the dim light of the entrance a series of springs, which filter through the solid rock above, descending in so continual a shower that even in the sultriest days of midsummer, when the earth is parched and the grass has become brown and withered, we may hear the eternal drop pattering against the rough stones of the bottom, or tinkling in the recess within, like the string of a harp struck to ascertain its tone. A stone flung into the interior, after rebounding from side to side of the rock, falls with a deep hollow plunge, as if thrown into the sea. Had the Dropping Cave been a cavern of Greece or Sicily, the classical mythology of these countries would have tenanted it with the goddess of rains and vapor.

The walk to the cave is one of the most agreeable in the vicinity of the town, especially in a fine morning of midsummer, an hour or so after the sun has risen out of the Firth. The path

to it has been hollowed out of the hillside by the feet of men and animals, and goes winding over rocks and stones — now in a hollow, now on a height, anon lost in the beach. In one of the recesses which open into the hill, a clump of forest trees has sprung up, and, lifting their boughs to the edge of the precipice above, cover its rough iron features as if with a veil; while, from the shade below, a fine spring, dedicated in some remote age to "Our Ladye," comes bubbling to the light with as pure and copious a stream as in the days of the priest and the pilgrim. We see the beach covered over with seashells and weeds, the cork buoys of the fishermen, and fragments of wrecks. The air is full of fragrance. Only look at yonder white patch in the hollow of the hill; 'tis a little city of flowers, a whole community of one species — the meadowsweet. The fisherman scents it over the water, as he rows homeward in the cool of the evening, a full half-mile from the shore. And see how the hill rises above us, roughened with heath and fern and foxglove, and crested atop with a dark wood of fir. See how the beeches which have sprung up on the declivity recline in nearly the angle of the hill, so that their upper branches are only a few feet from the soil, reminding us, in the midst of warmth and beauty, of the rough winds of winter and the blasting influence of the spray. The insect denizens of the heath and the wood are all on wing; see, there is the red bee, and there the blue butterfly, and yonder the burnet moth with its wings of vermilion, and the large birdlike dragon fly, and a thousand others besides, all beautiful and all happy. And then the birds. But why attempt a description? The materials of thought and imagination are scattered profusely around us; the wood, the cliffs, and the spring — the flowers, the insects, and the birds — the shells, the broken fragments of wreck, and the distant sail — the sea, the sky, and the opposite land — and all tones of the great instrument, Nature, which need only to be awakened by the mind to yield its sweet music. And now we have reached the cave.

The Dropping Cave ninety years ago was a place of considerable interest; but the continuous shower which converted into stone the plants and mosses on which it fell, and the dark recess which no one had attempted to penetrate, and of whose extent imagination had formed a thousand surmises, constituted some of merely the minor circumstances that had rendered it such. Superstition had busied herself for ages before in mak-

ing it a scene of wonders. Boatmen, when sailing along the shore in the nighttime, had been startled by the apparition of a faint blue light, which seemed glimmering from its entrance : . . . the mermaid had been seen sitting on a rock a few yards before it, singing a low melancholy song, and combing her long yellow hair with her fingers ; and a man who had been engaged in fishing crabs among the rocks, and was returning late in the evening by the way of the cave, almost shared the fate of its moss and lichens, when, on looking up, he saw an old gray-headed man, with a beard that descended to his girdle, sitting in the opening, and gazing wistfully on the sea.

I find some of these circumstances of terror embodied in verse by the provincial poet whom I have quoted in an early chapter as an authority regarding the Cromarty tradition of Wallace ; and now, as then, I will avail myself of his description :—

When round the lonely shore
The vexed waves toiled with deaf'ning roar,
And Midnight, from her lazy wain,
Heard wild winds roar and tides complain,
And groaning woods and shrieking sprites ;—
Strange sounds from thence, and fearful lights,
Had caught the sailor's ear and eye,
As drove his storm-pressed vessel by.
More fearful still, Tradition told
Of that dread cave a story old —
So very old, ages had passed
Since he who made had told it last.
'Twas thus it ran :— Of strange array
An aged man, whose locks of gray,
Like hill stream, flowed his shoulders o'er,
For three long days on that lone shore
Sat moveless as the rocks around,
Moaning in low, unearthly sound ;
But whence he came, or why he stayed,
None knew, and none to ask essayed.
At length a lad drew near and spoke,
Craving reply. The figure shook
Like mirrored shape on dimpling brook,
Or shadow flung on eddying smoke —
And the boy fled. The third day passed —
Fierce howled at night the angry blast,
Brushing the waves ; wild shrieks of death
Were heard these bristling cliffs beneath,

And cries for aid. The morning light
Gleamed on a scene of wild affright.
Where yawns the cave, the rugged shore
With many a corse lay covered o'er,
And many a gorgeous fragment showed
How fair the bark the storm subdued.

There was a Cromarty mechanic of the last age, named Willie Millar, who used to relate a wonderful adventure which befell him in the cave. Willie was a man of fertile invention, fond of a good story, and zealous in the improvement of bad ones; but his zeal was evil spoken of—the reformations he effected in this way being regarded as little better than sinful, and his finest inventions as downright lying. There was a smithy in the place, which, when he had become old and useless, was his favorite resort. He would take up his seat on the forge each evening, regularly as the evening came, and relate to a group of delighted but too incredulous youngsters some new passage in his wonderful autobiography, which, though it seemed long enough to stretch beyond the flood, received new accessions every night. So little, indeed, had he in common with the small-minded class who, possessed of only a limited number of narratives and ideas, go over and over these, as the hands of a clock pass continually over the same figures, that, with but one exception in favor of the adventure of the cave, he hardly ever told the same story twice.

There was a tradition current in Cromarty, that a townsman had once passed through the Dropping Cave, until he heard a pair of tongs rattle over his head on the hearth of a farmhouse of Navity, a district of the parish which lies fully three miles from the opening; and Willie, who was, it seems, as hard of belief in such matters as if he himself had never drawn on the credulity of others, resolved on testing the story by exploring the cave. He sewed sprigs of rowan and wych-elm in the hem of his waistcoat, thrust a Bible into one pocket and a bottle of gin into the other, and providing himself with a torch, and a staff of buckthorn which had been cut at the full of the moon and dressed without the assistance of iron or steel, he set out for the cave on a morning of midsummer. It was evening ere he returned—his torch burnt out, and his clothes stained with mold and slime, and soaked with water.

After lighting the torch, he said, and taking a firm grasp of the staff, he plunged fearlessly into the gloom before him.

The cavern narrowed and lowered as he proceeded; the floor, which was of a white stone resembling marble, was hollowed into cisterns, filled with a water so exceedingly pure that it sparkled to the light like spirits in crystal, and from the roof there depended clusters of richly embossed icicles of white stone, like those which, during a severe frost, hang at the edge of a waterfall. The springs from above trickled along their channeled sides, and then tinkled into the cisterns, like rain from the eaves of a cottage after a thunder shower. Perhaps he looked too curiously around him when remarking all this; for so it was that, at the ninth and last cistern he missed his footing, and, falling forwards, shattered his bottle of gin against the side of the cave. The liquor ran into a little hollow of the marble, and, unwilling to lose what he regarded as very valuable, and what certainly had cost him some trouble and suffering to procure (for he had rowed halfway across the Firth for it in terror of the customhouse and a cockling sea); he stooped down and drank till his breath failed him. Never was there better Nantz; and, pausing to recover himself, he stooped and drank, again and again. There were strange appearances when he rose. A circular rainbow had formed round his torch; there was a blue mist gathering in the hollows of the cave; the very roof and sides began to heave and reel, as if the living rock were a Flushing lugger riding on the ground swell; and there was a low humming noise that came sounding from the interior, like that of bees in a hawthorn thicket on an evening of midsummer. Willie, however, had become much less timorous than at first, and, though he could not well account for the fact, much less disposed to wonder. And so on he went.

He found the cavern widen, and the roof rose so high that the light reached only the snowy icicles which hung meteor-like over his head. The walls were formed of white stone, ridged and furrowed like pieces of drapery, and all before and around him there sparkled myriads of crystals, like dewdrops in a spring morning. The sound of his footsteps was echoed on either hand by a multitude of openings, in which the momentary gleam of his torch was reflected, as he passed, on sheets of water and ribs of rock, and which led, like so many arched corridors, still deeper into the bowels of the hill. Nor, independently of the continuous humming noise, were all the sounds of the cave those of echo. At one time he could hear the wind moaning through the trees of the wood above, and

the scream of a hawk, as if pouncing on its prey; then there was the deafening blast of a smith's bellows, and the clang of hammers on an anvil; and anon a deep hollow noise resembling the growling of a wild beast. All seemed terribly wild and unnatural; a breeze came moaning along the cave, and shook the marble drapery of the sides, as if it were formed of gauze or linen; the entire cave seemed turning round like the cylinder of an engine, till the floor stood upright and the adventurer fell heavily against it; and as the torch hissed and sputtered in the water, he could see by its expiring gleam that a full score of dark figures, as undefined as shadows by moonlight, were flitting around him in the blue mist which now came rolling in dense clouds from the interior. In a moment more all was darkness, and he lay insensible amid the chill damps of the cave.

The rest of the adventure wonderfully resembled a dream. On returning to consciousness, he found that the gloom around him had given place to a dim red twilight, which flickered along the sides and roof like the reflection of a distant fire. He rose and, grasping his staff, staggered forward. "It is sunlight," thought he, "I shall find an opening among the rocks of Eathie, and return home over the hill." Instead, however, of the expected outlet, he found the passage terminate in a wonderful apartment, so vast in extent that though an immense fire of pine trees, whole and unbroken from root to branch, threw up a red wavering sheet of flame many yards in height, he could see in some places neither the walls nor the roof. A cataract, like that of Foyers during the long-continued rains of an open winter, descended in thunder from one of the sides, and presenting its broad undulating front of foam to the red gleam of the fire, again escaped into darkness through a wide, broken-edged gulf at the bottom. The floor of the apartment appeared to be thickly strewed with human bones, half burned and blood-stained, and gnawed as if by cannibals; and directly in front of the fire there was a low, tomblike erection of dark-colored stone, full twenty yards in length, and roughened with grotesque hieroglyphics, like those of a Runic obelisk. An enormous mace of iron, crusted with rust and blood, reclined against the upper end; while a bugle of gold hung by a chain of the same metal from a column at the bottom. Willie seized the bugle, and winded a blast till the wide apartment shook with the din; the waters of the cataract disappeared, as if arrested at their source; and the ponderous cover

of the tomb began to heave and crackle, and pass slowly over the edge, as if assailed by the terrific strength of some newly awakened giant below. Willie again winded the bugle; the cover heaved upwards, disclosing a corner of the chasm beneath; and a hand covered with blood, and of such fearful magnitude as to resemble only the conceptions of Egyptian sculpture, was slowly stretched from the darkness towards the handle of the mace. Willie's resolution gave way, and, flinging down the horn, he rushed hurriedly towards the passage. A yell of blended grief and indignation burst from the tomb, as the immense cover again settled over it; the cataract came dashing from its precipice with a heavier volume than before; and a furious hurricane of mingled wind and spray, that rushed howling from the interior, well-nigh dashed the adventurer against the sides of the rock. He succeeded, however, in gaining the passage, sick at heart and nearly petrified with terror; a state of imperfect consciousness succeeded, like that of a feverish dream, in which he retained a sort of half-conviction that he was lingering in the damps and darkness of the cave, obstinately and yet unwillingly; and on fully regaining his recollection he found himself lying across the ninth cistern, with the fragments of the broken bottle on the one side, and his buckthorn staff on the other. He could hear from the opening the dash of the advancing waves against the rocks, and on leaping to the beach below found that his exploratory journey had occupied him a whole day.

The adventure of Willie Millar formed at one time one of the most popular traditions of Cromarty. It was current among the children not more than eighteen years ago, when the cave was explored a second time, but with a very different result, by a boy of the school in which the writer of these legends had the misfortune of being regarded as the greatest dunce and truant of his time. The character of Willie forms the best possible commentary on *his* story — the character of the boy may perhaps throw some little light on his. When in his twelfth year, he was by far the most inquisitive little fellow in the place. His curiosity was insatiable. He had broken his toys when a child, that he might see how they were constructed; and a watch which the owner had thoughtlessly placed within his reach narrowly escaped sharing a similar fate. He dissected frogs and mice in the hope of discovering the seat of life; and when one day found dibbling at the edge

of a spring, he said he was trying to penetrate to the source of water. His schoolmaster nicknamed him "The *Senachie*," for the stories with which he beguiled his class-fellows of their tasks were without end or number; the neighbors called him *Philosopher*, for he could point out the star of the pole, with the Great Bear that continually walks round it; and he used to affirm that there might be people in the moon, and that the huge earth is only a planet. Having heard the legend of Willie Millar, he set out one day to explore the cave; and when he returned, he had to tell that the legend was a mere legend, and that the cave, though not without its wonders, owed, like the great ones of the earth, much of its celebrity to the fears and the ignorance of mankind.

In climbing into the vestibule of the recess, his eye was attracted by a piece of beautiful lace work, gemmed by the damps of the place, and that stretched over a hollow in one of the sides. It was not, however, a work of magic, but merely the web of a field spider, that from its acquaintance with lines and angles seemed to have discovered a royal road to geometry. The petrifying spring next attracted his notice. He saw the mosses hardening into limestone—the stems already congealed, and the upper shoots dying that they might become immortal. And there came into his mind the story of one Niobe, of whom he had read in a schoolbook, that, like the springs of the cave, wept herself into stone; and the story, too, of the half-man, half-marble prince of the Arabian tale. "Strange," thought the boy, "that these puny dwarfs of the vegetable kingdom should become rock and abide forever, when its very giants, the chestnut trees of Etna and the cedars of Lebanon, molder away in the deep solitude of their forests, and become dust or nothing." Lighting his torch, he proceeded to examine the cavern. A few paces brought him to the first cistern. He found the white table of marble in which it is hollowed raised knee-height over the floor, and the surface fretted into little cavities by the continual dropping, like the surface of a thawing snow wreath when beaten by a heavy shower. As he strided over the ledge, a drop from above extinguished his torch; he groped his way back and rekindled it. He had seen the first cistern described by the adventurer; and of course all the others, with the immense apartment, the cataract, the tomb, the iron mace, and the golden bugle, lay in the darkness beyond. But, alas! when he again stepped forward,

instead of the eight other hollows he found the floor covered with one continuous pool, over which there rose fast-contracting walls and a descending roof; and though he pressed onward amid the water that splashed below, and the water that fell from above,—for his curiosity was unquenchable, and his clothes of a kind which could not be made worse,—it was only to find the rock closing hopelessly before him, after his shoulders had at once pressed against the opposite sides, and the icicles had passed through his hair. There was no possibility of turning round, and so, creeping backwards like a crab, he reached the first cistern, and in a moment after stood in the lighted part of the cave. His feelings on the occasion were less melancholy than those of the traveler who, when standing beside the two fountains of the Nile, "began in his sorrow to treat the inquiry concerning its source as the effort of a distempered fancy." But next to the pleasure of erecting a system, is the pleasure of pulling one down; and he felt it might be so even with regard to a piece of traditionary history. Besides, there was a newly fledged thought which had come fluttering round him for the first time, that more than half consoled him under his disappointment. He remembered that when a child no story used to please him that was not both marvelous and true,—that a fact was as nothing to him disunited from the wonderful, nor the wonderful disunited from fact. But the marvels of his childhood had been melting away, one after one—the ghost, and the wraith, and the fairy had all disappeared; and the wide world seemed to spread out before him a tame and barren region, where truth dwelt in the forms of commonplace, and in these only. He now felt for the first time that it was far otherwise; and that so craving an instinct, instead of perishing for lack of sustenance, would be fed as abundantly in the future by philosophy and the arts, as it had been in the past by active imaginations and a superstitious credulity.

The path which, immediately after losing itself on the beach where it passes the cave, rises by a kind of natural stair to the top of the precipices, continues to ascend till it reaches a spring of limpid water, which comes gushing out of the side of a bank covered with moss and daisies, and which for more than a century has been known to the townspeople by the name of Fiddler's Well. Its waters are said to be medicinal, and there is a pretty tradition still extant of the circumstance through which

eir virtues were first discovered, and to which the spring owes
name.

Two young men of the place, who were much attached to ch other, were seized at nearly the same time by consump-on. In one the progress of the disease was rapid — he died o short months after he was attacked by it; while the other, ough wasted almost to a shadow, had yet strength enough t to follow the corpse of his companion to the grave. The me of the survivor was Fiddler, — a name still common among e seafaring men of the town. On the evening of the inter-ent he felt oppressed and unhappy; his imagination was unted by a thousand feverish shapes of open graves with nes moldering round their edges, and of coffins with the ls displayed; and after he had fallen asleep the images, hich were still the same, became more ghastly and horrible. owards morning, however, they had all vanished; and he eamed that he was walking alone by the seashore in a clear d beautiful day of summer. Suddenly, as he thought, some rson stepped up behind, and whispered in his ear, in the ice of his deceased companion, "Go on, Willie; I shall meet u at *Stormy*." There is a rock in the neighborhood of Fid-er's Well, so called from the violence with which the sea ats against it when the wind blows strongly from the east. n hearing the voice, he turned round, and seeing no one, he ent on, as he thought, to the place named, in the hope of eeting his friend, and sat down on a bank to wait his com-g; but he waited long — lonely and dejected: and then re-embering that he for whom he waited was dead, he burst to tears. At this moment a large field bee came humming om the west, and began to fly round his head. He raised s hand to brush it away; it widened its circle, and then came umming into his ear as before. He raised his hand a second me, but the bee would not be scared off; it hummed cease-ssly round and round him, until at length its murmurings emed to be fashioned into words, articulated in the voice of s deceased companion. "Dig, Willie, and drink!" it said; dig, Willie, and drink!" He accordingly set himself to dig, d no sooner had he torn a sod out of the bank than a spring clear water gushed from the hollow, and the bee taking a ider circle, and humming in a voice of triumph that seemed emulate the sound of a distant trumpet, flew away. He oked after it, but as he looked the images of his dream began

to mingle with those of the waking world; the scenery of the hill seemed obscured by a dark cloud, in the center of which there glimmered a faint light; the rocks, the sea, the long declivity, faded into the cloud; and turning round he saw only a dark apartment, and the faint beams of morning shining in at a window. He rose, and after digging the well, drank of the water and recovered. And its virtues are still celebrated; for though the water be only simple water, it must be drunk in the morning and as it gushes from the bank; and with pure air, exercise, and early rising for its auxiliaries, it continues to work cures.



WALDEN POND IN WINTER.

By HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

(From "Walden.")

[HENRY DAVID THOREAU, American writer, chiefly on nature, was born in Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; was farmer, pencil maker, etc., for a livelihood, but his life was in observation of nature. Among his works are: "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" (1848), "Walden, or Life in the Woods" (1854), "Echoes of Harper's Ferry" (1860), "Excursions" (1863), "The Maine Woods" (1864), "Cape Cod" (1865), "A Yankee in Canada" (1866), "Early Spring in Massachusetts" (1881), "Summer" (1884), "Winter" (1888), and "Autumn" (1892). He died May 6, 1862.]

EVERY winter the liquid and trembling surface of the pond, which was so sensitive to every breath, and reflected every light and shadow, becomes solid to the depth of a foot or a foot and a half, so that it will support the heaviest teams, and perchance the snow covers it to an equal depth, and it is not to be distinguished from any level field. Like the marmots in the surrounding hills, it closes its eyelids and becomes dormant for three months or more. Standing on the snow-covered plain, as if in a pasture amid the hills, I cut my way first through a foot of snow, and then a foot of ice, and open a window under my feet, where, kneeling to drink, I look down into the quiet parlor of the fishes, pervaded by a softened light as through a window of ground glass, with its bright sanded floor the same as in summer; there a perennial, waveless serenity reigns as in the amber twilight sky, corresponding to the cool and even temperament of the inhabitants. Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads.



THOREAU'S HOME, CONCORD, MASS

Early in the morning, while all things are crisp with frost, men come with fishing reels and slender lunch, and let down their fine lines through the snowy field to take pickerel and perch, — wild men, who instinctively follow other fashions and trust other authorities than their townsmen, and by their goings and comings stitch towns together in parts where else they would be ripped. They sit and eat their luncheon in stout fearnaughts on the dry oak leaves on the shore, as wise in natural lore as the citizen is in artificial. They never consulted with books, and know and can tell much less than they have done. The things which they practice are said not yet to be known. Here is one fishing for pickerel with grown perch for bait. You look into his pail with wonder as into a summer pond, as if he kept summer locked up at home, or knew where she had retreated. How, pray, did he get these in midwinter? O, he got worms out of rotten logs since the ground froze, and so he caught them. His life itself passes deeper in Nature than the studies of the naturalist penetrate; himself a subject for the naturalist. The latter raises the moss and bark gently with his knife in search of insects; the former lays open logs to their core with his ax, and moss and bark fly far and wide. He gets his living by barking trees. Such a man has some right to fish, and I love to see Nature carried out in him. The perch swallows the grubworm, the pickerel swallows the perch, and the fisherman swallows the pickerel; and so all the chinks in the scale of being are filled.

When I strolled around the pond in misty weather, I was sometimes amused by the primitive mode which some ruder fisherman had adopted. He would perhaps have placed alder branches over the narrow holes in the ice, which were four or five rods apart and an equal distance from the shore, and having fastened the end of the line to a stick to prevent its being pulled through, have passed the slack line over a twig of the alder, a foot or more above the ice, and tied a dry oak leaf to it, which, being pulled down, would show when he had a bite. These alders loomed through the mist at regular intervals as you walked halfway round the pond.

Ah, the pickerel of Walden! when I see them lying on the ice, or in the well which the fisherman cuts in the ice, making a little hole to admit the water, I am always surprised by their rare beauty, as if they were fabulous fishes, they are so foreign to the streets, even to the woods, foreign as Arabia to our Con-

cord life. They possess a quite dazzling and transcendent beauty which separates them by a wide interval from the cadaverous cod and haddock whose fame is trumpeted in our streets. They are not green like the pines, nor gray like the stones, nor blue like the sky; but they have, to my eyes, if possible, yet rarer colors, like flowers and precious stones, as if they were the pearls, the animalized *nuclei* or crystals of the Walden water. They, of course, are Walden all over and all through — are themselves small Waldens in the animal kingdom, Waldenses. It is surprising that they are caught here, — that in this deep and capacious spring, far beneath the rattling teams and chaises and tinkling sleighs that travel the Walden road, this great gold and emerald fish swims. I never chanced to see its kind in any market; it would be the cynosure of all eyes there. Easily, with a few convulsive quirks, they give up their watery ghosts, like a mortal translated before his time to the thin air of heaven.

As I was desirous to recover the long-lost bottom of Walden Pond, I surveyed it carefully, before the ice broke up, early in '46, with compass and chain and sounding line. There have been many stories told about the bottom, or rather no bottom, of this pond, which certainly had no foundation for themselves. It is remarkable how long men will believe in the bottomlessness of a pond without taking the trouble to sound it. I have visited two such Bottomless Ponds in one walk in this neighborhood. Many have believed that Walden reached quite through to the other side of the globe. Some who have lain flat on the ice for a long time, looking down through the illusive medium, perchance with watery eyes into the bargain, and driven to hasty conclusions by the fear of catching cold in their breasts, have seen vast holes "into which a load of hay might be driven," if there were anybody to drive it, the undoubted source of the Styx and entrance to the Infernal Regions from these parts. Others have gone down from the village with a "fifty-six" and a wagon load of inch rope, but yet have failed to find any bottom; for while the "fifty-six" was resting by the way, they were paying out the rope in the vain attempt to fathom their truly immeasurable capacity for marvelousness. But I can assure my readers that Walden has a reasonably tight bottom at a not unreasonable, though at an unusual, depth. I fathomed it easily with a cod line and a stone weighing about

a pound and a half, and could tell accurately when the stone left the bottom, by having to pull so much harder before the water got underneath to help me. The greatest depth was exactly one hundred and two feet, to which may be added the five feet which it has risen since, making one hundred and seven. This is a remarkable depth for so small an area; yet not an inch of it can be spared by the imagination. What if all ponds were shallow? Would it not react on the minds of men? I am thankful that this pond was made deep and pure for a symbol. While men believe in the infinite, some ponds will be thought to be bottomless.

A factory owner, hearing what depth I had found, thought that it could not be true, for, judging from his acquaintance with dams, sand would not lie at so steep an angle. But the deepest ponds are not so deep in proportion to their area as most suppose, and, if drained, would not leave very remarkable valleys. They are not like cups between the hills; for this one, which is so unusually deep for its area, appears in a vertical section through its center not deeper than a shallow plate. Most ponds, emptied, would leave a meadow no more hollow than we frequently see. William Gilpin, who is so admirable in all that relates to landscapes, and usually so correct, standing at the head of Loch Fyne, in Scotland, which he describes as "a bay of salt water, sixty or seventy fathoms deep, four miles in breadth," and about fifty miles long, surrounded by mountains, observes, "If we could have seen it immediately after the diluvian crash, or whatever convulsion of Nature occasioned it, before the waters gushed in, what a horrid chasm it must have appeared!

So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters——

But if, using the shortest diameter of Loch Fyne, we apply these proportions to Walden, which, as we have seen, appears already in a vertical section only like a shallow plate, it will appear four times as shallow. So much for the *increased* horrors of the chasm of Loch Fyne when emptied. No doubt many a smiling valley with its stretching cornfields occupies exactly such a "horrid chasm," from which the waters have receded, though it requires the insight and the far sight of the geologist to convince the unsuspecting inhabitants of this fact. Often

an inquisitive eye may detect the shores of a primitive lake in the low horizon hills, and no subsequent elevation of the plain have been necessary to conceal their history. But it is easiest, as they who work on the highways know, to find the hollows by the puddles after a shower. The amount of it is, the imagination, give it the least license, dives deeper and soars higher than Nature goes. So, probably, the depth of the ocean will be found to be very inconsiderable compared with its breadth.

As I sounded through the ice I could determine the shape of the bottom with greater accuracy than is possible in surveying harbors which do not freeze over, and I was surprised at its general regularity. In the deepest part there are several acres more level than almost any field which is exposed to the sun, wind, and plow. In one instance, on a line arbitrarily chosen, the depth did not vary more than one foot in thirty rods; and generally, near the middle, I could calculate the variation for each one hundred feet in any direction beforehand within three or four inches. Some are accustomed to speak of deep and dangerous holes even in quiet, sandy ponds like this, but the effect of water under these circumstances is to level all inequalities. The regularity of the bottom and its conformity to the shores and the range of the neighboring hills were so perfect that a distant promontory betrayed itself in the soundings quite across the pond, and its direction could be determined by observing the opposite shore. Cape becomes bar, and plain shoal, and valley and gorge deep water and channel.

When I had mapped the pond by the scale of ten rods to an inch, and put down the soundings, more than a hundred in all, I observed this remarkable coincidence. Having noticed that the number indicating the greatest depth was apparently in the center of the map, I laid a rule on the map lengthwise, and then breadthwise, and found, to my surprise, that the line of greatest length intersected the line of greatest breadth *exactly* at the point of greatest depth, notwithstanding that the middle is so nearly level, the outline of the pond far from regular, and the extreme length and breadth were got by measuring into the coves; and I said to myself, Who knows but this hint would conduct to the deepest part of the ocean as well as of a pond or puddle? Is not this the rule also for the height of mountains, regarded as the opposite of valleys? We know that a hill is not highest at its narrowest part.

Of five coves, three, or all which had been sounded, were observed to have a bar quite across their mouths and deeper water within, so that the bay tended to be an expansion of water within the land not only horizontally but vertically, and to form a basin or independent pond, the direction of the two capes showing the course of the bar. Every harbor on the sea-coast, also, has its bar at its entrance. In proportion as the mouth of the cove was wider compared with its length, the water over the bar was deeper compared with that in the basin. Given, then, the length and breadth of the cove, and the character of the surrounding shore, and you have almost elements enough to make out a formula for all cases.

In order to see how nearly I could guess, with this experience, at the deepest point in a pond, by observing the outlines of its surface and the character of its shores alone, I made a plan of White Pond, which contains about forty-one acres, and, like this, has no island in it, nor any visible inlet or outlet; and as the line of greatest breadth fell very near the line of least breadth, where two opposite capes approached each other and two opposite bays receded, I ventured to mark a point a short distance from the latter line, but still on the line of greatest length, as the deepest. The deepest part was found to be within one hundred feet of this, still farther in the direction to which I had inclined, and was only one foot deeper, namely, sixty feet. Of course, a stream running through, or an island in the pond would make the problem much more complicated.

If we knew all the laws of Nature, we should need only one fact, or the description of one actual phenomenon, to infer all the particular results at that point. Now we know only a few laws, and our result is vitiated, not, of course, by any confusion or irregularity in Nature, but by our ignorance of essential elements in the calculation. Our notions of law and harmony are commonly confined to those instances which we detect; but the harmony which results from a far greater number of seemingly conflicting, but really concurring, laws, which we have not detected, is still more wonderful. The particular laws are as our points of view, as, to the traveler, a mountain outline varies with every step, and it has an infinite number of profiles, though absolutely but one form. Even when cleft or bored through, it is not comprehended in its entireness.

What I have observed of the pond is no less true in ethics. It is the law of average. Such a rule of the two diameters not

only guides us toward the sun in the system and the heart in man, but draw lines through the length and breadth of the aggregate of a man's particular daily behaviors and waves of life into his coves and inlets, and where they intersect will be the height or depth of his character. Perhaps we need only to know how his shores trend and his adjacent country or circumstances, to infer his depth and concealed bottom. If he is surrounded by mountainous circumstances, an Achillean shore, whose peaks overshadow and are reflected in his bosom, they suggest a corresponding depth in him. But a low and smooth shore proves him shallow on that side. In our bodies, a bold projecting brow falls off to and indicates a corresponding depth of thought. Also there is a bar across the entrance of our every cove, or particular inclination; each is our harbor for a season, in which we are detained and partially landlocked. These inclinations are not whimsical usually, but their form, size, and direction are determined by the promontories of the shore, the ancient axes of elevation. When this bar is gradually increased by storms, tides, or currents, or there is a subsidence of the waters, so that it reaches to the surface, that which was at first but an inclination in the shore in which a thought was harbored becomes an individual lake, cut off from the ocean, wherein the thought secures its own conditions,—changes, perhaps, from salt to fresh, becomes a sweet sea, dead sea, or a marsh. At the advent of each individual into this life, may we not suppose that such a bar has risen to the surface somewhere? It is true, we are such poor navigators that our thoughts, for the most part, stand off and on upon a harborless coast, are conversant only with the bights of the bays of poesy, or steer for the public ports of entry, and go into the dry docks of science, where they merely refit for this world, and no natural currents concur to individualize them.

As for the inlet or outlet of Walden, I have not discovered any but rain and snow and evaporation, though perhaps, with a thermometer and a line, such places may be found, for where the water flows into the pond it will probably be coldest in summer and warmest in winter. When the icemen were at work here in '46–7, the cakes sent to the shore were one day rejected by those who were stacking them up there, not being thick enough to lie side by side with the rest; and the cutters thus discovered that the ice over a small space was two or three inches thinner than elsewhere, which made them think that

there was an inlet there. They also showed me in another place what they thought was a "leach hole," through which the pond leaked out under a hill into a neighboring meadow, pushing me out on a cake of ice to see it. It was a small cavity under ten feet of water; but I think that I can warrant the pond not to need soldering till they find a worse leak than that. One has suggested that if such a "leach hole" should be found, its connection with the meadow, if any existed, might be proved by conveying some colored powder or sawdust to the mouth of the hole, and then putting a strainer over the spring in the meadow, which would catch some of the particles carried through by the current.

While I was surveying, the ice, which was sixteen inches thick, undulated under a slight wind like water. It is well known that a level cannot be used on ice. At one rod from the shore its greatest fluctuation, when observed by means of a level on land directed toward a graduated staff on the ice, was three quarters of an inch, though the ice appeared firmly attached to the shore. It was probably greater in the middle. Who knows but if our instruments were delicate enough we might detect an undulation in the crust of the earth? When two legs of my level were on the shore and the third on the ice, and the sights were directed over the latter, a rise or fall of the ice of an almost infinitesimal amount made a difference of several feet on a tree across the pond. When I began to cut holes for sounding, there were three or four inches of water on the ice under a deep snow which had sunk it thus far; but the water began immediately to run into these holes, and continued to run for two days in deep streams, which wore away the ice on every side, and contributed essentially, if not mainly, to dry the surface of the pond; for, as the water ran in, it raised and floated the ice. This was somewhat like cutting a hole in the bottom of a ship to let the water out. When such holes freeze, and a rain succeeds, and finally a new freezing forms a fresh smooth ice over all, it is beautifully mottled internally by dark figures, shaped somewhat like a spider's web, what you may call ice rosettes, produced by the channels worn by the water flowing from all sides to a center. Sometimes, also, when the ice was covered with shallow puddles, I saw a double shadow of myself, one standing on the head of the other, one on the ice, the other on the trees or hillside.

While yet it is cold January, and snow and ice are thick and solid, the prudent landlord comes from the village to get ice to cool his summer drink; impressively, even pathetically, wise, to foresee the heat and thirst of July now in January,—wearing a thick coat and mittens! when so many things are not provided for. It may be that he lays up no treasures in this world which will cool his summer drink in the next. He cuts and saws the solid pond, unroofs the house of fishes, and carts off their very element and air, held fast by chains and stakes like corded wood, through the favoring winter air, to wintry cellars, to underlie the summer there. It looks like solidified azure, as, far off, it is drawn through the streets. These ice cutters are a merry race, full of jest and sport, and when I went among them they were wont to invite me to saw pit-fashion with them, I standing underneath.

In the winter of '46–7 there came a hundred men of Hyperborean extraction swoop down on to our pond one morning, with many car loads of ungainly-looking farming tools,—sleds, plows, drill barrows, turf knives, spades, saws, rakes, and each man was armed with a double-pointed pike staff, such as is not described in the *New England Farmer* or the *Cultivator*. I did not know whether they had come to sow a crop of winter rye, or some other kind of grain recently introduced from Iceland. As I saw no manure, I judge that they meant to skim the land, as I had done, thinking the soil was deep and had lain fallow long enough. They said that a gentleman farmer, who was behind the scenes, wanted to double his money, which, as I understood, amounted to half a million already; but in order to cover each one of his dollars with another, he took off the only coat, ay, the skin itself, of Walden Pond in the midst of a hard winter. They went to work at once, plowing, harrowing, rolling, furrowing, in admirable order, as if they were bent on making this a model farm; but when I was looking sharp to see what kind of seed they dropped into the furrow, a gang of fellows by my side suddenly began to hook up the virgin mold itself, with a peculiar jerk, clean down to the sand, or rather the water,—for it was a very springy soil,—indeed all the *terra firma* there was,—and haul it away on sleds, and then I guessed that they must be cutting peat in a bog. So they came and went every day, with a peculiar shriek from the locomotive, from and to some point of the polar regions, as it seemed to me, like a flock of Arctic snowbirds. But sometimes Squaw Walden

had her revenge, and a hired man, walking behind his team, slipped through a crack in the ground down toward Tartarus, and he who was so brave before suddenly became but the ninth part of a man, almost gave up his animal heat, and was glad to take refuge in my house, and acknowledged that there was some virtue in a stove; or sometimes the frozen soil took a piece of steel out of a plowshare, or a plow got set in the furrow and had to be cut out.

To speak literally, a hundred Irishmen, with Yankee overseers, came from Cambridge every day to get out the ice. They divided it into cakes by methods too well known to require description, and these, being sledded to the shore, were rapidly hauled off on to an ice platform, and raised by grappling irons and block and tackle, worked by horses, on to a stack, as surely as so many barrels of flour, and there placed evenly side by side, and row upon row, as if they formed the solid base of an obelisk designed to pierce the clouds. They told me that in a good day they could get out a thousand tons, which was the yield of about one acre. Deep ruts and "cradle holes" were worn in the ice, as on *terra firma*, by the passage of the sleds over the same track, and the horses invariably ate their oats out of cakes of ice hollowed out like buckets. They stacked up the cakes thus in the open air in a pile thirty-five feet high on one side and six or seven rods square, putting hay between the outside layers to exclude the air; for when the wind, though never so cold, finds a passage through, it will wear large cavities, leaving slight supports or studs only here and there, and finally topple it down. At first it looked like a vast blue fort or Valhalla; but when they began to tuck the coarse meadow hay into the crevices, and this became covered with rime and icicles, it looked like a venerable moss-grown and hoary ruin, built of azure-tinted marble, the abode of Winter, that old man we see in the almanac,—his shanty, as if he had a design to estivate with us. They calculated that not twenty-five per cent of this would reach its destination, and that two or three per cent would be wasted in the cars. However, a still greater part of this heap had a different destiny from what was intended; for, either because the ice was found not to keep so well as was expected, containing more air than usual, or for some other reason, it never got to market. This heap, made in the winter of '46–7, and estimated to contain ten thousand tons, was finally covered with hay and boards; and though it

was unroofed the following July, and a part of it carried off, the rest remaining exposed to the sun, it stood over that summer and the next winter, and was not quite melted till September, 1848. Thus the pond recovered the greater part.

Like the water, the Walden ice, seen near at hand, has a green tint, but at a distance is beautifully blue, and you can easily tell it from the white ice of the river, or the merely greenish ice of some ponds, a quarter of a mile off. Sometimes one of those great cakes slips from the iceman's sled into the village street, and lies there for a week like a great emerald, an object of interest to all passers. I have noticed that a portion of Walden which in the state of water was green will often, when frozen, appear from the same point of view blue. So the hollows about this pond will, sometimes, in the winter, be filled with a greenish water somewhat like its own, but the next day will have a frozen blue. Perhaps the blue color of water and ice is due to the light and air they contain, and the most transparent is the bluest. Ice is an interesting subject for contemplation. They told me that they had some in the ice houses at Fresh Pond five years old, which was as good as ever. Why is it that a bucket of water soon becomes putrid, but frozen remains sweet forever? It is commonly said that this is the difference between the affections and the intellect.

Thus for sixteen days I saw from my window a hundred men at work like busy husbandmen, with teams and horses and apparently all the implements of farming, such a picture as we see on the first page of the almanac; and as often as I looked out I was reminded of the fable of the lark and the reapers, or the parable of the sower, and the like; and now they are all gone, and in thirty days more, probably, I shall look from the same window on the pure sea-green Walden water there, reflecting the clouds and the trees, and sending up its evaporations in solitude, and no traces will appear that a man has ever stood there. Perhaps I shall hear a solitary loon laugh as he dives and plumes himself, or shall see a lonely fisher in his boat, like a floating leaf, beholding his form reflected in the waves, where lately a hundred men securely labored.

Thus it appears that the sweltering inhabitants of Charleston and New Orleans, of Madras and Bombay and Calcutta, drink at my well. In the morning I bathe my intellect in the stupendous and cosmogonal philosophy of the Bhagvat Geeta, since whose composition years of the gods have elapsed, and

in comparison with which our modern world and its literature seem puny and trivial; and I doubt if that philosophy is not to be referred to a previous state of existence, so remote is its sublimity from our conceptions. I lay down the book and go to my well for water, and lo! there I meet the servant of the Bramin, priest of Brahma and Vishnu and Indra, who still sits in his temple on the Ganges reading the Vedas, or dwells at the root of a tree with his crust and water jug. I meet his servant come to draw water for his master, and our buckets as it were grate together in the same well. The pure Walden water is mingled with the sacred water of the Ganges. With favoring winds it is wafted past the site of the fabulous islands of Atlantis and the Hesperides, makes the periplus of Hanno, and floating by Ternate and Tidore and the mouth of the Persian Gulf, melts in the tropic gales of the Indian seas, and is landed in ports of which Alexander only heard the names.



BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

[Georges Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon, the great French naturalist, was born at Montbard, in Burgundy, September 7, 1707, and was liberally educated by his father, M. Leclerc de Buffon, a counselor of the parliament of Dijon. He was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris in 1739, and in the same year was appointed director of the Jardin du Roi, the present Jardin des Plantes. Shortly afterward he projected his "Histoire Naturelle," and devoted himself for the rest of his life to its preparation, with the assistance of Daubenton, Lacépède, and others The most complete edition is in thirty-six volumes (1749–1788). Although now obsolete, and of small scientific value, it had an extraordinary popularity, and was the means of diffusing a taste for the study of nature throughout Europe. After receiving several high honors, being elevated to the rank of Comte de Buffon by Louis XV, and treated with great distinction by Louis XVI., Buffon died at Paris, April 16, 1788]

Effects of Rain: Marshes, Subterraneous Wood, and Waters.

It has already been remarked that rains, and the currents of water which they produce, continually detach, from the summits and sides of mountains, earth, gravel, etc., and carry them down to the plains; and that the rivers transport part of them to the sea. The plains, therefore, by fresh accumulations of matter, are perpetually rising higher; and the mountains, for the same reason, are constantly diminishing both in size and

elevation. Of the sinking of mountains, Joseph Blancanus relates several facts which were publicly known in his time. The steeple of the village of Craich, in the county of Derby, was not visible, in 1572, from a certain mountain, on account of a higher mountain which intervened; but eighty or one hundred years afterwards, not only the steeple, but likewise part of the church, were visible from the same station. Dr. Plot gives a similar example of a mountain between Sibbertoft and Ashby, in the county of Northampton. Sand, earth, gravel, and small stones are not only carried down by the rains, but they sometimes undermine and drive before them large rocks, which considerably diminish the height of mountains. In general, the rocks are pointed and perpendicular in proportion to the height and steepness of the mountains. The rocks in high mountains are very straight and naked. The large fragments which appear in the valleys have been detached by the operation of water and of frosts. Thus sand and earth are not the only substances detached from mountains by the rains; they attack the hardest rocks, and carry down large fragments of them into the plains. At Nant-phrancon, in 1685, a part of a large rock, which was supported on a narrow base, being undermined by the waters, fell, and split into a number of fragments, the largest of which made deep trenches in the plain, crossed a small river, and stopped on the other side. To similar accidents we must ascribe the origin of all those large stones which are found in valleys adjacent to mountains. This phenomenon, as formerly remarked, is more common in countries where the mountains are composed of sand and freestone than in those the mountains of which consist of clay and marble, because sand is a less solid basis than clay.

To give an idea of the quantity of earth detached from mountains by the rains, we shall quote a passage on this subject from Dr. Plot's "Natural History of Stafford." He remarks that a great number of coins, struck in the reign of Edward IV., *i.e.* two hundred years ago, were found buried eighteen feet below the surface; hence he concludes that the earth, which is marshy where the coins were found, augments about a foot in eleven years, or an inch and a twelfth each year. A similar observation may be made on trees buried seventeen feet below the surface, under which were found medals of Julius Cæsar. Thus the soil of the plains is considerably augmented and elevated by the matters washed down from the mountains.

The rupture of caverns and the action of subterranean fires are the chief causes of the great revolutions which happen in the earth, but they are often produced by smaller causes. The filtration of the water, by diluting the clay upon which almost all calcareous mountains rest, has frequently made those mountains incline and tumble down. . . .

There is not a castle or fortress, situated upon heights, which might not be easily tumbled into the plain by a simple cut of ten or twelve feet deep and some fathoms wide. This cut should be made at a small distance from the last wall, and upon that side where the declivity is greatest. This method, of which the ancients never dreamed, would have saved them the operation of battering-rams and other engines of war, and even at present might be employed, in many cases, with advantage. I am convinced by my eyes that, when these walls slipped, if the cut made for rebuilding them had not been speedily filled with strong mason work, the ancient walls and the two towers that have subsisted in good condition 900 years, and one of which is 125 feet high, would have tumbled into the valley, along with the rocks upon which they are founded. As most of our hills composed of calcareous stones rest upon a clay base, the first strata of which are always more or less moistened with the waters that filtrate through the crevices of the rocks, it appears to be certain that, by exposing these moistened beds to the air by a cut, the whole mass of rocks and earth resting upon the clay would slip, and in a few days tumble into the cut, especially during wet weather. This mode of dismantling a fortress is more simple than any hitherto invented; and experience has convinced me that its success is certain.

The sand, gravel, and earth carried down from the mountains into the plains form beds which ought not to be confounded with the original strata of the globe. To the former belong the beds of tufa, of soft stone, and of sand and gravel which have been rounded by the operation of water. To these may be added those beds of stone which have been formed by a species of incrustation, none of which derive their origin from the motion or sediments of the sea. In these strata of tufa and of soft imperfect stones, we find a number of different vegetables, leaves of trees, land or river shells, and small terrestrial animals, but never seashells, or other productions of the ocean. This circumstance, joined to their want of solidity,

evidently proves that these strata have been superinduced upon the dry surface of the earth, and that they are more recent than those of marble and other stones, which contain seashells, and have been originally formed by the waters of the sea. Tufa and other new stones appear to be hard and solid when first dug out of the earth; but they soon dissolve after being exposed to the operation of the weather. Their substance is so different from that of true stone that, when broken down in order to make sand of them, they change into a kind of dirty earth. The stalactites and other stony concretions, which M. Tournefort apprehended to be marbles that had vegetated, are not genuine stones. We have already shown that the formation of tufa is not ancient, and that it is not entitled to be ranked with stones. Tufa is an imperfect substance, differing from stone or earth, but deriving its origin from both by the intervention of rain water, in the same manner as incrustations are formed by the waters of certain springs. Thus the strata of these substances are not ancient nor have they, like the other species, been formed by sediments from the waters of the ocean. The strata of turf are also recent, and have been produced by successive accumulations of half-corrupted trees and other vegetables, which owe their preservation to a bituminous earth. No production of the sea ever appears in any of these new strata. But, on the contrary, we find in them many vegetables, the bones of land animals, and land and river shells. In the meadows near Ashly, in the county of Northampton, for example, they find, several feet below the surface, snail shells, plants, herbs, and several species of river shells well preserved; but not a single seashell appears. All these new strata have been formed by the waters on the surface changing their channels, and diffusing themselves on all sides. Part of these waters penetrate the earth, and run along the fissures of rocks and stones. The reason why water is so seldom found in high countries, or on the tops of hills, is because high grounds are generally composed of stones and rocks. To find water, therefore, we must cut through the rocks till we arrive at clay or firm earth. But when the thickness of the rock is great, as in high mountains, where the rocks are often 1000 feet high, it is impossible to pierce them to their base; and consequently it is impossible to find water in such situations. There are even extensive countries that afford no water, as in Arabia Petrea, which is

a desert where no rains fall, where the surface of the earth is covered with burning sands, where there is hardly the appearance of any soil, and where nothing but a few sickly plants are produced. In this miserable country, wells are so rare that travelers enumerate only five between Cairo and Mount Sinai, and the water they contain is bitter and saltish.

When the superficial waters can find no outlets or channels, they form marshes and fens. The most celebrated fens in Europe are those of Russia, at the source of the Tanais; and those of Savolaxia and Enasak, in Finland: there are also considerable marshes in Holland, Westphalia, and other countries. In Asia are the marshes of the Euphrates, of Tartary, and of the Palus Meotis. However, marshes are less frequent in Asia and Africa than in Europe. But the whole plains of America may be regarded as one continued marsh, which is a greater proof of the moderness of this country, and of the scarcity of its inhabitants, than of their want of industry.

There are extensive fens in England, particularly in Lincolnshire, near the sea, which has lost a great quantity of land on one side, and gained as much on the other. In the ancient soil, many trees are found buried under the new earth, which has been transported and deposited by the water; the same phenomenon is common in the marshes of Scotland. Near Bruges in Flanders, in digging to the depth of forty or fifty feet, a vast number of trees were found as close to each other as they are in a forest. Their trunks, branches, and leaves were so well preserved that their different species could be easily distinguished. About 500 years ago the earth where these trees were found was covered with the sea, and before this time we have neither record nor tradition of its existence. It must, however, have been dry land when the trees grew upon it. Thus the land that, in some remote period, was firm and covered with wood, has been overwhelmed with the waters of the sea, which in the course of time have deposited forty or fifty feet of earth upon the ancient surface, and then retired. A number of subterranean trees was likewise discovered at Youle in Yorkshire, near the river Humber. Some of them are so large as to be of use in building; and it is affirmed that they are as [illegible] as oak. The country people cut them into long thi[illegible] l sell them in the neighboring villages, where th[illegible] employ them for lighting their pipes. All the [illegible] ar to be broken, and th

trunks are separated from the roots, as if they had been thrown down by a hurricane or an inundation. The wood appears to be fir, it has the same smell when burnt, and makes the same kind of charcoal. In the Isle of Man, there is a marsh called Curragh, about six miles long and three broad, where subterraneous fir trees are found, and, though eighteen or twenty feet below the surface, they stand firm on their roots. These trees are common in the marshes and bogs of Somerset, Chester, Lancashire, and Stafford. In some places, there are subterraneous trees which have been cut, sawed, and squared by the hands of men; and even axes and other implements are often found near them. Between Birmingham and Bromley, in the county of Lincoln, there are hills of a fine light sand, which is blown about by the winds, and transported by the rains, leaving bare the roots of large firs, in which the impressions of the ax are still exceedingly apparent. These hills have unquestionably been formed, like downs, by successive accumulations of sand transported by the motions of the sea. Subterraneous trees are also frequent in the marshes of Holland, Friesland, and near Groningen, which abound in turfs.

In the jurisdiction of Bergues-Saint-Winock, Furnes, and Bourbourgh, we find turf at three or four feet below the surface. These beds of turf are generally two feet thick, and are composed of corrupted wood, of entire trees with their branches and leaves, and particularly of filberts, which are known by their nuts, and the whole is interlaced with reeds and the roots of plants.

What is the origin of these beds of turf which extend from Bruges through the whole flat country of Flanders as far as the river Aa, between the downs and the high country in the environs of Bergues, etc.? In remote ages, when Flanders was only a vast forest, a sudden inundation of the sea must have deluged the whole country, and, in retiring, deposited all the trees, wood, and twigs which it had eradicated and destroyed in this lowest territory of Flanders; and this event must have happened in the month of August or September, because we still find the leaves of trees, as well as nuts, on the filberts. This inundation must have taken place long before that province was conquered by Julius Cæsar, since no mention is made of it in the writings of the ancients.

In the bowels of the earth we sometimes find vegetables in a different state from that of common turf. For example, in

Mount Ganelon, near Compiègne, we find, on one side of the mountain, quarries of fine stones and the fossil oysters formerly mentioned, and, on the other side, we meet with a bed of the leaves of all kinds of trees and also reeds, the whole blended together and inclosed in mud. When these leaves are stirred, we perceive the same musty odor which we feel on the margin of the sea; and these leaves preserve their odor during several years. Besides, the leaves are not destroyed: for we can easily distinguish their species: they are only dry, and slightly united to each other by the mud.

THE STRUGGLE.[1]

By the BARONESS TAUTPHŒUS.

(From "The Initials.")

[JEMIMA MONTGOMERY: Born in 1807 in Ireland (Wales?). She married Baron Tautphœus, who was Chamberlain to the king of Bavaria. She wrote "Cyrilla," "Quits: a Novel" (1857), "At Odds," etc.]

THE following Sunday Hamilton saw the whole Rosenberg family, with the exception of Hildegarde, walking in the English Gardens. It appeared odd that she should have remained at home when her father was present, and he, for a moment, thought of asking the reason; on consideration, the hope of finding her alone made him turn his horse's head directly homeward, and, on riding into the yard, he looked up to her window, expecting, as usual, to find her there ready to greet him and admire his horse — but not a human being was visible; even his servant, not expecting his return so early, had disappeared, and he was obliged to lead his horse into the stable himself. He entered the house by the back staircase, visited all the rooms, and even the kitchen, but found all deserted. Madame Rosenberg's room was also unoccupied, but through the partly open door of it he saw Hildegarde sitting on the sofa in the drawing-room, reading so intently that she was perfectly unconscious of his presence. The deep folds of her dark blue merino dress, with its closely fitting body, gave a more than usual elegance to her tall, slight figure, as she bent in profile over her book, and Hamilton stood in silent admiration, unconsciously twisting his riding whip ro[illegible] wrist, until his eyes rested for the second time on t[illegible]ich she held in her hand.

[1] By permission of [illegible] Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

He started, hesitated, then hastily strode forward and stood before her. Doubt and uncertainty were still depicted on his countenance as Hildegarde looked up; but her dismay, her deep blush, and the childish action of placing the hand containing the volume behind her, were a confirmation of his fears that she was reading the forbidden work. "Excuse me for interrupting you," he said, with a forced smile; "but I really cannot believe the evidence of my own eyes, and must request you to let me look at that book for a moment."

"No, you shall not," she answered, leaning back on the sofa, and becoming very pale, while she added, "It is very disagreeable being startled and interrupted in this manner. I thought you told mamma you would meet her at Neuberhausen."

"Very true; perhaps I may meet her there; but before I go I must and will see that book. On it depends my future opinion of you."

"You shall not see it," cried Hildegarde, the color again returning to her face.

"The book," said Hamilton, seizing firmly her disengaged hand. "The book, or the name of it!"

"Neither; let me go!" cried Hildegarde, struggling to disengage her hand.

Like most usually quiet-tempered persons, Hamilton, when once actually roused, lost all command of himself; he held one of her hands as in a vise, and, when she brought forward the other to accelerate its release, he bent down to read the title of the book, which was immediately thrown on the ground, and the then freed hand descended with such violence on his cheek and ear that for a moment he was perfectly stunned; and, even after he stood upright, he looked at her for a few seconds in unfeigned astonishment. "Do you think," at length he exclaimed vehemently — "Do you think that I will allow you to treat me as you did Major Stultz, with impunity?" And then, catching her in his arms, he kissed her repeatedly, and with a violence which seemed to terrify her beyond measure. "I gave you fair warning more than once," he added, when at length he had released her. "I gave you fair warning, and you knew what you had to expect." She covered her face with her hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

"I cannot imagine," he continued, impetuously walking up and down the room — "I cannot imagine why you did not,

with your usual courage, tell me at once the name of the book, and prevent this scene."

Hildegarde shook her head, and wept still more bitterly.

"After all," he said, seating himself with affected calmness opposite to her, leaning his arms on the table, and drumming upon the book, which now lay undisputed between them, "After all, you are not better than other people! Not more to be trusted than other girls, and I fancied you such perfection! I could have forgiven anything but the — the untruth!" he exclaimed, starting up. "Anything but that! Pshaw! yesterday when you told me that the books had been sent back to the library, I believed you without a moment's hesitation — I thanked you for your deference to my opinion — ha, ha, ha! What a fool you must have thought me!"

Hildegarde looked up. All expression of humility had left her features, her tears ceased to flow, and, as she rose to leave the room, she turned almost haughtily towards him, while saying: —

"I really do not know what right you have to speak to me in this manner. I consider it very great presumption on your part, and desire it may never occur again."

"You may be quite sure I shall never offend you in this way again," he said, holding the book towards her. "What a mere farce the writing of that list of books was!"

"No, for I had intended to have read all you recommended."

"And all I recommended you to avoid, too! This — this, which you tacitly promised not to finish ——" He stopped; for, while she took the book in silence, she blushed so deeply, and seemed so embarrassed, that he added sorrowfully, "Oh, how I regret having come home! How I wish I had not discovered that you could deceive me!"

"I have *not* deceived you," said Hildegarde.

Hamilton shook his head, and glanced towards the subject of dispute.

"Appearances are against me, and yet I repeat I have not deceived you. The books *were* sent to the library yesterday evening — but too late to be changed. Old Hans brought them back again, and I found them in my room when I went to bed. I did not read them last night."

"But you stayed at home for the purpose to-day," observed Hamilton, reproachfully.

"No; my mother gave the servants leave to go out for the whole day, and as she did not like to leave the house unoccupied, she asked me to remain at home. I, of course, agreed to do so — without, I assure you, thinking of those hateful books. I do not mean to — I cannot justify what I have done. I can only say in extenuation that the temptation was great. I have been alone for more than two hours — my father's books are locked up. I never enter your room when you are absent, and I wished to know the end of the story which still interests and haunts me in spite of all my endeavors to forget it. The book lay before me; I resisted long, but at last I opened it; and so — and so ——"

"And so, I suppose, I must acknowledge that I have judged you too harshly," said Hamilton.

"I do not care about your judgment. I have fallen in my own esteem since I find that I cannot resist temptation."

"And is my good opinion of no value to you?"

"It was, perhaps; but it has lost all worth within the last half-hour."

"How do you mean?"

"I have seen you in the course of that time suspicious, rough, and what you would yourself call ungentlemanlike."

"A pretty catalogue of faults for one short half-hour!" exclaimed Hamilton, biting his lips.

"You were the last person from whom I should have expected such treatment," continued Hildegarde, while the tears started to her eyes, and her voice faltered, "the very last; and though I did get into a passion and give you a blow, it was not until you had hurt my wrist and provoked me beyond endurance." She left the room and walked quickly down the passage.

"Stay," cried Hamilton, following her, "stay, and hear my excuses."

"Excuses! You have not even one to offer," said Hildegarde, laying her hand on the lock of her door.

"Hear me at least," he said eagerly. "I could not endure the thought of your being one jot less perfect than I had imagined you — that made me suspicious; the wish for proof made me rough; and though I cannot exactly justify my subsequent conduct, I plead in extenuation your own words, 'the temptation was great.'"

Hildegarde's dimples showed that a smile was with diffi-

culty repressed, and Hamilton, taking courage, whispered hurriedly, "But one word more — hear my last and best excuse; it is that I love you, deeply, passionately; but I need not tell you this, for you must have known it long, long ago. Hildegarde, say only that our perpetual quarrels have not made you absolutely hate me!"

Hildegarde, without uttering a word more, impetuously drew back her hand, sprang into her room, and locked the door. He waited for a minute or two, and then knocked, but received no answer. "Hildegarde," he cried reproachfully, "is this right — is this kind? Even if you dislike me, I have a right to expect an answer."

"Go," she said in a very low voice; "go away. You ought not to be here when I am alone."

"Why did you not think of that before?"

"I don't know. I had not time. I ——"

"Nonsense. Open the door, and let me speak to you for a moment."

No answer, but he thought he heard her walking up and down the room.

"Only one moment," he repeated.

"I cannot, indeed I cannot. Pray go away."

He retired slowly to his room; even before he reached it he had become conscious of the absurdity of his conduct, and the prudence of hers. That she no longer disliked him, he was pretty certain; that she had so discreetly avoided a confession of other feelings was better for both, as it enabled them to continue their intercourse on the same terms, while the acknowledgment of a participation in his affection would have subjected her to great annoyances, and placed him in a most embarrassing situation. He was angry with himself — recollected, with shame, that he had repeated the error which he had so much cause to regret on a former occasion, and mentally repenting his own loquaciousness and rejoicing at Hildegarde's taciturnity, he resolved never to refer to the subject again. A ring of the bell at the entrance door induced him to stop and await her appearance. She did not answer the summons, and it was repeated, accompanied by a few familiar taps on the door. Still she did not move. Again the bell was rung; the knocks became louder, as if administered by some hard instrument, and finally her name was loudly and distinctly pronounced.

"I am coming, papa," she cried at last, running forward, and opening the door precipitately.

Count Raimund sprang into the passage, closed the door with his shoulder, leaned upon it, and burst into a fit of laughter at the dismay legible on the features of his cousin.

"Oscar," she began seriously, "you must come some other day, mamma is not at home, and I have been left to——"

"I know, I know," he cried, interrupting her. "I saw them all in the English Gardens—your Chevalier Hamilton, too, galloping about like a madman; and for this reason, my most dear and beautiful cousin, I have come here now, hoping for once to see you alone. Do not look so alarmed, I am only come to claim the advice which you promised to give me on the most important event of my life."

"Not now, not now," said Hildegarde, glancing furtively towards the end of the passage, where, in the shadow of his door, she distinguished Hamilton's figure leaning with folded arms against the wall; "some other time, Oscar."

"What other time? I never see you for a moment alone—even at the Hoffmanns', although my good Marie is too rational to bore me with useless jealousy, does not her deaf old mother watch every movement and intercept every glance with her cold, gray, suspicious eyes? I sometimes wish the old lady were blind instead of deaf, she would be infinitely less troublesome."

"Oh, Oscar!"

"Conceive my being doomed to live in the vicinity of such eyes, dearest creature, and you will pity me at least!"

"You are not in the least to be pitied—for the Hoffmans are most amiable," said Hildegarde, hurriedly. "But now, I expect you will leave me."

"Expect no such thing! On the contrary, I expect you will invite me to enter this room," he replied, advancing boldly towards her.

"If you enter that room," said Hildegarde, sternly, "I shall leave you there, and take refuge with Madame de Hoffman, who, I know, is now at home."

"Don't be angry, dearest; all places are alike to me where you are. All places are alike to me where I may tell you without reserve that I love you more than ever one cousin loved another."

"The time is ill chosen for jesting, Oscar; I never felt

less disposed to enjoy anything of the kind than at this moment."

"Indeed! then let me tell you seriously that I love you to distraction."

"Oscar, even in jest I do not choose to hear such nonsense."

"By heaven, I am not jesting."

"Then, betrothed as you now are, your words are a crime."

"Be it so; there is, however, no crime I should hesitate to commit were you to be obtained by it. As to breaking my engagement with Marie, that is a trifle not worth considering; but what am I likely to obtain by doing so?"

"Dishonor," said Hildegarde, firmly and calmly.

"Hildegarde," he exclaimed fiercely, "do not affect a coldness which you cannot feel; do not drive me to madness. My love must not be trifled with; it is of no rational, everyday kind, but violent as my nature, and desperate as my fortunes."

"That is," thought Hamilton, "exactly what she wished. If he continue in this strain, she will not shut the door in his face. But I have had enough of this raving, and will no longer constrain her by my presence." He entered the room, and closed the door.

For more than half an hour he impatiently paced backwards and forwards, stopping only when he heard Raimund's voice suddenly raised. At length he thought he heard a stifled scream, and rushed to the door, scarcely knowing what he feared or expected. Hildegarde was holding her cousin's arm with both hands, while she exclaimed, "For heaven's sake, Oscar, do not frighten me so horribly."

A loud ringing of the house bell, and the sound of many voices on the stairs, seemed to be a relief to her, while Raimund appeared considerably agitated. "Hide me in your room, Hildegarde; I am lost if the Hoffmanns find me here."

"And what is to become of me should you be found there?" she asked, while a deadly paleness overspread her features; and she irresolutely placed her hand on the lock of the door, then glanced down the passage, and beckoning Raimund to follow, led the way to Hamilton's room. "Mr. Hamilton," she said with a trembling voice, "will you allow Oscar to remain a few minutes in your room, and when no one is in the passage, have the goodness to open the door leading to the back staircase for him?"

"The part which you have assigned me in this comedy,

mademoiselle, is by no means agreeable, but I will not be the means of causing you embarrassment; Count Raimund may easily be supposed to have voluntarily visited me, and there is no necessity for a retreat by the back staircase, unless he have some motive for wishing to give his visit an air of mystery."

"Ah, very true," said Hildegarde, in a hurried, confused manner, while she moved aside to let her cousin pass.

Hamilton's speech made more impression on Raimund; he looked furious, and seemed to hesitate whether or not to enter the room. Again the bell rang, and Hildegarde was in the act of springing forward, when Raimund caught her arm, and while a fearful frown contracted his brows, with closed teeth, and in the low voice of suppressed rage, he whispered, "One word; is it Zedwitz? or — or ——" he looked towards Hamilton.

Hildegarde's face became crimson, she flung off his detaining hand, and ran to the hall door, which she threw wide open, leaving him to retreat precipitately into Hamilton's room, where, with folded arms, he strode towards the window, after having murmured the words, "Sorry to intrude in this manner." Hamilton moved a chair towards him; he sat down for a moment, but the next jumped up, and going to the door, partly opened it and looked into the passage.

"I saw Count Raimund enter the house more than half an hour ago," observed a very loud voice, which Hamilton recognized as Madame de Hoffman's, "and as I knew you were all out walking, and only Mademoiselle Hildegarde at home, I expected to see him leave it again immediately."

"I think, mamma, you must have been mistaken," said Mademoiselle de Hoffman, putting her mouth close to her mother's ear.

"I have the misfortune to be somewhat deaf, Marie, but my eyes are as good as yours, and with these eyes I saw him enter this house."

"You are quite right," said Raimund, advancing with the easiest manner and most unconcerned smile imaginable. "I knew that Marie had gone out with Madame Rosenberg, and not imagining that my future mother-in-law could be so much interested in my movements, I ventured, without informing her of my intentions, to visit my friend Hamilton."

"But Mr. Hamilton is out riding," cried Madame de Hoffmann.

"Perhaps he *was* out riding, but I have had the good fortune to find him at home, nevertheless."

"Then he must have come up the other staircase, or I should have seen him through the slit in our door, where I watched you walking upstairs."

"Very possibly," said Raimund, contemptuously.

"Marie," said Madame de Hoffmann, in what she intended for a whisper, but which was audible to all, "Marie, my child, I don't believe a word of all this. The Englishman is no more in the house than the man in the moon."

"Confound your suspicions," muttered Raimund, angrily. "I suppose, then," he added with a frown, "I shall be obliged, in order to satisfy you, to ask Mr. Hamilton to show himself to the assembled household."

He seemed, however, so very unwilling to make the request, that Madame de Hoffman's suspicions received confirmation; she turned from him, saying with a laugh of derision, "Perhaps Hildegarde can assist you in making him appear!"

Her words acted like a charm. Hamilton, who had been an immovable listener of all that had passed, no sooner heard her name mentioned, than he mechanically rose, and taking his hat and whip, issued forth. He forced a smile as he passed the Hoffmanns and Madame Rosenberg, which, on approaching Hildegarde, changed into an expression of contempt that neither her swelled and tearful eyelids nor her excessive paleness could mitigate.

After his return home, he remained in his room until supper was announced, and even then delayed some minutes, to insure Madame Rosenberg's being in the drawing-room when he reached it. She was endeavoring to persuade Hildegarde to leave the stove, near which she was sitting with closed eyes, leaning her head in her hands.

"If you would only eat your supper, Hildegarde, it would quite cure your headache, which is probably caused by your having spent the day in a heated room. Next time I shall leave old Hans in charge of the house, for had you been out walking with us as usual, you would have had no headache, I am sure. Don't you think so too, Mr. Hamilton?"

"I think it very probable," he answered, seating himself beside Madame Rosenberg.

"And don't you think if she took some soup she would be better?"

"Perhaps."

"Hildegarde, I insist on your trying it—or go to bed at once. You make your head worse by sitting so close to the stove."

Hildegarde, without speaking, moved to the vacant chair at the other side of Hamilton, and slowly and reluctantly sipped a few mouthfuls of soup.

By some singular anomaly, Hamilton found himself suddenly in remarkably high spirits—he looked at Hildegarde, and congratulating himself on being free from thraldom, gazed with a gay smile on her pale features until they were suffused with red, and great was his triumph to feel and know that there was no sympathetic blush on his own countenance. He told Madame Rosenberg of an engagement he had made with Zedwitz to accompany him to Edelhof on the following morning, to attend the marriage of his sister, and requested to have his breakfast at an early hour the next day.

"And you intend to remain away a whole fortnight! How we shall miss you!" cried Madame Rosenberg.

"You are very kind to say so," replied Hamilton, laughing.

"And I think so too, though you seem to doubt me. You know I like you better than any of the Englishmen I have had in my house. Captain Black was not to be compared to you, nor Mr. Smith, either, although he used to tell me so often that he was noble even without a *von* before his name, and that he could be made a chamberlain here if he wished it, as he was related to the Duke of Buckel, which always appeared to me such an odd name for a duke that I was half inclined to doubt there being any such person."

"We have a Duke of Buccleugh——" began Hamilton.

"Very likely he pronounced it that way; I am sure I heard it often enough to know, but I never can learn an English word until I see it written, and never should have learned his name if he had not constantly left his cards lying about on the tables; I dare say I shall find some of them in the card basket still." She commenced a diligent search while speaking, and soon held up a card on which was printed in large German letters the name of Mr. Howard Seymour Scott Smith.

"He used to sometimes say that the last word ought to be left out, for that his real name was Scott."

"Perhaps he inherited property with the name of Smith?"

"No; he said something about a marriage certificate having been lost—that before he was born there was great irregularity in such things in England."

Hamilton laughed.

"Is it not true?" asked Madame Rosenberg.

"Oh, very possibly."

"He told us, too, that in Scotland people could be married without any certificate of birth, baptism, or confirmation—without even the consent of their friends. Franz says this is a fact, and that the existence of such a law is a great temptation to thoughtless young people."

"I have no doubt it is," replied Hamilton; "I would not answer for myself were I led into temptation. A great-uncle of mine made a marriage of this kind and it proved a very happy one—his friends, to provide for him quickly, used all their interest to send him out to India, where he made an enormous fortune, and as he has no children, has been, ever since his return, a sort of lawgiver in our family. I should not have been here now, if old Uncle Jack had not said that traveling was necessary to make me a man of the world, and that in Germany alone I could learn to speak the German well."

"But," said Madame Rosenberg, "this marriage was a fortunate exception, for," she added, with sundry winks and blinks towards Hildegarde, "for marriages against the consent of relations seldom or never turn out well. Let me give you some more salad, and then, as you are to leave so early to-morrow, I may as well pack up your things to-night."

"By no means," cried Hamilton, "I must beg of you to send for Hans."

"Oh, young Hans is much too awkward, and the old man is gone to bed hours ago. I have been thinking, if you intend to keep Hans, that I will begin to teach him to be handy, and instead of Hildegarde's arranging your linen, he must learn to do it from this time forward."

"That would be very kind of you," said Hamilton.

"For the sewing on of buttons, and all that," continued Madame Rosenberg, delighted at the idea of giving instruction, "he must of course still apply to you, Hildegarde."

Hildegarde, who had been leaning back on her chair, diligently puckering and plaiting her pocket handkerchief, looked up for a moment and replied:—

"Yes, mamma."

"I shall send for Hans, and give him his first lessons to-night," said Madame Rosenberg, moving towards the door.

"Wait a moment and I can accompany you," cried Hamilton, quickly. "I shall be ready directly."

"Don't hurry yourself," said Madame Rosenberg; "you will have time enough before Hans comes up; and I must first see if Peppy has fallen asleep, and if he is properly covered. Don't hurry yourself."

Why did Hamilton bend over his plate? and why did the color mount to his temples as the door closed? Did he begin to entertain doubts of his indifference, or did he dread an explanation with Hildegarde? He scarcely knew himself, but he felt uncomfortable, and gave himself a quantity of trouble to prevent his companion from observing it.

The distant roll of carriages had already informed them that the opera was over; but it was not until the sound of voices in the usually quiet street had made the immediate return of her father, sister, and Major Stultz probable, that Hildegarde summoned courage to say, in a very low voice, and without looking up, "What must you think of me ——"

"Do you wish to know what I think of you?" asked Hamilton, with affected negligence.

"Yes; but do not again judge too harshly."

"I think," he said, facing her deliberately, "I think you are very beautiful."

"Pshaw!" cried Hildegarde, pushing back her chair angrily, "I expected a very different answer."

"Something different," said Hamilton, in the same tone. "Something about distraction and committing crimes, perhaps."

"What occurred to-day is no subject for a jest," she said seriously.

"So I thought a few hours ago, also," said Hamilton; "but now the whole affair appears to me rather amusing than otherwise. Perhaps, however, your cousin alone is privileged to speak to you in this manner, in which case you must pardon me for endeavoring to recollect what he said; but it was so well received that ——"

"It was not well received!" cried Hildegarde, interrupting him. "You know it was not; and I am ready," she added, after a pause, "ready to repeat to you every word of our conversation."

"Thank you," said Hamilton, coldly, "but I have already heard enough to enable me to imagine the remainder."

"Perhaps," said Hildegarde, hurriedly, "perhaps you heard —and saw——"

"I heard a declaration of love after the most approved form, a proposal to commit any crime or crimes likely to render him interesting and acceptable to you. I remembered to have once heard you tell your father that you wished to be the object of a love of this kind; but I did not wait to hear your answers. It was your half-suppressed scream which made me foolishly imagine you wished for my presence. When I saw you I perceived at once my mistake, and returned to my room."

"Then you did not see the—the dagger——"

"What dagger?" asked Hamilton, his curiosity excited in spite of himself.

"Oscar's dagger—he threatened to stab himself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Hamilton. "I really did not think him capable of acting so absurdly. I gave him credit for too much knowledge of the world to treat you to such an insipid scene."

"Then you do not think he was serious!"

"I am sure he was not. The dagger was purposely brought for effect. He has proved himself an excellent actor to-day—tragic as well as comic, it seems."

"It was cruel of him deliberately to frighten me," said Hildegarde, thoughtfully.

"It was unpardonable—inexcusable his doing so," cried Hamilton, "for he thought you were alone, and took advantage of finding you unprotected."

"Most men take advantage of finding us unprotected. After the events of to-day I may say all men do so," replied Hildegarde, with so much reproachful meaning in her glance that Hamilton rose from his seat and began to perambulate the room, occasionally stopping to lean on the stove, until her father's voice and approaching steps made him suddenly move forward towards her, as if he expected her to speak again. She remained, however, silent and motionless; and at length, overcome by a mixture of anxiety and curiosity, and with an ineffectual effort to appear indifferent, he said quickly, "I thought you were going to tell me what you said that could have given your cousin an excuse for producing a dagger."

"You did not choose to hear when I was willing to tell you; and now ——"

Here Madame Rosenberg entered the room, and Hildegarde rose, saying, "that her head ached intolerably, and she would now go to bed."

"Good night!" said Hamilton. "I hope your headache will be cured by a long sleep, and that you will be quite well when we meet again."

"Thank you; before that time I shall most probably have altogether forgotten it," said Hildegarde.

That means, thought Hamilton, she will not pour out my coffee to-morrow at breakfast.



IN APRIL.[1]

By EMANUEL GEIBEL.

[1815–1884.]

O HUMID eve of April,
  How dear to me you are;
The sky is all cloud-curtained,
  With here and there a star.

Like breath of love so balmy
  The air blows warm and wet;
From out the valley rises
  Faint scent of violet.

I fain a song would utter
  That like this eve shall be
And cannot find so dreamy,
  So soft a melody.

[1] By permission of Walter Scott, Ltd

A HUNGARIAN ELECTION.

BY BARON JÓZSEF EÖTVÖS.

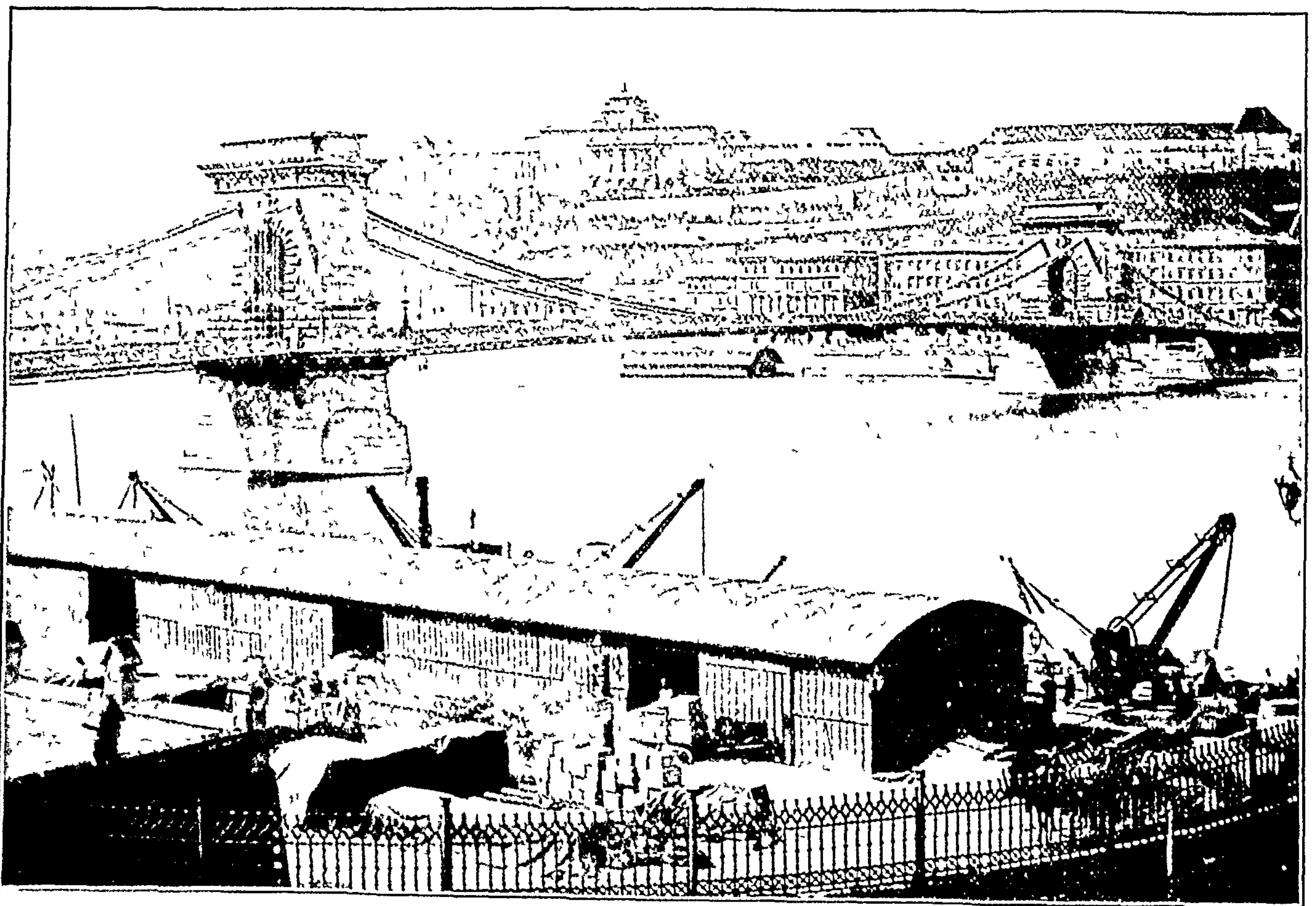
(From "The Village Notary.")

[BARON JÓZSEF EÖTVÖS, a Hungarian novelist, statesman, and orator, was born at Budapest, September 3, 1813. He began his literary career with poems and tragedies, which were universally admired; and then published, at different epochs in his life, the novels "The Carthusian" (1838), "The Village Notary" (1844), and "Hungary in 1514" (1847). He was for many years minister of worship and education, and won the gratitude of his countrymen by his political acts. He died at Budapest, February 2, 1871.]

IT was but natural that while the Conservative party at Tissaret made so many preparations for the election, Mr. Bantornyi's cooks and butlers should be equally busy. Tserepesh was the seat of Bantornyi's party, whose number surpassed those of Rety's adherents. Almost all the great landowners of the county, with the exception of Kishlaki, Shoskuty, and Slatzanek, resorted to Tserepesh. Their enthusiasm (to judge from the noise they made) was unbounded, and their chief strength consisted in the support of the younger and consequently more liberal members of the community. But Mr. Kriver, who sided with either party, had his reasons for doubting the ultimate success of the Bantornyis. He was aware that excepting himself, the prothonotary, and a few vice justices, all the placemen of the county belonged to the Conservative party, which did the more credit to their disinterestedness and foresight, as it was well known that Bantornyi was leagued with men who, like himself, aspired for the first time to the honors and cares of office, a policy whose edge will sometimes turn against him who uses it. Besides (and this was indeed Mr. Kriver's chief ground of doubt), Bantornyi's party had resolved to act upon the mind of the Cortes by persuasion, and to eschew bribery. This sublime but rather impractical idea emanated from Tengelyi, whose motion to that effect was so zealously supported by Bantornyi's friends (excepting always the candidates for office) that the recorder's eloquence and Bantornyi's entreaties were of no avail against this virtuous resolution of theirs. In justice to Bantornyi we ought to say that he and his family strove to make up for this fault, and his noble friends were never in want of either wine or brandy;

but this rash resolution, which the Retys published with their own commentaries, was nevertheless a serious drawback to the success of the party. Well might the Bantornyis agitate for the emancipation of the Jews (so the Rety party said) since they were stingier than a thousand Jews; they despised the nobility because they refused to treat its members. Bantornyi's secret donations were fairly smothered by these public calumnies. Kriver was perfectly justified in protesting that what the party wanted was the *power of publicity*. Rety's men, on the other hand, perambulated the villages; they bore gaudy flags; they had their houses of resort; they distributed feathers among the men and ribbons among the women; the very children in the streets were gained over to them. Every noble fellow knew that it would be three zwanzigers in his pocket if Rety was returned. And the Bantornyis walked about empty-handed, appealing to moral force! They had not even the ghost of a chance; the candidates for office became dissatisfied and talked of effecting a compromise with the enemy, and there is no saying what they might have done but for a most unexpected event, which caused them to rally round their leader.

The lord lieutenant wrote to inform Mr. Bantornyi of his intention to visit the county, and of staying a night at Tserepesh. The letter which contained this welcome intelligence was in his Excellency's own handwriting, and the sensation produced in the county was of course immense. The lord lieutenant had always taken up his quarters in Rety's house. Now Rety was a renegade. An old Liberal, he had joined the Conservative party. And the lord lieutenant, scorning Rety's proffered hospitality, turns to the house of his antagonist. His Excellency was a Liberal at heart, and that was the secret — at least in the opinion of the Tserepesh people. The Rety party were a little shocked. They said, of course, that his Excellency consulted but his own convenience; that Bantornyi's house was the most convenient place on *that* road, and that the inns in that part of the county were villainous; but in their inmost souls they denounced this step as the greatest political fault which his Excellency could have committed, and which, they were sure, *must* lead to his downfall. The anti-bribery party were positive that the high functionary was aware of the despicable means which the Retys employed to get their chief returned, and that he claimed Bantornyi's hospitality only to



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express his disgust at the unlawful practices of bribery and corruption. It need scarcely be said that Tengelyi was a zealous supporter of the latter opinion. But whatever reasons the Count Maroshvolgyi had for going to Tserepesh, certain it is that the news of his coming gave the Bantornyis hopes, and more than hopes, of success. It steadied the wavering ranks of their partisans and recruited their number by a crowd of would-be candidates. The day appointed for the Count's arrival saw the house of Bantornyis thronged with anti-bribery men; and though his Excellency was not expected before nightfall, it was all but impossible to cross the hall at nine o'clock in the morning.

Bantornyi's house was one of those buildings with which every traveler in Hungary must be acquainted. It was a castellated mansion with nine windows; a large gate in the middle, and a tower at each of its four corners. The interior of these buildings is always the same. An ascent of three stone steps leads you to the gate, and walking through a large stone-paved hall you enter the dining room, to the right of which are the apartments of the lady of the house, and to the left the rooms destined for the use of the landlord and his guests. Bantornyi's castle was built on this plan; but ever since the return from England of Mr. Jacob — or *James* Bantornyi — (for he delighted most in the English reading of his name) Mr. Lajosh Bantornyi had come to be a stranger in his own house.

There is in England a very peculiar thing which is commonly known by the name of *comfort*. Mr. James had made deep investigations into the nature and qualities of this peculiar British "thing" (as he called it). Indeed he had come to understand and master it. The "thing," viz. comfort, is chiefly composed of three things: first, that a man's home be built as irregularly as possible; secondly, that there be an abundance of small galleries and narrow passages, and no lack of steps near the doors of the rooms; and, thirdly, that the street door be fashioned with a Bramah lock and key. Curtains and low armchairs are capital things in their way; but most indispensable are some truly English fireplaces fit for burning coal, for it is the smoke of coal which gives a zest to English comfort. When Mr. James Bantornyi returned from England, he rebuilt the family mansion on a plan w[illegible] suggested by "Loudon's Encyclopedia of Cottage [illegible]e." The new build-

ing which did so much honor to his taste was not above one story high; but one of the old towers, which communicated with the new house, was built higher, and (in spite of Mr. Lajosh's protests) provided with a wooden staircase. A veranda was constructed on that side of the house which fronted the garden, and an antechamber and a billiard room were built in the yard. The giant oaks of an English park were indeed but indifferently imitated by a few Mashanza apple trees; but the garden walls, which Mr. James caused to be painted red and yellow, gave a tolerable idea of the unpainted walls of an English landscape. The stables were, of course, condemned to similar improvements; and the grooms were threatened with instant dismissal if they presumed to do their work without that peculiar hissing noise which English grooms are wont to make in the exercise of their professional avocations. Stairs, steps, passages, verandas, curtains, fireplaces, and armchairs — in short, everything was there; and the Bramah lock was famous throughout the county; for once upon a time, when Mr. James had gone to Pesth, the street door was found to be locked, and the key (by some inexplicable mischance) lost; nor could the family enter the house or leave it in any other way than by climbing through the windows of the veranda, until Mr. James, who had the other key fastened to his watch chain, returned from his journey and opened the door. The old castle, which was inhabited by Mr. Lajosh, had escaped most of these improvements; but Mr. James caused his elder brother to consent to some alterations being made in the dining room. It was moreover pronounced to be a high crime and misdemeanor to smoke in any part of the house.

While Mr. Lajosh Bantornyi was busy in receiving and complimenting his guests, his brother James and Mr. Kriver were walking in the garden. James was evidently out of spirits. He shook his head, stood still, walked and shook his head again, beat his boots with a hunting whip, and replied to the recorder's remarks with "*most true*," "*yes*," "*indeed*," and other expressions of English parliamentary language.

"I am sure," said Mr. Kriver, in a whisper, "I am sure we are losing our labor unless we have a committee room and some flags. Your spending money is of no use. Your brother's popularity will not do him any good. They take your money, but they don't come to the election, and *if* they come, they are kidnaped by Rety's party."

"*You are right, my friend*, which means, I agree with you; but what the devil shall we do?"

"Induce your brother to get up some English affair, some *moting* or *meeting*, or some such thing."

"*Meeting*, from *to meet*, which means that people meet. I hope you understand the derivation of the word!"

"That's it! We ought to get up something like a meeting where people meet and drink."

"You are mistaken. That drinking business is altogether a different affair: they call it a '*political dinner*.' But you *meet* to discuss a question; and people sign their names to petitions by hundreds of thousands and more, and such a petition tells upon the government. I attended such a meeting at Glasgow, but——"

Nothing can equal the horror which Mr. Kriver felt when he saw Mr. James prepared to favor him with a sketch of his travels. "Ah! I know," said the recorder, quickly, "you, too, signed the petition; it was when you made that agitation about the Poor Law. But to return to what I was saying, we ought to give a political dinner, and you ought to make a speech, and state the principles of the party."

"No; they drink the king's health first, and the health of the members of the royal family, for the dynasty ought to be honored. A man is at liberty to say of the government whatever he pleases; but the king, you know, the king must be honored. That's the liberty of an Englishman. Next——"

"The lord lieutenant."

"Shocking! You are quite in the dark about it. After the royal family we must have some class toasts; for example, the Church, army, and navy."

"I'm afraid those toasts would do little good. There is a strong feeling against the Papists; that toast of the Church is enough to send all our Protestants to—Rety."

"You are quite right. Our Dissenters hate our High Church as much as the English Dissenters hate theirs. But I don't see why we should not toast 'the Church.' Every man drinks to his own Church; but if they were to accuse us of sympathy for the Roman Catholics, where's the harm? Only think how closely the Whigs were leagued with O'Connell!"

"My friend," said Mr. Kriver, "you know England; but I know this country. Our countrymen cannot understand and appreciate your ideas."

"Yes!" said Mr. James, highly flattered, "I am sure they cannot. But the army we must have."

"Of course, if you wish it. But the great thing is to make it a regular, downright, out-and-out drinking bout."

"But what in the world are we to do? My brother and I have gone all lengths. We have spent a year's income on this confounded election."

"Nor is money the thing we want, if we can but make some grand demonstration. But unless our people get their feathers and colors, we are winged. Do but induce your brother to act like a man; we are sure to win the day."

"We have promised to employ none but honorable means——"

"To get the majority. But the means which I propose are, in *my* opinion, most honorable. Is there anything dishonorable in hospitality?"

"Certainly not; and I grant you the resolution admits of various interpretations. But some people there are who do not think so."

"Nonsense! When we passed that silly resolution, there were indeed lots of fools that voted with Tengelyi; but why did they do it? Because they were not booked for a place, and because they were afraid for their money. But with your own money you are quite at liberty to buy as many Cortes as you please."

"But Tengelyi!"

"Tengelyi! What of him? And suppose he were to leave us, what then? He is an honest man, I grant you; but after all, he is only a village notary."

"His influence is great, especially with the clergy; and if *he* were to oppose us——"

"Oppose us? Impossible! Tengelyi is more impracticable than any man ever was. No matter whether you insult him or flatter him, you lose your pains. The good man fancies that a village notary's conviction goes beyond everything. Besides, he will never vote for Rety's party; and if he votes for them, I know of something that will play the devil with his influence."

"Well?"

"Tengelyi," whispered Kriver, "is not a nobleman."

"Not a——! Can it be possible?"

"I am sure of it. You know that fellow Catspaw is a crony of mine. Old Rety was Tengelyi's friend, though they

hate one another now; and old Rety knows all Tengelyi's secrets. Catspaw told me that the notary has not a rag of paper to prove his noble descent by. The prothonotary, too, is aware of it, though he keeps his counsel; and so do we, if he votes for us. But if he turns against us, we have him close enough in a corner."

The prothonotary, who at this moment came up, confirmed Mr. Kriver's statement; and Mr. James pledged his word as a gentleman to hoist the colors of the party, and to invite the whole county to a political dinner.

The day passed amidst Mr. James' varied, and indeed interesting, accounts of the Doncaster races, and the debates of the English parliament—accounts which were given seriatim to small knots of guests in every corner of every room in the house; while Mrs. James Bantornyi was busy superintending the arrangement of the apartments destined for the lord lieutenant's use. In the evening Mr. Lajosh Bantornyi was in a state of great excitement. He walked restlessly to and fro, pulled out his watch, and looked at it. He walked out into the park and came back again, addressing every one he met with: "Really his Excellency ought to be here by this time!" Whereupon some of the guests said: "Yes, so he ought!" and others protested that his Excellency must have been detained on the road. The words of *contra* and *pagat ultimo* rang from the card table; and the noise of a political discussion, in which no less than thirty persons joined, intent on reconciling twelve opinions on four different subjects, drowned the complaints of Mr. Lajosh Bantornyi. But Mr. James, who saw and pitied his brother's distress, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by two torchbearers, set out to meet the lord lieutenant on the road. He was scarcely gone when the din of an angry discussion broke through the dense cloud of smoke which enveloped the card tables.

"Mr. Sheriff, this is unsupportable; this is!" cried a man with a sallow and somewhat dirty face. It was Mr. Janoshy, an assessor, and a man of influence. "Mr. Sheriff, I won't stand it. Penzeshy has saved his

"Has he, indeed? Well t no help for it, if he has saved it."

"But I covered it."

"But why did you cover i

"Because I have eight tar

"Eight taroks! Why then, in the name of h—ll, did you not take it?"

"Why, what did *you* lead spades for?"

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?"

"Clubs, sir! It was your bounden duty, sir, to lead clubs, sir," said Janoshy, very fiercely.

"Clubs be ——! Do you mean to tell me, sir, that I ought to have played my king? I'd see you ——"

"I appeal to you!" cried Janoshy, addressing Penzeshy, who was shuffling the cards, while the company thronged round the table.

"Go on!" said Mr. Kriver.

"This is not fair play!" cried Janoshy.

"I play to please myself and not you," retorted the sheriff.

"Then you ought to play by yourself, but not for *my* money!"

"Here's your stake! take it and welcome!"

"I won't stand it. By G—d I won't!" cried Mr. Janoshy, jumping up. "You, sir! you take the money back, or give it to your servant (poor fellow! it's little enough he gets); but don't talk to me in that way, sir! I won't stand it, sir!"

Here the altercation was interrupted by the general interference of every man in the room, and in the confusion of tongues which ensued, nothing was heard but the words, "pagat — sheriff — good manners — *tous les trois*" — until Shoskuty, in a blue dress embroidered with gold (for everybody was in full dress), entered the room. He silenced the most noisy by being noisier still. "*Domini spectabiles!*" cried Shoskuty, "for God's sake be quiet, Mr. Janoshy is quite hoarse, and I am sure his Excellency is coming. That confounded pagat! — only think of his Excellency! — though it was saved — for after all we are but mortal men! — I am sure he is hoarse;" and thus he went on, when of a sudden the doors of the apartment were flung open and a servant rushed in, shouting, "His Excellency is at the door!"

"Is he? Goodness me — where's my saber?" cried Shoskuty, running to the antechamber which served as a temporary arsenal, while the rest of the company ran into the next room, where they fought for their pelisses.

"I do pray, *domine spectabilis!* but this is mine. It's green with ermine!" cried the recorder, stopping one of the assessors who had just donned his pelisse, and who turned to look for his sword. The assessor protested with great indignation, and

the recorder was at length compelled to admit his mistake. Disgusted as he was, he dropped his kalpac, which was immediately trodden down by the crowd.

"'Sblood! where is my sword? Terrem tette!" shouted Janoshy, making vain endeavors to push forward into the sword room, while Shoskuty, who had secured his weapon, was equally unsuccessful in his struggles to obtain his pelisse.

"But I pray! I *do* pray! I am the speaker of the deputation—blue and gold—I must have it—do but consider!" groaned the worthy baron. His endeavors were at length crowned with success, and he possessed himself of a pelisse which certainly bore some similarity to his own. Throwing it over his shoulders, Baron Shoskuty did his best to add to the general confusion by entreating the gentlemen to be quick, "for," added he, "his Excellency has just arrived!"

The lord lieutenant's carriage had by this time advanced to the park palings, where the schoolboys and the peasantry greeted its arrival with maddening "Eljens!" The coachman was in the act of turning the corner of the gate, when the quick flash and the awful roar of artillery burst forth from the ditch at the roadside. His Excellency was surprised; so were the horses. They shied and overturned the carriage. The torch-bearing horsemen galloped about, frightening the village out of its propriety, as the foxes did, when Samson made them torchbearers to the Philistines. Mr. James, following the impulse of the moment, came down over his horse's head; the deputation, who were waiting in Bantornyi's hall, wrung their hands with horror. At length the horses ceased rearing and plunging; and as the danger of being kicked by them was now fairly over, the company to a man rushed to welcome their beloved lord lieutenant.

The deputation was splendid, at least in the Hungarian acceptation of the word, for all the dresses of all its members were richly embroidered. Shoskuty, in a short blue jacket frogged and corded and fringed with gold, and with his red face glowing under the weight of a white and metal-covered kalpac, felt that the dignity of a whole county was represented by his resplendent person. Thrice did he bow to his Excellency, and thrice did the deputation rattle their spurs and imitate the movement of their leader, who, taking his speech from the pocket of his cloak, addressed the high functionary with a voice tremulous with emotion.

"At length, glorious man, hast thou entered the circle of thy admirers, and the hearts which hitherto sighed for thee beat joyfully in thy presence!"

His Excellency unfolded a handkerchief ready for use; the members of the deputation cried, "Helyesh!" and the curate of a neighboring village, who had joined the deputation, became excited and nervous. The speaker went on.

"Respect and gratitude follow thy shadow; and within the borders of thy county there is no man but glories in the consciousness that *thou* art his superior."

"He talks in print! he does indeed," whispered an assessor.

"I beg your pardon," said the curate, very nervously, "it was *I* who made that speech."

"*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!* These parsons are dreadfully jealous," said the assessor. Shoskuty, turning a leaf of his manuscript, proceeded: —

"The flock which now stands before thee" — here the members of the deputation looked surprised, and shook their heads — "is but a small part of that numerous herd which feeds on thy pastures; and he who introduces them to thy notice" — Shoskuty himself was vastly astonished — "is not better than the rest: though he wears thy coat, he were lost but for thy guidance and correction."

The audience whispered among themselves, and the lord lieutenant could not help smiling.

"For God's sake, what *are* you about?" whispered Mr. Kriver. "Turn a leaf!" Baron Shoskuty, turning a leaf, and looking the picture of blank despair, continued: —

"Here thou seekest vainly for science — vainly for patriotic merits — vainly dost thou seek for all that mankind have a right to be proud of ——"

The members of the deputation became unruly.

"They are peasants, thou beholdest ——"

Here a storm of indignation burst forth.

"In their Sunday dresses ——"

"Are you mad, Baron Shoskuty?"

"But good Christians, all of them," sighed the wretched baron, with angelic meekness: "there is not a single heretic among my flock."

"He is mad! let us cheer! — Eljen! Eljen!"

"Somebody has given me the wrong pelisse!" said Shoskuty, making his retreat; while the lord lieutenant replied to

the address to the best of his abilities, that is to say, very badly, for he was half choked with suppressed laughter.

But the curate, who had displayed so unusual a degree of nervousness at the commencement of the address, followed Shoskuty to the next room, whither that worthy man fled to bemoan his defeat.

"Sir, how dare you steal my speech?" cried the curate.

"Leave me alone! I am a ruined man, and all through you!"

"Well, sir; this is well. You steal my speech, and read it. Now what am I to do? I made that speech, and a deal of trouble it gave me. Now what am I to tell the bishop at his visitation on Monday next?"

"But, in the name of Heaven, why did you take my cloak?"

"*Your* cloak?"

"Yes; *my* cloak. I am sure my speech is in your pocket."

The curate searched the pockets of the pelisse and produced a manuscript. "Dear me!" said he, wringing his hands; "it *is* your cloak." And the discomfited orators were very sad, and would not be comforted.



ALFRED DE MUSSET.[1]

BY C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE.

(From "Portraits of Men": translated by Forsyth Edeveain.)

[CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE, one of the greatest literary critics of modern times, was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23, 1804. Having completed his studies in Paris at the colleges Charlemagne and Bourbon, he entered upon his literary career as a book reviewer and became a contributor to the *Globe*, the *Revue de Paris*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *National*, and the *Constitutionnel*, in which last appeared, in 1849, the first series of his famous "Causeries du Lundi" ("Monday Talks"). They mark an epoch in the intellectual history of Europe, and revolutionized criticism Sainte-Beuve was elected to the Academy in 1845, and was nominated senator in 1865. He died at Paris October 13, 1869. Besides the "Causeries" he wrote. "History of Port-Royal," "Contemporary Portraits," "Châteaubriand," etc]

As with an army so with a nation; it is the bounden duty of every generation to bury their dead, and to confer the last honors on the departed. It were not right that the charming

[1] By permission of Mr David Stott

poet who has recently been taken from our midst should be laid under the sod before receiving a few words of good-by from an old friend and witness of his first literary efforts. Alfred de Musset's poetry was so well known, so dear to us from the very first; it touched our hearts so deeply in its freshness and delicate bloom; he so belonged to our generation (though with a greater touch of youth) — a generation then essentially poetical, and devoted to feeling and its expression! I see him as he looked twenty-nine years ago, at the time of his *début* in the world of literature, entering first into Victor Hugo's circle, then proceeding to that of Alfred de Vigny and the brothers Deschamps. With what an easy grace he made his first entrance! What surprise and delight he aroused in the hearts of his listeners at the recital of his poems, "L'Andalouse," "Don Paez," and "Juana." It was Spring itself, a Spring of youth and poetry, that blossomed forth before our ravished gaze. He was scarcely eighteen years of age; his brow betokened all the pride of manhood; the bloom was on his cheek, for the roses of childhood still lingered there. Full of the pride of life, he advanced with haughty gait and head erect, as if assured of his conquest. Nobody at first sight could have suggested a better idea of youthful genius. There seemed promise of a French Byron in these brilliant verses of poetic fervor, the very success of which has since made them commonplace, but which were then so new in the poetry of France: —

Love, plague of the world, and unutterable madness, etc.

How lovely she is in the evening, under the beams of the moon, etc.

Oh! decrepit old age, and heads bald and bare, etc.

Perchance the threshold of the ancient Palace Luigi, etc.

These lines, bearing a truly Shakespearian impress; these wild flights of fancy, 'mid flashes of audacious wit; these gleams of warmth and precocious passion, — all suggested the genius of England's fiery bard.

The light and elegant verses that proceeded every morning from his own lips, lingering soon afterwards on those of many others, were in accordance with his years. But passion he divined, and wished to outstrip. He would ask the secret of it



CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE

from his friends, richer in experience, and still suffering from some wound, as we can see in the lines addressed to Ulric Guttinguer—

Ulric, no eye has ever measured the abyss of the seas, . . .

that end with this verse—

I, so young, envying thy wounds and thy pain!

When coming face to face with pleasure at some ball or festive gathering, De Musset was not captivated by the smiling surface; in his inward deep reflection he would seek the sadness and bitterness underlying it all; apparently abandoning himself to the joys of the moment, he would murmur inwardly, so as to enhance the very flavor of his enjoyment, that it was only a fleeting second that could never be recalled. In everything he sought a stronger and more acute sensation, in harmony with the tone of his own mind. He found that the roses of a day failed to succeed each other with sufficient rapidity; he would have liked to cull them one and all, so as better to inhale their sweetness and more fully express their essence.

At the time of his first success there was a new school of literature already greatly in vogue, and developing daily. It was in its bosom that De Musset produced his first works, and it might have seemed that he had been nourished on the principles of this school. He made a point of demonstrating that it was not so, or, at least, need not have been so; that he wrote on the lines of no previous author; that, even in the new ranks, he was entirely original. Here he undoubtedly displayed too much impatience. What had he to fear? The mere growth of his daring talent would in itself have sufficed to evince his originality. But he was not the man to await his fruit in due season.

The new school of poetry had been, up till then, of a somewhat solemn, dreamy, sentimental, and withal religious tone; it prided itself on its accuracy, I may even say strictness, of form. De Musset threw over this fastidious solemnity, exhibiting an excess of familiarity and raillery. He scorned both rhyme and rhythm; his poetry was in perfect *déshabillé*, and he wrote "Mardoche," followed shortly after by "Namouna." "Oh! the profane man, the libertine!" exclaimed the world; and yet, every one knew them by heart. Dozens of verses from "Mardoche" would be taken for recitation, though hardly any

one knew the reason why, unless it were that the poem was easy, and replete with fancy, marked here and there, even in its insolence, with a grain of unexpected good sense, and that the verses were "friends to the memory." Even the most sentimental dreamers would murmur to themselves, with an air of triumph, the verse, "Happy a lover," etc. As to the Don Juan in "Namouna," this new kind of *roué*, who appeared to be the author's favorite child — the ideal, alas! of his vice and grief — he was so fascinating, so boldly sketched; he occasioned the creation of such fine lines (two hundred of the most daring verses ever seen in French poetry), that one coincided with the poet himself in saying, "What do I say! Such as he is, the world loves him still."

In his drama, "The Cup and the Lips," Alfred de Musset expressed admirably in his creations of Frank and Belcolore the struggle between a noble and proud heart and the genius of the senses, to which that heart has once yielded. In this piece we catch glimpses — in fact, more than glimpses — of hideous truths, of monsters dragged into the light of day from out this cavern of the heart, as Bacon calls it; but this work is invested with a glamour, an incomparable power, and even though the monster is not vanquished, we can hear the golden arrows of Apollo falling and resounding on his scales.

Alfred de Musset, similar to more than one of the characters he has depicted, said that to be an artist such as he wished, he must see and know all, and dive into the very depths of everything. A most perilous and fatal theory! And by what a powerful and expressive image he rendered this idea in his comedy, "Lorenzaccio." Who, indeed, is this Lorenzo, whose youth has been as pure as gold, whose heart and hands were peaceful, who in the simple rising and setting of the sun seemed to see every human hope blossoming around him, who was goodness itself, and who brought his own destruction by wishing to be great? Lorenzo is not an artist, he wishes to be a man of action, a great citizen; he has determined upon a heroic plan; he has decided to deliver Florence, his native town, from the vile and debauched tyrant, Alexander de' Medici, his own cousin. In order to succeed in his enterprise, what does be propose undertaking? To play the part of Brutus, but of a Brutus adapted to the circumstances of the case; and to this end, to lend himself to all the frivolities and vices dear to the tyrant whose orgies dishonor Florence. He

transmuted into verse. When he had thrown to others the dazzling limbs of his poetic being — limbs that at times appeared like unto those of Phaeton or a youthful god (take, for instance, the splendid invocations in "Rolla") — he still retained his own heart, bleeding, burning, and wearied. Why was he not more patient? Everything would have come in due course. But he hastened to anticipate and devour the seasons.

After the mimicry of passion — passion that as a child he so well divined — passion at last came of itself — real undeniable passion. We all know how, after it had for a time enhanced the glamour of his genius, it laid waste his whole existence. An allusion to this story of passion may be permitted, considering how well it is known.

The poets of our day, the children of this generation, are not deserving of reticence on our part — considering how little reticence they have exercised themselves. Above all, in this particular episode, confessions have proceeded from two sides, and we might remark with Bossuet, were we ourselves exceptions to the rule, that there are individuals who spend their life in filling the world with the "follies of their misspent youth."

The world, or rather France, has in this case, it must be allowed, submitted with all good grace; she has listened with keen interest to what appeared to her at least eloquent and sincere. Alfred de Musset was indebted to these hours of storm and anguish for the creation, in his "Immortal Nights," of lines which have vibrated through every heart, and that will forever stand the test of time. As long as France and French poetry exist, the flames of De Musset will live, like those of Sappho! Let us not forget to add a "Souvenir" to these celebrated "Nights"— a "Souvenir" closely associated with these poems. The "Souvenir" describes a return to the Forest of Fontainebleau, and is of a beauty pure and touching; and, what is rare in him, this work is imbued with infinite tenderness. In his rapid existence there was one moment of wondrous promise during the interval of his hours of intense excitement. It was at this period that De Musset's poems acquired a new subtlety of thought, a touch of irony, a mocking lightness, withal exhaling the pristine freshness which his weariness of the world had not yet destroyed. Such an elegant and essentially French treatment had not been since the days of Hamilton and Voltaire. This moment, though, was of short duration, for De Musset drove everything at a rapid pace; but it was a precious moment, appearing to his

friends as precursory to a greater maturity of thought. He then wrote proverbs of an exquisite delicacy, and verses always beautiful, but light, and invested with a superior ease — verses withal pregnant of wit and reflection allied to an elegant carelessness. He would burst into accents of profound melody, that recalled the harmonious sounds of other times: —

Star of love, descend not from the skies!

All this seemed to promise a more temperate season, and the lasting reign of a talent that was sought after in the most critical circles, as well as by the most fervent of youth. Whether it were a question of singing the first triumphs of Rachel, or the *début* of Pauline Garcia, or railing at the coarsely emphatic effusions of patriotism from the free "German Rhine," or writing a witty tale, De Musset would rise to the occasion, appropriately blending enthusiasm with satire. He verified more and more the device of the poet: "I am a light thing, flying to every subject."

He was the fashion. His books, as I have already remarked in another article, became acceptable as bridal presents, and I have noticed young husbands giving them to their wives to read from the very first month of their marriage, so as to develop in them a poetical taste. It was then, also, that men of wit and reputed discernment, the *dilettanti* that are so numerous in our country, presumed to say they preferred De Musset's prose to his poetry, as if his prose were not essentially that of a poet: only a poet could have written such fine prose. There are people who, if they could, would sever a bee in two. However, De Musset gained theatrical triumphs as well as the favor of society. It had been discovered for some time that more than one of the comedies composing "The Performance in an Armchair," could, if understood and well rendered by amateur actors and actresses, procure an hour of very agreeable recreation. These little pieces were represented in the country houses, where there was always plenty of leisure time. To Madame Allan, the actress, is due the honor of having discovered that De Musset's stage works were equally suitable for representation on the public boards. It was wittily said of her, that she brought his "Caprice" from Russia in her muff.

The success that was gained at the Comédie Française by this pretty poetical gem proved that the public still possessed

a latent refinement in literary taste, that merely required arousing. What, then, did the poet wish to render him happy? Why did he, who was still so young, not wish to live and enjoy life? Why did he not return the smiles that greeted his presence? Why did his genius, now influenced by a greater calm, not reawaken the old inspiration, which would have been purified by his later finer shades of taste?

De Musset was essentially a poet; he wished to feel. He belonged to a generation whose password, whose first vow, inscribed in the depths of the heart, was, "Poetry, poetry itself, poetry before anything." "During my youth," remarked one of the poets of this period, "I desired and worshiped nothing beyond passion," that is to say, the living part of poetry.

De Musset disdained adopting what is called wisdom, but which seemed to him merely the gradual decay of life. It was impossible for him to transform himself. Having attained and gone beyond the summit of the mountain, it seemed to him that he had come to the end of every desire; life had become a burden to him. He was not one of those to whom the pleasure of criticism could supply the place of artistic production; of those who can find interest in literary work, and who are capable of studying arduously, in order to avoid passions that are still in search of prey, without having any really serious object. He could but hate life from the moment (using his own language) that it was no longer sacred youth. He considered life not worth living unless mingled with a slight delirium.

His verses are steeped in these sentiments. He must often have experienced a feeling of auguish and defeat in reflecting on the existence of a superior truth, of a severer poetical beauty, of which he formed a perfect conception, but that he had no longer the power of attaining.

On a certain occasion, one of De Musset's most devoted friends, and whose recent death must have been a grievous omen to him — Alfred Tattet, whom I happened to encounter on the Boulevards — showed me a scrap of paper, containing some penciled lines, that he had found that very morning on the table at De Musset's bedside. The poet was at that time staying with him in his country house, in the Valley of Montmorency.

Here are the verses stolen from him by his friend, and since published, but they only possess their full meaning when one

knows they were written during a night of utter exhaustion and bitter regret: —

I have lost my strength and life,
My friends and my joyous mood;
I have even lost the pride
That made me trust my genius.

When I discovered truth,
Methought she was a friend;
When I understood and felt her,
She had already wearied me.

And yet she is immortal;
And those who have lived without her
Have ignored everything.

God speaks, and I must answer.
The only thing that remains to me
Is sometimes to have wept.

Let us remember his first songs of the Page or Amorous Knight —

To the hunt, the happy hunt!

— a matutinal sound of the horn, — and in placing it at the side of his final sorrowing lines, we seem to perceive the whole of De Musset's poetical career illustrated in the two poems representing glory and pardon. In the beginning, what a glorious train of light! Then, what gloom, what shadow! The poet who has been but the startling type of many unknown souls of his day, — he who has but expressed their attempts, their failures, their grandeur, their miseries, — his name, I say, will never die. Let us, in particular, engrave this name on our hearts. He has bequeathed to us the task of getting old, — to us, who could exclaim the other day, in all truth, on returning from his funeral: "For many years our youth has been dead, but we have only just buried it with him!" Let us admire, continue to love and to honor in its best and most beautiful expression, the profound and light spirit that he has breathed forth in his poems; but withal it behooves us not to forget the infirmity inherent in our being, and never to boast of the gifts that human nature has received.

A MUSICAL ADVENTURE.

By GEORGE SAND.

(From "Consuelo.")

[Armantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, Baroness Dudevant, better known by her pseudonym George Sand, French novelist, was born at Paris, July 5, 1804, being descended on her father's side from the famous Marshal Saxe, and, after receiving her education at a convent, married, in 1822, Baron Dudevant, a retired army officer. Their union, although blessed with two children, was not happy, and in 1831 she went to Paris to make her living by literature. Her first writing was done in collaboration with Jules Sandeau, and was signed jointly "Jules Sand." Later, at the suggestion of Sandeau, she signed her works "George Sand," and under this name became famous in literature. In 1848 she settled at the château of Nohant, where she spent the rest of her life in literary activity, and died there, June 8, 1876. Her chief works are: "Consuelo," and its sequel "Countess of Rudolstadt," "Little Fadette," "Mauprat," "Miller of Angibault," "Jacques," "The Devil's Pool," and "The Snow Man."]

It is not a very alarming predicament to find one's self without money when near the end of a journey, but even though our young artists had still been very far from their destination, they would not have felt less gay than they were on finding themselves entirely penniless. One must thus be without resources in an unknown country (Joseph was almost as much a stranger at this distance from Vienna as Consuelo) to know what a marvelous sense of security, what an inventive and enterprising genius, is revealed as if by magic in the artist who has just spent his last farthing. Until then, it is a species of agony, a constant fear of want, a gloomy apprehension of sufferings, embarrassments, and humiliations, which disappear as soon as you have heard the ring of your last piece of money. Then, for romantic spirits, a new world begins — a holy confidence in the charity of others, and numberless charming illusions; but also an aptitude for labor and a feeling of complacency which soon enables them to triumph over the first obstacles. Consuelo, who experienced a feeling of romantic pleasure in this return to the indigence of her earlier days, and who felt happy at having done good by the exercise of self-denial, immediately found an expedient to insure their supper and night's lodging. "This is Sunday," said she to Joseph; "you shall play some dancing tunes in passing through the first village we come to; we shall



ARMANTINE LUCILE AURORE DUPIN, BARONESS DUDEVANT
(GEORGE SAND)

find people who want to dance before we have gone through two streets, and we shall be the minstrels. Do you know how to make an oaten pipe? I can soon learn to use it, and if I can draw some sounds from it, it will serve very well as an accompaniment to you."

"Do I know how to make a pipe?" replied Joseph; "you shall see!"

They soon found a fine reed growing at the river's side, and having pierced it carefully, it sounded wonderfully well. A perfect unison was obtained, the rehearsal followed, and then our young people marched off very tranquilly until they reached a small hamlet three miles off, into which they made their entrance to the sound of their instruments, and crying before each door, "Who wishes to dance? Who wishes to dance? Here is the music, the ball is going to begin."

They reached a little square planted with lofty trees, escorted by a troop of children, who followed them, marching, shouting, and clapping their hands. In a short time some joyous couples came to raise the first dust by opening the dance; and before the soil was well trodden, the whole population assembled and made a circle around a rustic ball, got up impromptu, without preparation or delay. After the first waltzes, Joseph put his violin under his arm, and Consuelo, mounting upon her chair, made a speech to the company to prove to them that fasting artists had weak fingers and short breath. Five minutes afterward they had as much as they wished of bread and cheese, beer and cakes. As to the salary, that was soon agreed upon; a collection was to be made, and each was to give what he chose.

After having eaten, they mounted upon a hogshead which had been rolled triumphantly into the middle of the square, and the dance began afresh; but, after the lapse of two hours, they were interrupted by a piece of news which made everybody anxious, and passed from mouth to mouth until it reached the minstrels. The shoemaker of the place, while hurriedly finishing a pair of shoes for an impatient customer, had just stuck his awl into his thumb.

"It is a serious matter, a great misfortune," said an old man, who was leaning against the hogshead which served them as a pedestal. "Gottlieb, the shoemaker, is the organist of our village, and to-morrow is the fête day of our patron saint. Oh, what a grand fête! what a beautiful fête! There

is nothing like it for ten leagues round. Our mass especially is a wonder, and people come a great distance to hear it. Gottlieb is a real chapel master; he plays the organ, he makes the children sing, he sings himself; there is nothing he does not do, especially on that day. He is the soul of everything; without him all is lost. And what will the canon say, the canon of St. Stephen's, who comes himself to officiate at the mass, and who is always so well pleased with our music? For he is music mad, the good canon, and it is a great honor for us to see him at our altar, he who hardly ever leaves his benefice, and does not put himself out of his way for a trifle."

"Well!" said Consuelo, "there is one means of arranging all this: either my comrade or myself will take charge of the organ, of the direction — in a word, of the mass; and if the canon is not satisfied, you shall give us nothing for our pains."

"Oho!" said the old man, "you talk very much at your ease, young man; our mass cannot be played with a violin and a flute. Oh no! it is a serious matter, and you do not understand our scores."

"We will understand them this very evening," said Joseph, affecting an air of disdainful superiority which imposed upon the audience grouped around him.

"Come," said Consuelo, "conduct us to the church; let some one blow the organ, and if you are not satisfied with our style of playing, you shall be at liberty to refuse our aid."

"But the score? Gottlieb's masterpiece of arrangement?"

"We will go and see Gottlieb, and if he does not declare himself satisfied with us, we renounce our pretensions. Besides, a wound in his finger will not prevent Gottlieb from directing the choir and singing his part."

The elders of the village, who were assembled around them, took counsel together and determined to make the trial. The ball was abandoned; the canon's mass was quite a different amusement, quite another affair from dancing!

Haydn and Consuelo, after playing the organ alternately and singing together and separately, were pronounced to be very passable musicians for want of better. Some mechanics even dared to hint that their playing was preferable to Gottlieb's, and that the fragments of Scarlatti, of Pergolese, and of Bach, which they produced, were at least as fine as the music of Holzbauer, which Gottlieb always stuck to. The curate, who

hastened to listen to them, went so far as to say that the canon would much prefer these airs to those with which they usually regaled him. The sacristan, who was by no means pleased with this opinion, shook his head sorrowfully; and not to make his parishioners discontented, the curate consented that the two virtuosi sent by Heaven should come to an understanding if possible with Gottlieb to accompany the mass.

They proceeded in a body to the shoemaker's house; he was obliged to display his inflamed hand to every one in order that they might see plainly he could not fill his post of organist. The impossibility was only too apparent. Gottlieb had a certain amount of musical capacity, and played the organ passably; but spoiled by the praises of his fellow-citizens, and the somewhat mocking flatteries of the canon, he displayed an inconceivable amount of conceit in his execution and management. He lost temper when they proposed to replace him by two birds of passage; he would have preferred that there had been no fête at all, and that the canon had gone without music, rather than share the honors and triumph. Nevertheless he had to yield the point; he pretended for a long time to search for the different parts, and it was only when the curate threatened to give up the entire choice of the music to the two young artists that he at last found them. Consuelo and Joseph had to prove their acquirements by reading at sight the most difficult passages in that one of the twenty-six masses of Holzbauer which was to be performed next day. This music, although devoid of genius and originality, was at least well written and easy to comprehend, especially for Consuelo, who had surmounted much more difficult trials. The auditors were enraptured, and Gottlieb, who grew more and more out of sorts, declared he had caught fever, and that he was going to bed, delighted that everybody was content.

As soon as the voices and instruments were assembled in the church, our two little chapel masters directed the rehearsal. All went on well. The brewer, the weaver, the schoolmaster, and the baker of the village played the four violins. The children, with their parents, all good-natured, attentive, and phlegmatic artisans and peasants, made up the choir. Joseph had already heard Holzbauer's music at Vienna, where it was in vogue. They set to work, and Consuelo, taking up the air alternately in the different parts, led the choristers so well that they surpassed themselves. There were two solos, which the

son and niece of Gottlieb, his favorite pupils, and the first singers in the parish, were to perform; but the neophytes did not appear, alleging as a reason that they were already sure of their parts.

Joseph and Consuelo went to sup at the parsonage, where an apartment had been prepared for them. The good curate was delighted from his heart, and it was clear that he set great store by the beauty of his mass, in the hopes of thereby pleasing his reverend superior.

Next day all the village was astir. The bells were chiming, and the roads were covered with the faithful from the surrounding country, flocking in to be present at the solemnity. The canon's carriage approached at a slow and majestic pace. The church was decked out in its richest ornaments, and Consuelo was much amused with the self-importance of every one around her. It almost put her in mind of the vanities and rivalries of the theater, only here matters were conducted with more openness, and there was more to occasion laughter than arouse indignation. Half an hour before the mass commenced, the sacristan came in a dreadful state of consternation to disclose a plot of the jealous and perfidious Gottlieb. Having learned that the rehearsal had been excellent, and that the parish was quite enraptured with the newcomers, he had pretended to be very ill, and forbade his son and niece, the two principal performers, to leave his bedside for a moment; so that they must want Gottlieb's presence to set things agoing, as well as the solos, which were the most beautiful *morceaux* in the mass. The assistants were so discouraged that the precise and bustling sacristan had great difficulty to get them to meet in the church in order to hold a council of war.

Joseph and Consuelo ran to find them, made them repeat over the more intricate passages, sustained the flagging, and gave confidence and courage to all. As for the solos, they quickly arranged to perform them themselves. Consuelo consulted her memory, and recollected a religious solo by Porpora, suitable to the air and words of the part. She wrote it out on her knee, and rehearsed it hastily with Joseph, so as to enable him to accompany her. She also turned to account a fragment of Sebastian Bach which he knew, and which they arranged as they best could to suit the occasion.

The bell tolled for mass while they were yet rehearsing, and almost drowned their voices with its din. When the canon,

clothed in all his robes of state, appeared at the altar, the choir had already commenced, and was getting through a German fugue in very good style. Consuelo was delighted in listening to these good German peasants with their grave faces, their voices in perfect tune, their accurate time, and their earnestness, well sustained because always kept within proper bounds.

"See!" said she to Joseph, during a pause, "those are the people to perform this music. If they had the fire which the composer was deficient in, all would go wrong; but they have it not, and his forced and mechanical ideas are repeated as if by mechanism. How does it happen that the illustrious Count Hoditz-Roswald is not here to conduct these machines? He would have taken a world of trouble, been of no use whatever, and remained the best-satisfied person in the world."

The male solo was awaited with much anxiety and some uneasiness. Joseph got well through his part, but when it came to Consuelo's turn, her Italian manner first astonished the audience, then shocked them a little, and at last ended by delighting them. The cantatrice sang in her best style, and her magnificent voice transported Joseph to the seventh heaven.

"I cannot imagine," said he, "that you ever sang better than at this poor village mass to-day—at least with more enthusiasm and delight. This sort of audience sympathizes more than that of a theater. In the mean time, let me see if the canon be satisfied. Ah! the good man seems in a state of placid rapture, and from the way in which every one looks to his countenance for approbation and reward, it is easy to perceive that heaven is the last thing thought of by any present, except yourself, Consuelo! Faith and divine love could alone inspire excellence like yours."

When the two virtuosi left the church after mass was over, the people could scarcely be dissuaded from bearing them off in triumph. The curate presented them to the canon, who was profuse in his eulogiums upon them, and requested to hear Porpora's solo again. But Consuelo, who was surprised, and with good reason, that no one had discovered her female voice, and who feared the canon's eye, excused herself on the plea that the rehearsal and the different parts she sang in the choir had fatigued her. The excuse was overruled, and they found themselves obliged to accept the curate's invitation to breakfast with the canon.

The canon was a man about fifty years of age, with a benevolent expression and handsome features, and remarkably well made, although somewhat inclined to corpulence. His manners were distinguished, even noble, and he told every one in confidence that he had royal blood in his veins, being one of the numerous illegitimate descendants of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland.

He was gracious and affable, as a man of the world and a dignified ecclesiastic should be. Joseph observed along with him a layman whom he appeared to treat at once with consideration and familiarity. Joseph thought he had seen this person at Vienna, but he could not recollect his name.

"Well, my children," said the canon, "you refuse me a second hearing of Porpora's composition. Here is one of my friends, a hundred times a better musician and judge than I am, who was equally struck with your execution of the piece. Since you are tired," added he, addressing Joseph, "I shall not torment you further, but have the goodness to inform me what is your name, and where you have studied music."

Joseph perceived that he got the credit of Consuelo's performance, and he saw at a glance that he was not to correct the canon's mistake.

"My name is Joseph," replied he, briefly, "and I studied at the free school of St. Stephen's."

"And I also," replied the stranger; "I studied with the elder Reuter, as you probably with the younger."

"Yes, sir."

"But you have had other lessons? You have studied in Italy?"

"No, sir."

"It was you who played the organ?"

"Sometimes I played it, and sometimes my companion."

"But who sang?"

"We both sang."

"Yes; but I mean Porpora's theme; was it not you?" said the unknown, glancing at Consuelo.

"Bah! it was that child!" said the canon, also looking at Consuelo; "he is too young to be able to sing in that style."

"True, sir; it was not I, but he," she replied quickly, looking at Joseph. She was anxious to get rid of these questions, and turned impatiently toward the door.

"Why do you tell fibs, my child?" said the curate. "I

saw and heard you sing yesterday, and I at once recognized your companion's voice in Bach's solo."

"Come, you are deceived, Mr. Curate," continued the stranger, with a knowing smile, "or else this young man is unusually modest. However it may be, you are both entitled to high praise."

Then drawing the curate aside, he said, "You have an accurate ear, but your eyes are far from being equally so; it speaks well for the purity of your thoughts. But I must not the less inform you that this little Hungarian peasant is a most able Italian *prima donna*."

"A woman in disguise!" cried the curate, endeavoring to repress an exclamation of surprise.

He looked attentively at Consuelo, while she stood ready to reply to the canon's questions, and whether from pleasure or indignation, the good curate reddened from his skullcap to his hands.

"The fact is as I have informed you," replied the unknown. "I cannot imagine who she is, and as to her disguise and precarious situation, I can only ascribe them to madness or to some love affair. But such things concern us not, Mr. Curate."

"A love affair?" exclaimed the excited curate. "A runaway match — an intrigue with this youth? Oh! it is shocking to be so taken in! I who received them in my abode! Fortunately, however, from the precautions which I took, no scandal can occur here. But what an adventure! How the freethinkers of my parish — and I know several, sir — would laugh at my expense if they knew the truth!"

"If your parishioners have not recognized her woman's voice, neither have they, it is probable, detected her features or her form. But what pretty hands, what silken hair, and what little feet, in spite of the clumsy shoes which disfigure them!"

"Do not speak of them," exclaimed the curate, losing all command of himself; "it is an abomination to dress in man's attire. There is a verse in the Holy Scriptures which condemns every man and woman to death who quits the apparel of their sex — you understand me, sir — to death. That indicates what a heinous sin it is. And yet she dared to enter the church and to sing the praises of the Lord sullied with such a crime!"

"Yes, and sang divinely! Tears flowed from my eyes, never did I hear anything like it. Strange mystery! Who

can she be? Those whom I should be inclined to guess are all much older."

"But she is a mere child, quite a young girl," replied the curate, who could not help looking at Consuelo with a heartfelt interest which his severe principles combated. "What a little serpent! See with what a sweet and modest air she replies to the canon! Ah! I am a lost man if any one finds it out. I shall have to fly the country."

"What! have neither you nor any of your parishioners detected a woman's voice? Why, you must be very simple."

"What would you have? We thought there was certainly something strange in it; but Gottlieb said it was an Italian voice, one from the Sistine chapel, and that he had often heard the like! I do not know what he meant by that; I know no music except what is contained in my ritual, and I never suspected. What am I to do, sir? — what am I to do?"

"If nobody suspects, I would have you say nothing about it. Get rid of them as soon as you can. I will take charge of them if you choose."

"Oh, yes! you will do me a great service! Stay! Here is money — how much shall I give them?"

"Oh! that is not my business. Besides, you know we pay artists liberally. Your parish is not rich, and the church is not bound to act like the theater."

"I will act handsomely — I will give them six florins! I will go at once. But what will the canon say? He seems to suspect nothing. Look at him speaking to her in so fatherly a manner! What a pious man he is!"

"Frankly, do you think he would be much scandalized?"

"How should he be otherwise? But I am more afraid of his raillery than of his reproaches. Oh! you do not know how dearly he loves a joke — he is so witty! Oh! how he would ridicule my simplicity!"

"But if he shares your error, as he seems to do, he will not be able to ridicule you. Come, appear to know nothing, and seize a favorable moment to withdraw your musicians."

They left the recess of the window where they had been conversing, and the curate gliding up to Joseph, who appeared to occupy the canon's attention much less than Signor Bertoni, slipped the six florins into his hands. As soon as he received this modest sum, Joseph signed to Consuelo to disengage herself and follow him out; but the canon called Joseph back,

still believing, after his answers in the affirmative, that it was he who had the female voice.

"Tell me then," said he, "why did you choose this piece of Porpora's in preference to Holzbauer's solo?"

"We were not acquainted with it," said Joseph. "I sang the only thing which I remembered perfectly."

The curate hastened to relate Gottlieb's ill-natured trick, whose pedantic jealousy made the canon laugh heartily.

"Well," said the unknown, "your good shoemaker has rendered us an essential service. Instead of a poor solo, we have had a masterpiece by a great composer. You have displayed your taste," said he, addressing Consuelo.

"I do not think," replied Joseph, "that Holzbauer's solo was bad; what we sang of his was not without merit."

"Merit is not genius," said the unknown, sighing; then seemingly anxious to address Consuelo, he added, "What do you think, my little friend? Do you think they are the same?"

"No, sir; I do not," she answered briefly and coldly; for this man's look irritated and annoyed her more and more.

"But nevertheless you found pleasure in singing this mass of Holzbauer's?" resumed the canon. "It is well written, is it not?"

"I neither felt pleasure nor the reverse," said Consuelo, whose increasing impatience rendered her incapable of concealing her real sentiments.

"That is to say that it is neither good nor bad," replied the unknown, laughing. "It is well answered, and I am quite of your opinion."

The canon burst out laughing, the curate seemed very much embarrassed, and Consuelo, following Joseph, disappeared without heeding in the least this musical discussion.

"Well, Mr. Canon," said the unknown, maliciously, "how do you like these young people?"

"They are charming! admirable! Excuse me for saying so after the rebuff which the little one dealt you just now."

"Excuse you? Why, I was lost in admiration of the lad. What precious talents! It is truly wonderful! How powerful and how early developed are these Italian natures!"

"I cannot speak of the talent of one more than the other," replied the canon, with a very natural air, "for I could not distinguish your young friend's voice in the choruses. It is

his companion who is the wonder, and he is of our own country —no offense to your *Italianomania.*"

"Oh!" said the unknown, winking at the curate, "then it is the eldest who sang from Porpora?"

"I think so," replied the curate, quite agitated at the falsehood into which he was led.

"I am sure of it," replied the canon; "he told me so himself."

"And the other solo," said the unknown, "was that by one of your parishioners?"

"Probably," replied the curate, attempting to sustain the imposture.

Both looked at the canon to see whether he was their dupe or whether he was mocking them. He did not appear even to dream of such a thing. His tranquillity reassured the curate. They began to talk of something else, but at the end of a quarter of an hour the canon returned to the subject of music, and requested to see Joseph and Consuelo, in order to bring them to his country seat and hear them at his leisure. The terrified curate stammered out some unintelligible objections, while the canon asked him, laughing, if he had popped his little musicians in the stewpan to add to the magnificence of the breakfast, which seemed sufficiently splendid without that. The curate was on the tenter-hooks, when the unknown came to his assistance.

"I shall find them for you," said he to the canon; and he left the room, signing to the good curate to trust his discovering some expedient. But there was no occasion to employ his inventive powers. He learned from the domestic that the young people had set off through the fields, after generously handing over to him one of the florins they had just received.

"How! set out?" exclaimed the canon, with the utmost mortification; "you must run after them. I positively must hear them and see them again."

They pretended to obey, but took care not to follow them. They had, besides, flown like birds, anxious to escape the curiosity which threatened them. The canon evinced great regret, and even some degree of ill temper.

"Heaven be praised! he suspects nothing," said the curate to the unknown.

"Mr. Curate," replied the latter, "do you recollect the story of the bishop who, inadvertently eating meat one Friday, was

informed of it by his vicar general? 'The wretch!' exclaimed the bishop, 'could he not have held his tongue till after dinner!' We should perhaps have let the canon undeceive himself at his leisure."

The evening was calm and serene, the moon shone full in the heavens, and nine o'clock had just sounded with a clear, deep tone from the clock of an ancient priory, when Joseph and Consuelo, having sought in vain for a bell at the gate of the inclosure, made the circuit of the silent habitation, in the hope of being heard by some hospitable inmate. But in vain; all the gates were locked; not the barking of a dog was heard, nor could the least light be seen at the windows of the gloomy edifice.

"This is the palace of silence," said Haydn, laughing, "and if that clock had not twice repeated, with its slow and solemn voice, the four quarters in *ut* and in *si*, and the nine strokes of the hour in *sol* below, I should think the place abandoned to owls and ghosts."

The surrounding country was a desert. Consuelo felt much fatigued, and moreover this mysterious priory had an attraction for her poetic imagination. "Even if we have to sleep in some chapel," said she to Beppo, "I long to pass the night here. Let us endeavor to get in at any rate, even if we are obliged to scale the wall, which does not seem a very difficult task."

"Come," said Joseph, "I will make a short ladder for you and when you are on the top, I will pass quickly to the other side to serve you as steps in descending."

No sooner said than done. The wall was extremely low, and two minutes afterward our young sacrilegious adventurers were walking calmly within the sacred precincts. It was a beautiful kitchen garden cultivated with the nicest care. The fruit trees, trained along the wall in a fanlike shape, opened to all comers their long arms loaded with rosy apples and golden pears. From the graceful trellises of vines hung, like so many chandeliers, enormous bunches of juicy grapes. The large square beds of vegetables had likewise their peculiar beauty. The asparagus, with its graceful stalks and silky foliage, brilliant with the evening dew, resembled forests of Lilliputian furs covered with a silvery gauze. The peas, spread in light garlands upon their branches, formed long alleys and narrow and mysterious lanes, in which the little birds, hardly yet asleep, mur-

mured with low quavering voices. The sunflowers, huge leviathans of this sea of verdure, displayed great masses of orange on their broad and dark green leaves. The little artichokes, like tributary crowned heads, grouped themselves round their chief which grew from the central stem; and the melons, like lazy Chinese mandarins in their palanquins, hid coyly beneath their shades, each of whose crystal domes, reflected in the light of the moon's rays, seemed an enormous sapphire against which the dazzled beetles dashed their heads with a low and prolonged hum.

A hedge of roses separated the kitchen garden from the parterre, and surrounded the building as with a girdle of flowers. This inner inclosure was a species of elysium. Rare and magnificent shrubs shaded exotic plants of exquisite perfume; the flowers were so close together as to completely hide the soil, and each plot resembled an immense vase.

How singular the influence of outward objects on the mind and body! Consuelo had no sooner breathed the perfumed air, and cast a glance upon this sweet and tranquil spot, than she felt herself refreshed as if she had already slept the sound and dreamless sleep of the monks.

"Well, is it not wonderful, Beppo?" said she; "in looking at this garden I have already forgotten the stony road and my tired and swollen feet! It seems to me that I am refreshed through the medium of my eyes. I have always hated well-kept, orderly gardens, and every place surrounded with walls; and yet after so much dust and so long a march upon the parched and withered soil, this appears to me a paradise. I was dying with thirst just now, but by looking upon these sweet plants, open to the dew of night, it seems as if I drank along with them, and my thirst is already quenched. Look, Joseph, is it not charming to see these flowers display their beauties beneath the light of the moon? Ah, look at them, but smile not at those great white stars, nestling in the velvet grass. I am not quite sure of their name — sweet-by-night, I think it is. Oh! they are well named. They are, indeed, bright and beautiful as the stars of heaven! They nod their graceful heads with the slightest breath, and seem as if they laughed and sported, like a crowd of young girls all clad in white. They recall to my mind my companions of the *scuola*, when on Sundays, dressed in the costume of novices, they tripped past the long walls of the church. Now see how they pause, motion-

less, and turn toward the moon! It would almost seem as if they were looking at and admiring her. And the moon too seems to look at them, and hover over them like some huge bird of the night. Do you think, Beppo, that these creatures are insensible? I cannot think that a beautiful flower should stupidly vegetate without experiencing some delightful feelings. I do not speak of those poor little thistles which one sees along the hedgerows, dusty, sickly-looking, browsed upon by all the herds that pass! They seem like poor beggars sighing for a drop of water, which never comes to them; for the parched and thirsty soil drinks all up without heeding their supplicating looks. But these garden flowers, so cared for, so tended — they are proud and happy as queens! They pass their time coquettishly waving on their stems, and when the moon, their sweet friend, visits them, then they are already half asleep and rocked by gentle dreams. Perhaps they ask if there be flowers in the moon, as we ourselves ask whether there be men. Come now, Joseph, you are mocking me, and yet the pleasure which these snow-white flowers impart is no illusion. There is, in the air which they purify and refresh, a sovereign balm, and I feel as if there were an intimate relation between my life and that of all which breathes around me."

"How! mock you?" replied Joseph, sighing; "your words pass into my soul and vibrate in my heart, as on the strings of some instrument. But behold this dwelling, Consuelo, and explain to me, if you can, the sweet yet deep-seated melancholy with which it inspires me."

Consuelo looked at the priory; it was a little building dating from the twelfth century, formerly fortified with battlements, which had given place to pointed roofs of gray slate. The machiolated turrets which had been left as an ornament resembled large baskets. Luxuriant masses of ivy gracefully relieved the monotony of the walls; and upon the uncovered portions of the façade, now lighted by the moon, the breath of night cast the slender and uncertain shadow of the young poplars. Huge festoons of vine and jessamine encircled the doors and twined themselves around the windows.

"The dwelling is calm and melancholy," said Consuelo; "but it does not inspire me with the same sympathy as the garden. Plants are made to vegetate — men to move and stir about. If I were a flower I should wish to grow here, for here a flower were happy; but being a woman, I should not wish

to live in a cell and be cased in stone. Would you be a monk, then, Beppo?"

"Heaven forbid! but I should love to work without having to look after either dwelling or food. I should like to lead a peaceful, retired life, tolerably comfortable, without the cares of poverty; in short, an easy existence, were it even dependent, provided always my mind were free, with no other duty, no other care, than to study and compose."

"Well, my dear comrade, you would compose calm and tranquil music by dint of being calm and tranquil yourself."

"And why not? What is more delightful than tranquillity? The heavens are calm, the moon is calm; these flowers also, whose peaceful habits you admire, I like their immobility, because it succeeds the undulations which the breeze gives them. The serenity of the heavens strikes us because we so often see them clouded by the storm. The moon is never so sublime as when she shines amid the dark clouds that sweep across her. Can repose be sweet without fatigue? In that case it is no longer repose, but only a species of immobility; it is nonentity —it is death."

"Ah, if you had lived with me for months together in the Castle of the Giants, you would have seen that tranquillity is not life."

"But what would you call tranquil music?"

"Music too correct and too cold. Avoid such, if you would avoid the pains and fatigue of this world."

Thus conversing they approached close to the priory. A fountain of the purest water gushed from a globe of marble, surmounted by a golden cross, and fell from basin to basin till it reached a granite reservoir, hollowed into a shell, where a number of those little gold and silver fish with which children amuse themselves frisked about. Consuelo and Beppo, who were still children, entertained themselves by casting in grains of sand to deceive their gluttony, and to enable them to admire their rapid movements, when all at once there advanced toward them a tall figure dressed in white and carrying a pitcher. As she approached the fountain, she bore no bad resemblance to one of the *midnight washers* who have formed part of the fanciful superstitions of most countries. The absence of mind or indifference with which she filled her vessel, without testifying either terror or surprise on seeing them, had in truth something strange and solemn in it; but the shriek which she

uttered, as she let her pitcher fall to the bottom of the water, soon showed that there was nothing supernatural in her character. The good woman's sight was simply dim with years, and as soon as she perceived them she fled toward the house, invoking the Virgin Mary and all the saints.

"What is the matter now, Dame Bridget?" exclaimed a man's voice from the interior; "have you seen an evil spirit?"

"Two devils, or rather two robbers, are there beside the fountain!" replied Dame Bridget, joining her interlocutor, who stood for some moments uncertain and incredulous on the threshold.

"It must be one of your panic terrors, dame! Would robbers, think you, come at this hour?"

"I swear by my salvation, that there are two dark motionless figures there; don't you see them from this?"

"I do see something," said the man, affecting to raise his voice; "but I will ring for the gardener and his boys, and will soon bring these rascals to reason; they must have come over the wall, for I closed the doors."

"Meanwhile, let us close this one also," said the old lady, "and then we shall sound the alarm bell."

The door was closed, and the wanderers remained standing outside, not knowing well what to do. To fly were to confirm this bad opinion of them; to remain were to expose them to an attack. While they consulted together, they saw a ray of light stream through the shutters of a window on the first story. The light increased, and a curtain of crimson damask, behind which shone a lamp, was gently raised, and a hand, to which the light of the full moon imparted a white and plump appearance, was visible on the border of the curtain, the fringes of which it carefully grasped, while a hidden eye probably examined objects outside.

"Sing," said Consuelo to her companion, "that is what we had better do. Follow me — let me lead. But no, take your violin and play me a ritornella — the first key you happen on."

Joseph having obeyed, Consuelo began to sing with a clear full voice; improvising, between music and prose, the following species of recitative in German: —

"We are two poor children of fifteen, no larger and yet no worse than the nightingales, whose gentle strains we copy.

("Come, Joseph," said she, in a low tone, "something to sustain the recitative.") Then she went on: —

"Worn with fatigue, and woe-begone in the dreary night, we saw this house afar off, which seemed a solitude, and we ventured over the wall. (A chord in *la* minor, Joseph.)

"We have reached the enchanted garden, filled with fruits worthy of the promised land. We die of hunger, we die of thirst; yet if one apple be wanting from the espalier, if one grape be missing from the vine, let us be expelled, undeserving as we should then prove. (A modulation to return to *ut* major, Joseph.)

"But they suspect, they threaten us, and yet we would not flee. We do not seek to hide ourselves, because we have done no harm, unless indeed it be wrong to enter the house of God over walls, though, were it to scale a paradise, all roads are surely good."

Consuelo finished her recitative by one of those pretty hymns in mock Latin, called at Venice *Latino di pati*, and which people sing at eve before the Madonna. Hardly had she finished when the two white hands, at first scarcely visible, applauded with transport, and a voice not altogether strange sounded in her ears: —

"Disciples of the muses, you are welcome! Enter quickly, hospitality invites and awaits you."

The minstrels approached, and in an instant after, a domestic in red and violet livery courteously threw open the door.

"We took you for robbers; a thousand pardons, my dear young friends," he laughingly said; "it is your own fault — why did you not sing sooner? With such a passport you would never fail of a welcome from my master. But enter, it appears he knows you already."

Thus saying, the civil domestic preceded them a dozen steps up an easy stair covered with a beautiful Turkey carpet. Before Joseph had time to inquire his master's name, he had opened a folding door, which fell back of its own accord without noise, and after having crossed a comfortable antechamber he introduced them to an apartment where the gracious patron of this happy abode, seated before a roast pheasant flanked by two flasks of mellow wine, began his first course, keeping a majestic and anxious eye at the same time on the second. On returning from his morning's excursion, he had caused his valet to arrange his toilet, and had reclined for some time in order to restore his looks. His gray locks curled softly under the

sweetly smelling hair powder of orris root, while his white hands rested on his black satin breeches secured by silver buckles. His well-turned leg, of which he was somewhat vain, and over which a violet-colored stocking was tightly stretched, reposed on a velvet cushion, while his corpulent frame, attired in a puce-colored silk dressing gown, was luxuriously buried in a huge tapestried chair, so stuffed and rounded that the elbow never incurred the risk of meeting an angle. Seated beside the hearth, where the fire glowed and sparkled before her master's chair, Dame Bridget, the old housekeeper, prepared the coffee with deep care and anxiety, and a second valet, not less urbane in his manner and appearance than the first, carved the wing of the fowl which the holy man waited for without either impatience or disquietude. Joseph and Consuelo bowed on recognizing in their benevolent host the canon major of the cathedral chapter of St. Stephen, before whom they had sung that very morning.

The canon was perhaps one of the most comfortable men in the world. When he was seven years old, he had (thanks to royal patronage) been pronounced of age, conformably to the laws of the church, which admit the very liberal principle that, though at that early period of life a man may not be exactly a sage, he at least possesses all the wisdom requisite to receive and consume the fruits of a benefice. In virtue of this decision, the tonsured child, although the illegitimate offspring of a prince, had been created a canon — still, however, strictly in accordance with the rules of the church, which tolerantly take for granted the legitimacy of such juvenile churchmen as owe their benefices to the patronage of sovereigns, although under other circumstances these same rules require that every aspirant to ecclesiastical distinction should be the offspring of lawful marriage, failing in proof of which he might be declared "disqualified" — nay, even "unworthy" and "infamous," if necessary. There are indeed many ways of managing these affairs. It was provided for by the canonical laws that a foundling might be considered legitimate, for the cogent reason that in cases of mysterious parentage we should charitably suppose good rather than evil. The little canon came into possession of a rich prebendary, under the title of canon major; and toward the age of fifty, after forty years' service in the chapter, he was recognized as an extra or retired canon, free to reside where he pleased, and required to

perform no duty in return for the immunities, revenues, and privileges of his benefice. It is true, indeed, that the worthy canon had, from the earliest years of his clerical life, rendered considerable service to the chapter. He was declared *absent*, which, according to the laws of the church, includes permission to reside away from the chapter, under pretexts more or less specious, without subjecting the nonresident placeman to the loss of the emoluments attached to the discharge of ministerial duties. The breaking out of plague, for example, in a priest's dwelling, is an admissible plea for *absence*. Delicate health also affords a convenient excuse. But the best founded and best received of the various reasons for the "absence" of a canon from his benefice is that furnished by study. For instance, some important work is undertaken and announced on a case of conscience on the fathers, the sacraments, or, better still, the constitution and foundation of the chapter, the honorary and actual advantages connected with it, its superiority over other chapters, the grounds of a lawsuit with some rival community about an estate or a right of patronage — these and similar subtleties being much more interesting to ecclesiastical bodies than commentaries on creed or doctrine; so that, if it should appear requisite for a distinguished member of the chapter to institute researches, collate deeds, register acts and protests, or enter libels against rich adversaries, the lucrative and agreeable option of resuming a private life, and spending his income, whether in traveling about or at his own fireside, is readily conceded. Thus did our canon.

A wit, a fluent speaker, and an elegant writer, he had long promised, and would probably continue to promise all his life, to write a book on the laws, privileges, and immunities of his chapter. Surrounded by dusty quartos which he had never opened, he had not as yet produced his own, and it was obvious never would do so. His two secretaries, whom he had engaged at the expense of the chapter, had only to perfume his person and prepare his meals. They talked a great deal about this famous book; they expected it, and based upon its powerful arguments a thousand dreams of revenge, glory, and profit. This book, which had no existence, had procured for its author a reputation for learning, perseverance, and eloquence of which he was in no haste to produce proofs; not that he was by any means incapable of justifying the good opinion of his brethren, but merely because life was short, meals were long, the toilet

indispensable, and the *far niente* delicious. And then our canon indulged in two passions, innocent indeed, but insatiable: he loved horticulture, and he doted on music. With so much to do, how could he have found leisure to write a book? Then it is so pleasant for a man to talk of a book that he has not written, and so disagreeable, on the contrary, to speak of one that he has!

The benefice of this saintly personage consisted of a tract of productive soil, attached to the secular priory, where he resided for some eight or nine months of the year, absorbed in the culture of his flowers and his appetite. His mansion was spacious and romantic, and he had made it comfortable, and even luxurious. Abandoning to gradual decay those portions which had in former times been inhabited by the old monks, he preserved with care and adorned with taste those suited to his own tastes and habits. Alterations and improvements had transformed the ancient monastery into a snug château, where the canon lived as became a gentleman. He was a good-natured son of the church; tolerant, liberal on occasion, orthodox with those of his own calling; cheerful, full of anecdote, and accessible to men of the world; affable, cordial, and generous toward artists. His domestics, sharing his good cheer, aided him with all their power. His housekeeper indeed would now and then cross him a little; but then she made such delicious pastry, and was so excellent a hand at preserves, that he bore her ill humor calmly, saying that a man might put up with the faults of others, but that it would not be so easy a matter to do without a nice dessert and good coffee.

Our young artists were accordingly most graciously received.

"Ah!" said he, "you are dear creatures, full of wit and cleverness, and I love you with all my heart. Besides, you possess infinite talent; and there is one of you, I don't know which, who has the sweetest, the most touching, the most thrilling voice I have ever heard. That gift is a prodigy — a treasure; and I was quite melancholy this evening after you left the curate's, fearing that I should perhaps never see you, never hear you again. I assure you I quite lost my appetite on your departure, and I was out of sorts all the rest of the evening. That sweet music and sweeter voice would not leave my mind or my ears. But Providence, and perhaps also your good hearts, my children, have sent you to me; for you must have known that I comprehended and appreciated you."

"We are forced to admit, reverend canon," replied Joseph, "that chance alone brought us here, and that we were far from reckoning on this good fortune."

"The good fortune is mine," said the amiable canon, "for you are going to sing for me. But, no; it would be selfish in me to press you. You are tired—hungry, perhaps. You shall first sup, next have a good night's rest, and then to-morrow for music! And, then, such music! We shall have it all day long! André, you will conduct these young people to the housekeeper's room, and pay them every attention. But, no—let them remain and sup with me. Lay two covers at the foot of the table."

André zealously obeyed, and even evinced the utmost satisfaction; but Dame Bridget displayed quite an opposite feeling. She shook her head, shrugged her shoulders, and deprecatingly muttered between her teeth.

"Pretty people to eat at your table!—strange companions truly for a man of your rank!"

"Hold your peace, Bridget!" replied the canon, calmly; "you are never satisfied with any one, and when you see others enjoying a little pleasure you become quite violent."

"You are at a loss how to pass your time," said she, without heeding his reproaches. "By flattering you and tickling your ears you are as easily led as a child."

"Be silent!" repeated the canon, raising his voice a little, but without losing his good humor. "You are cross as a weasel, and if you go on scolding you will lose your wits and spoil the coffee."

"Great pleasure and great honor, forsooth, to make coffee for such guests!"

"Oh! you must have great people, must you? You love grandeur, it would seem; nothing short of princes, and bishops, and canonesses, with sixteen quarterings in their coats of arms, will serve your turn! To me all that sort of nonsense is not worth a song well sung."

Consuelo was astonished to hear so exalted a personage disputing, with a kind of childish pleasure, with his housekeeper, and during the whole evening she was surprised at the puerile nature of his pursuits. He incessantly uttered silly remarks upon every subject, just to pass the time, and to keep himself in good humor. He kept calling to the servants continually—now seriously discussing with them the

merits of a fish sauce, anon the arrangement of a piece of furniture! He gave contradictory orders, entering into the most trifling details with a gravity worthy of more serious affairs; listening to one, reproving another, holding his ground against the unruly Bridget, yet never without a pleasant word for question or reply. One would have thought that, reduced by his secluded and simple habits of life to the society of his domestics, he tried to keep his wit alive, and to promote his digestion, by a moderate exercise of thought.

The supper was exquisite, and the profusion of the viands unparalleled. Between the removes the cook was summoned, praised for some of his dishes, and gently reprimanded and learnedly instructed with respect to others. The travelers felt as if they had fallen from the clouds, and looked at each other as though all they saw around them were an amusing dream, so incomprehensible did such refinements appear.

"Come, come; it is not so bad," said the good canon, dismissing the culinary artist; "I see I shall make something of you, if you only show a desire to please and attend to your duty."

"One would fancy," thought Consuelo, "that all this was paternal advice or religious exhortation."

At the dessert, after the canon had given the housekeeper her share of praise and admonition, he at length turned from these grave matters and began to talk of music. His young guests then saw him in a more favorable point of view. On this subject he was well informed; his studies were solid, his ideas just, and his taste was refined. He was a good organist, and having seated himself at the harpsichord, after the removal of the cloth, played for them fragments from the old German masters, which he executed with purity and precision of style. Consuelo listened with interest; and having found upon the harpsichord a collection of this ancient music, she began to turn over the leaves, and forgetting the lateness of the hour, she requested the canon to play in his own free and peculiar style several pieces which had arrested her attention. The canon felt extremely flattered by this compliment to his performance. The music with which he was acquainted being long out of fashion, he rarely found an audience to his mind. He therefore took an extraordinary liking to Consuelo in particular; for Joseph, tired out, had fallen asleep in a huge armchair, which, deliciously alluring, invited to repose.

"Truly," exclaimed the canon, in a moment of enthusiasm, "you are a most wonderful child, and your precocious genius promises a brilliant career. For the first time in my life I now regret the celibacy which my profession imposes on me."

This compliment made Consuelo blush and tremble lest her sex should have been discovered, but she quickly regained her self-possession when the canon naïvely added: —

"Yes, I regret that I have no children, for Heaven might perhaps have given me a son like you, who would have been the happiness of my life — even if Bridget had been his mother. But tell me, my friend, what do you think of that Sebastian Bach, with whose compositions our professors are so much enraptured nowadays? Do you also think him a wonderful genius? I have a large book of his works which I collected and had bound, because, you know, one is expected to have everything of that kind. They may be beautiful for aught I know; but there is great difficulty in reading them, and I confess to you that the first attempt having repelled me, I have been so lazy as not to renew it; moreover, I have so little time to spare. I can only indulge in music at rare intervals, snatched from more serious avocations. You have seen me much occupied with the management of my household, but you must not conclude from that that I am free and happy. On the contrary, I am enslaved by an enormous, a frightful task, which I have imposed upon myself. I am writing a book on which I have been at work for thirty years, and which another would not have completed in sixty — a book which requires incredible study, midnight watchings, indomitable patience, and profound reflection. I think it is a book that will make some noise in the world."

"But is it nearly finished?" asked Consuelo.

"Why, not exactly," replied the canon, desirous to conceal from himself the fact that he had not commenced it. "But we were observing just now that the music of Bach is terribly difficult, and that, for my own part, I consider it peculiar."

"If you could overcome your repugnance, I think you would perceive that his is a genius which embraces, unites, and animates all the science of the past and the present."

"Well," returned the canon, "if it be so, we three will to-morrow endeavor to decipher something of it. It is now time for you to take some rest and for me to betake myself to

my studies. But to-morrow you will pass the day with me; that is the understanding, is it not?"

"The whole day? that is asking too much, sir—we must hasten to reach Vienna; but for the morning we are at your service."

The canon protested—nay, insisted—and Consuelo pretended to yield, promising herself that she would hurry the adagios of the great Bach a little, and leave the priory about eleven o'clock, or by noon at furthest. When they intimated a wish to retire, an earnest discussion arose on the staircase between Dame Bridget and the principal valet de chambre. The zealous Joseph, desirous of pleasing his master, had prepared for the young musicians two pretty cells situated in the newly restored building occupied by the canon and his suite. Bridget, on the contrary, insisted on sending them to sleep in the desolate and forsaken rooms of the old priory, because that part of the mansion was separated from the new one by good doors and solid bolts. "What!" said she, elevating her shrill voice on the echoing staircase, "do you mean to lodge these vagabonds next door to us? Do you not see from their looks, their manners, and their profession, that they are gypsies, adventurers, wicked little rogues, who will make off before morning with our knives and forks? Who knows but they may even cut our throats?"

"Cut our throats? those children!" returned Joseph, laughing; "you are a fool, Bridget; old and feeble as you are, you would yourself put them to flight, merely by showing your teeth."

"Old and worn out indeed! Keep such language for yourself!" cried the old woman, in a fury. "I tell you they shall not sleep here; I will not have them. Sleep, indeed? I should not close my eyes the whole night!"

"Don't be so silly. I am sure that those children have no more intention than I have to disturb your respectable slumbers. Come, let us have an end of this nonsense. My master ordered me to treat his guests well, and I am not going to shut them up in that old ruin, swarming with rats and open to every breeze. Would you have them sleep in the courtyard?"

"I would have had the gardener make up two good beds of straw for them there; do you imagine that those barefooted urchins are accustomed to beds of down?"

"They shall have them to-night at least, since it is my mas-

ter's desire; I obey no orders but his, Dame Bridget. Let me go about my business; and recollect that it is your duty as well as mine to obey, and not to command."

"Well said! Joseph," exclaimed the canon, who, from the half-open door of the antechamber, had, much to his amusement, heard the whole dispute. "Go get my slippers, Bridget, and have mercy on our ears. Good night, my little friends. Follow Joseph. Pleasant dreams to you both! Long live music, and hey for to-morrow!"

Long, however, after our travelers had taken possession of their snug bedrooms, they heard the scolding of the housekeeper, shrill as the whistling of the wintry wind, along the corridors. When the movement which announced the ceremony of the canon's retiring to bed had ceased, Dame Bridget stole on tiptoe to the doors of his young guests, and, quickly turning the key in each lock, shut them in. Joseph, buried to the ears in the most luxurious bed he had ever met with in his life, had already fallen asleep, and Consuelo followed his example, after having laughed heartily to herself at Bridget's terrors. She who had trembled almost every night during her journey now made others tremble in their turn! She might have applied to herself the fable of the hare and the frogs, but I cannot positively assert that Consuelo was acquainted with La Fontaine's fables. Their merit was disputed at that epoch by the most noted wits of the universe; Voltaire laughed at them, and the Great Frederick, to ape his philosopher, despised them profoundly.



GONE IN THE WIND.

By FRIEDRICH RUCKERT.

(Translated by James Clarence Mangan.)

[Friedrich Ruckert, German poet and Orientalist, was born at Schweinfurt, May 16, 1788, and was professor of Oriental languages at Erlangen 1826–1841, and at Berlin 1841–1848. After resigning his position at the latter place, he lived at Neusses, near Coburg, and there died January 31, 1866. He recast in German verse several of the famous books of the East, among them the "Abu Seid" of Hariri and the "Nal and Damajanti" from the Mahābhārata. His original poems include: "Geharnischte Sonnette" ("Mailed Sonnets," 1814), inspired by the national movement of 1813, and "Liebesfrühling" ("Love's Spring," 1822).]

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.

Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the Blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of earth in the wind.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed,
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say, what is Pleasure? a phantom, a mask undefined;
Science? an almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind;
Honor and Affluence? Firmans and Fortune hath signed
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined;
Woe to the miners for Truth — where the Lampless have mined!
Woe to the seekers on earth for — what none ever find!
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned
All Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Pity, thou, reader! the madness of poor Humankind,
Raving of Knowledge, — and Satan so busy to blind!
Raving of Glory, — like me, — for the garlands I bind
(Garlands of song) are but gathered, and — strewn in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire hath declined,
And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

A CORSICAN VENDETTA.[1]

BY PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

(From "Colomba": by courtesy of T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

[PROSPER MÉRIMÉE: A French writer; born in Paris, September 28, 1803; died at Cannes, September 23, 1870. His father and mother were both artists, his father being for a long time secretary of the École des Beaux Arts The son was given a college education, and studied law, but abandoned it for literary work. He was inspector general of the historical monuments of France, and in 1852 was appointed senator for life in the reconstructed French government. Among his notable writings are: "Colomba," a novel (1830); "Carmen," the novel which furnished the plot for Bizet's opera (1840); "Historic Monuments" (1843); "Arsène Guillot," (1845); "Studies in the History of Rome"; "Historic and Literary Medleys" (1855); "Social War" and "Letters to an Unknown" (1873). He was elected to the French Academy in 1844.]

THE following day passed without hostilities. Both sides held themselves on the defensive. Orso did not go out of his house, and the door of the Barricinis' remained constantly closed. Five policemen who had been left as garrison at Pietranera were to be seen walking in the square or in the outskirts of the village, accompanied by the rural constable, the only representative of the town force. The deputy mayor did not take off his scarf; but with the exception of the loopholes at the windows of the hostile houses, nothing indicated war. No one but a Corsican would have noticed that in the square around the green oak only women were to be seen.

At supper time Colomba joyfully showed her brother the following letter, which she had just received from Miss Nevil: —

MY DEAR COLOMBA, —

I was very glad to learn from your brother's letter that your enmities are over. Let me congratulate you. My father cannot endure Ajaccio now that your brother is not here to talk war and to hunt with him. We leave to-day; and we shall spend the night with your relative, for whom we have a letter. Day after to-morrow, at about eleven o'clock, I shall come to ask you for that *bruccio* of the mountains, which you say is so superior to that of the town.

Good-by, dear Colomba,

Your friend,
LYDIA NEVIL.

"Then she has not received my second letter!" exclaimed Orso.

"You see by the date of hers that Miss Lydia must have been on the way when your letter arrived at Ajaccio. Did you tell her not to come?"

"I told her that we were in a state of siege. This is not, it seems to me, a situation in which to receive company."

"Bah! Those English are queer people. She told me the last night I spent in her room that she should be sorry to leave Corsica without having seen a fine *vendetta.* If you are willing, Orso, we can show her an assault upon the house of our enemies."

"Do you know, Colomba," said Orso, "that nature was wrong to make a woman of you? You would have made an excellent soldier."

"Perhaps. At all events I am going to prepare my *bruccio.*"

"It is useless. We must send some one to inform them, and to stop them before they start."

"What? Would you send out a messenger in such weather, when a torrent might sweep him away with your letter? How I pity the poor bandits in this storm! Fortunately they have good cloaks. Let me tell you what you ought to do, Orso. If the storm ceases, go very early to-morrow morning and reach our kinsman's house before our friends have started. That will be easy for you, because Miss Lydia always rises late. You can tell them what has happened here; and if they insist upon coming, we shall be very glad to receive them."

Orso readily gave his consent to this scheme; and Colomba, after a few moments of silence, went on: —

"Perhaps you think, Orso, that I was joking when I spoke of an assault upon the Barricini house. Do you know that we are stronger than they are, two against one, at least? Since the prefect suspended the mayor, all the men here are on our side. We can cut them to pieces. It would be easy to begin the affair. If you were willing, I would go to the fountain and make fun of their women; they would come out — or perhaps, they are so cowardly, they would shoot upon me from their loopholes; they would miss me. Then the amount of it all is that they made the attack. So much the worse for the vanquished. In a quarrel, who holds the victorious responsible? Rely upon your sister, Orso; the black-robed lawyers who are going to come will waste some paper, and will say

many useless words. Nothing will result from it. The old fox would find a way to make them see stars at high noon. Ah, if the prefect had not put himself in front of Vincentello, there would have been one less!"

All this was said with the same coolness with which she had spoken a few moments before about the preparation of the *bruccio*.

Orso, stupefied, stared at his sister with admiration mingled with fear.

"My dear Colomba," he said, as he rose from the table, "you are, I fear, the Devil personified. But be at rest; if I do not succeed in getting the Barricinis hanged, I shall find means to have my revenge on them in another way. Hot ball or cold steel! You see that I have not forgotten Corsican."

"The sooner the better," said Colomba, with a sigh. "What horse shall you ride to-morrow, Ors' Anton'?"

"The black. Why do you ask?"

"So that barley may be given him."

When Orso had retired to his room, Colomba sent Saveria and the shepherds to bed, and remained alone in the kitchen, where she prepared her *bruccio*. From time to time she listened, and seemed to be waiting impatiently for her brother to get to bed. When she thought he was at last asleep, she took a knife, made sure that it was sharp, put her little feet into big shoes, and without making the slightest noise slipped out into the garden.

The garden, inclosed with walls, bordered on a large piece of land surrounded with hedges, where they kept the horses; for Corsican horses do not know the stable. Generally people let them loose in a field, and leave it to their intelligence to find food, and to shelter themselves against the cold and the rain.

Colomba opened the garden gate with the same precaution, and entered the inclosure; and by whistling softly she drew around her the horses, to whom she often brought bread and salt.

As soon as the black horse was within her reach, she seized him firmly by the mane, and slit his ear with her knife. The horse made a wild bound and ran away, making a sharp cry, such as acute pain sometimes draws from animals of that kind. Colomba, quite satisfied, was returning to the garden, when Orso opened his window and cried, "Who goes there?" At

the same time she heard him loading his gun. Fortunately for her the garden gate was in complete darkness, and a large fig tree partially covered it. Soon, from the intermittent lights that shone in her brother's room, she concluded that he was trying to light his lamp. Then she hastily closed the gate; and by gliding along the walls in such a way that her black dress blended with the dark foliage of the fruit trees trained against them, she succeeded in reaching the kitchen a few moments before Orso appeared.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"It seemed to me," replied Orso, "that some one was opening the garden gate."

"Impossible! The dog would have barked. However, let us go and see."

Orso went around the garden; and when he had ascertained that the outer door was well locked, he felt a little ashamed of his false alarm, and prepared to return to his room.

"I like to see, brother," said Colomba, "that you are becoming prudent, as one in your position ought to be."

"You are training me," responded Orso. "Good night."

At the dawn of day Orso was up and ready to start. His dress indicated at the same time the pretension to elegance of a man who is going to present himself before a woman whom he wishes to please, and the prudence of a Corsican engaged in a *vendetta*. Over a tight-fitting coat he wore, slung over his shoulder, a little tin box containing cartridges, suspended by a green silk cord; his stiletto was placed in a side pocket; and he carried in his hand the beautiful Manton gun, loaded with bullets. While he was hurriedly drinking a cup of coffee which Colomba had poured out for him, a shepherd went out to saddle and bridle the horse. Orso and his sister followed close behind him, and entered the inclosure. The shepherd had caught the horse, but he had let saddle and bridle fall, and appeared to be horror-stricken; while the horse, who remembered the wound of the preceding night and feared for his other ear, was rearing, kicking, neighing, and playing a thousand pranks.

"Here, hurry up!" Orso shouted.

"O Ors' Anton'! O Ors' Anton'!" cried the shepherd; "by the blood of our Lady!" And he made imprecations without number, the greater part of which are untranslatable.

"What has happened?" demanded Colomba.

Every one approached the horse; and when they saw that

he was bloody, and his ear was slit, there was a general exclamation of surprise and indignation. It must be understood that to mutilate the horse of an enemy is, among Corsicans, at once a vengeance, a challenge, and a threat of murder. Nothing less than a gunshot can expiate such a crime. Although Orso, who had lived a long time on the Continent, felt the enormity of the outrage less than another would have done, yet, if a Barricinist had appeared before him at this moment, it is probable that he would have made him immediately atone for the insult which he attributed to his enemies. "The cowardly rascals!" he exclaimed; "to take revenge on a poor beast, when they dare not meet me face to face!"

"What are we waiting for?" cried Colomba, impetuously. "They have provoked us, and mutilated our horses, and are we to give no answer? Are you men?"

"Vengeance!" responded the shepherds. "Let us lead the horse through the village, and assault their house!"

"There is a barn covered with straw joining their tower," said old Polo Griffo; "in a trice I could put it in flames." Another proposed going to get ladders from the church tower; a third suggested breaking in the doors of the Barricini house by means of a beam which was lying in the square, intended for some house in construction. In the midst of all these furious voices, Colomba was heard announcing to her satellites that before putting themselves to the work, each was to receive a large glass of anisette.

Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, the effect that she had expected from her cruelty to the poor horse was in a great measure lost, on account of Orso. He did not doubt that this savage mutilation was the work of his enemies, and he suspected Orlanduccio particularly; but he did not consider that the young man whom he had provoked and struck had effaced his dishonor by cutting a horse's ear. On the contrary, this base and absurd vengeance increased his scorn for his adversaries; and he now agreed with the prefect that such people did not deserve to fight a duel with him. As soon as he could make himself heard, he declared to his amazed partisans that they were to renounce their warlike intentions, and that justice, which should be done, would thoroughly punish the injury to his horse. "I am master here," he added in a severe tone, "and I will be obeyed. The first man who presumes to kill or to burn, I will burn in his turn. Here, saddle the gray horse!"

"What, Orso," said Colomba, drawing him aside, "do you allow people to insult us? When our father was alive, no Barricini ever dared to mutilate one of our beasts."

"I promise you that they will have reason to repent; but it is for the police and the jailers to punish the wretches who have no courage excepting against animals. I have said that justice will avenge me,—or if not, you will not need to remind me whose son I am!"

"Patience!" said Colomba to herself, with a sigh.

"Remember, sister," Orso continued, "that if I find on my return that any demonstration has been made against the Barricinis, I shall never forgive you." Then he added in a gentler tone: "It is very possible, indeed very probable, that I shall return with the colonel and his daughter; see that their rooms are in order, and that the breakfast is good,—in short, that our guests may be as comfortable as possible. It is a very good thing, Colomba, to have courage; but it is also necessary for a woman to know how to manage a house. Come, kiss me; be prudent; there is the gray horse saddled."

"Orso," said Colomba, "you are not going alone?"

"I do not need any one," Orso replied; "and I promise you that I will not let my own ear be cut."

"Oh! I shall never allow you to go alone in a time of war. Here, Polo Griffo, Gian' Francè, Memmo! take your guns; you are to accompany my brother."

After a rather lively discussion, Orso had to submit to be followed by an escort. He took from among his excited shepherds those who had most loudly advised beginning the war; then after he had renewed his injunctions to his sister and to the remaining shepherds, he started, taking this time a roundabout way in order to avoid the Barricini house.

They were far from Pietranera, and the horses were walking rapidly, when old Polo Griffo perceived, at a passage of a little stream which lost itself in a marsh, several hogs lying comfortably in the mud, enjoying both the sun and the coolness of the water. Immediately aiming at the largest, he shot it in the head, and killed it on the spot. Its companions got up and rushed away with surprising swiftness; and although the other shepherd fired in his turn, they gained a thicket into which they disappeared safe and sound.

"Fools!" cried Orso, "you mistake hogs for wild boars!"

"No, indeed, Ors' Anton'," replied Polo Griffo; "but this

drove belongs to the lawyer, and this is to teach him to mutilate our horses."

"What, you rascals!" cried Orso, transported with rage, "are you imitating the infamies of our enemies! Leave me, wretches! I do not need you. You are good for nothing but to fight with hogs. I swear that if you follow me I will blow your brains out!"

The two shepherds looked at each other, speechless. Orso spurred his horse, and disappeared at a gallop.

"Well!" said Polo Griffo, "I call that good! Love people, in order to have them treat you like that! The colonel, his father, was once angry with you because you aimed at the lawyer, — Great fool, not to shoot! And the son — you see what I have done for him. He talks of breaking my head as he would a gourd which will not hold wine. That is what they learn on the Continent, Memmo!"

"Yes, and if it is known that you have killed a hog, a lawsuit will be made against you; and Ors' Anton' will neither speak to the judges in your favor, nor pay the lawyer. Luckily no one saw you, and Saint Nega will get you out of the scrape."

After a short deliberation, the two shepherds concluded that the most prudent thing to do was to throw the hog into a slough, a plan which they executed, after each had taken several slices from the innocent victim of the hatred of the della Rebbias and Barricinis.

When Orso was rid of his undisciplined escort, he continued his way, more occupied with the pleasant anticipation of seeing Miss Nevil again than with fear of meeting his enemies. "The lawsuit which I am going to have with these Barricini wretches," he said to himself, "will oblige me to go to Bastia. Why should I not accompany Miss Nevil? Why should we not go together from Bastia to the mineral springs of Orezza?" All at once reminiscences of childhood brought that picturesque place plainly to his mind. He seemed to be transported to a green lawn at the foot of chestnut trees a century old. On the shining grass, dotted with blue flowers like eyes which smiled at him, he saw Miss Lydia seated by his side. She had taken off her hat; and her fair hair, finer and softer than silk, shone like gold in the sunlight which penetrated through the foliage. Her pure blue eyes seemed to him bluer than the sky. With her cheek resting on one

hand, she listened pensively to the words of love that he tremblingly addressed to her. She had on the muslin dress that she had worn on the last day he saw her at Ajaccio. From beneath the folds of this dress escaped a little foot in a black satin slipper. Orso said to himself that he would like to kiss that foot: but one of Miss Lydia's hands was not gloved, and it held a daisy. Orso took the daisy from her, and Miss Lydia's hand clasped his; he kissed the daisy and then the hand, and she was not offended. All these thoughts hindered him from paying attention to the road that he was following, and yet his horse had been continually trotting. He was going to kiss in imagination Miss Lydia's white hand for the second time, when he almost kissed in reality the head of his horse, which stopped abruptly. Little Chilina had barred his way, and seized his bridle.

"Where are you going in this fashion, Ors' Anton'?" she asked. "Don't you know that your enemy is near?"

"My enemy!" cried Orso, furious at being interrupted at such an interesting moment. "Where is he?"

"Orlanduccio is near here. He is waiting for you. Return, do return!"

"Ah, he is waiting for me, is he? Have you seen him?"

"Yes, Ors' Anton', I was lying in the fern when he passed. He was looking all around with his field glass."

"In what direction did he go?"

"He descended there, in the same direction in which you are going."

"Thank you."

"Ors' Anton', wouldn't it be better to wait for my uncle? He will soon be here, and with him you would be safe."

"Don't be afraid, Chili; I do not need your uncle."

"If you were willing, I would go in front of you."

"No, thank you, thank you."

And Orso, urging his horse, rode rapidly away in the direction that the little girl had indicated to him.

His first feeling had been a blind transport of rage, and he had said to himself that fortune offered him an excellent opportunity to correct the coward who mutilated a horse in order to avenge himself for a blow. Then, while riding, the partial promise that he had made to the prefect, and above all the fear of losing the visit from Miss Nevil, changed his mood, and made him almost wish not to meet Orlanduccio. But soon the remem-

brance of his father, the insult done to his horse, and the threats of the Barricinis, kindled his wrath again, and impelled him to seek out his enemy, in order to provoke him and force him to fight. Thus agitated by contradictory resolutions he continued to go forward, but now with precaution, examining the bushes and hedges, and now and then even stopping to listen to the indistinct sounds that are heard in the country. Ten minutes after he had left little Chilina (it was then about nine o'clock in the morning), he found himself at the top of a very steep slope. The road, or rather the ill-defined footpath, which he was following crossed a recently burned *maquis*. In this place the ground was covered with whitish ashes; and here and there some shrubs and large trees blackened by the fire, and entirely despoiled of their leaves, were standing upright, although they had ceased to live. When a person sees a burned *maquis*, he believes himself transported into the midst of the scenery of the north in midwinter; and the contrast between the barrenness of the places over which the flames have swept, and the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding country, makes them appear still more sad and desolate. But in this landscape Orso saw at this time only one important thing with regard to his position; since the ground was bare, it could not conceal an ambush, and one who fears at every moment to see issuing from a thicket the barrel of a gun aimed at his own breast regards as a kind of oasis a stretch of level ground where nothing obstructs the view. Beyond the burned *maquis* were several cultivated fields, inclosed, according to the custom of the country, with unmortared stone walls, breast high. The path passed between these inclosures, in which enormous chestnut trees, irregularly grouped, presented from a distance the appearance of a thick wood.

On account of the steepness of the slope, Orso was obliged to dismount; and leaving the bridle loose on the horse's neck, he descended rapidly by sliding on the ashes. When he was not more than twenty-five paces from one of these inclosures, he perceived directly in front of him, first the barrel of a gun, then a head projecting above the top of the wall. The gun was lowered, and he recognized Orlanduccio ready to fire. Orso was prompt in preparing to defend himself; and both of them, while aiming, looked at each other for a few seconds with that keen emotion which the bravest feel at the moment of giving or of receiving death.

"Miserable coward!" Orso cried out. He had hardly finished speaking when he saw the flash of Orlanduccio's gun; and at almost the same instant a second shot came from his left, on the other side of the path, discharged by a man whom he had not seen, and who had aimed from behind another wall. Both balls hit him; the first, that of Orlanduccio, passed through his left arm, which had been extended forward in taking aim; the other struck him in the breast and tore his coat, but fortunately coming in contact with the blade of his stiletto, flattened out against it, and made only a slight bruise.

Orso's left arm sank motionless at his side, and the barrel of his gun dropped for an instant; but he immediately raised it again, and aiming with his right hand alone, fired at Orlanduccio, whose head, which had been visible only down to the eyes, disappeared behind the wall. Orso, turning to the left, discharged his second shot at a man so enveloped in smoke that he could scarcely be seen. This figure in turn disappeared. The four shots had succeeded one another with incredible swiftness, and trained soldiers never left a shorter interval between their firings. After Orso's last shot everything became silent. The smoke from his gun rose slowly towards the sky; there was no movement behind the wall, not the slightest noise. If it had not been for the pain which he felt in his arm, he could have believed that the men at whom he had just shot were phantoms of his imagination.

Expecting a second shot, Orso moved a few steps in order to place himself behind one of the burnt trees standing in the *maquis*. Behind this shelter he placed his gun between his knees, and hastily reloaded it. His left arm pained him cruelly, and it seemed as if he were sustaining an enormous weight. What had become of his enemies? He could not understand. If they had fled, or if they had been wounded, he would certainly have heard some noise, some movement in the foliage. Were they dead, then, or rather, were they not waiting under the protection of the wall for an opportunity to fire upon him again? In this state of uncertainty, feeling his strength fail, he placed his right knee on the ground, rested his wounded arm on the other, and made use of a branch projecting from the trunk of the burnt tree to support his gun. With his finger on the trigger, his eyes fixed on the wall, and his ears attentive to the slightest sound, he remained without stirring for several minutes, which seemed to him a century. Finally, far behind

him, a sharp cry was heard; and soon a dog descended the slope like a flash of lightning, and stopped beside him wagging his tail. It was Brusco, the disciple and companion of the bandits, announcing without doubt the arrival of his master; and never was honest man waited for more impatiently.

The dog, with his nose in the air, turned in the direction of the nearest inclosure, sniffing restlessly. Suddenly he uttered a low growl, cleared the wall with one bound, and almost immediately jumped back upon the top of it, where he looked fixedly at Orso, expressing surprise with his eyes as clearly as a dog can do it; then he started off again with his nose in the wind, this time in the direction of the other inclosure, the wall of which he leaped. At the end of a second he reappeared on the top, showing the same feeling of astonishment and restlessness; then he plunged into the *maquis* with his tail between his legs, and walking sidewise he withdrew slowly, keeping his eyes fixed on Orso until he was some distance away. Then he began to run again, and remounted the hill almost as quickly as he had descended it, until he met a man who was advancing rapidly in spite of the steepness of the slope.

"Here, Brando!" shouted Orso, when he believed him within hearing distance.

"Well, Ors' Anton'! are you wounded?" asked Brandolaccio, as he ran up quite out of breath. "In the body or the limbs?"

"In the arm."

"The arm! that's nothing. What about the other man?"

"I think I hit him."

Brandolaccio, following his dog, hastened to the nearest inclosure, and leaned over the wall in order to look on the other side. As he hung there he took off his cap and said:—

"Good morning to Signor Orlanduccio!" Then he turned towards Orso, and saluted him in turn in a perfectly serious manner. "That," he said, "is what I call a man neatly served up."

"Is he still alive?" asked Orso, breathing with difficulty.

"Oh, no! nothing of the kind; he had too much pain from that ball you put into his eye. By the blood of the Virgin, what a hole! A good gun, upon my word! What size! How it does crush one's brains! I say, Ors' Anton', when I first heard *pif! pif!* I said to myself, 'Confound it! they are murdering my lieutenant!' Then I heard *boom! boom!* 'Ah!'

said I, 'that is the English gun talking; he is returning the shot.'—Well, Brusco, what do you want of me?"

The dog led him to the other inclosure. "Bless me!" cried Brandolaccio, in surprise. "A double hit—nothing more nor less! The deuce! it is evident that powder is dear, for you are economical with it."

"What is it, in God's name?" asked Orso.

"Come, come! none of your jokes, lieutenant! You bring game to the ground, and want some one to pick it up for you. There's one man who will have a funny dessert to-day, and that's Lawyer Barricini! Here is butcher's meat, plenty of it! Now who the deuce will be his heir?"

"What! Vincentello dead too?"

"Dead as a doornail. Good health to the rest of us! The good thing about you is that you don't make them suffer. Just come and see Vincentello; he is still on his knees, with his head leaning against the wall. He looks as if he were asleep. This is what might be called a leaden sleep. Poor wretch!"

Orso turned his head away in horror. "Are you sure that he is dead?"

"You are like Sampiero Corso, who never gave more than one blow. Look, here,—in the breast, on the left,—it is exactly the way Vincileone was hit at Waterloo. I wager that the ball is not far from the heart. A double shot! Ah, I will have nothing more to do with shooting! Two in two shots! with bullets! The two brothers! If he had had a third shot he would have killed the papa! He will do better another time. What a shot, Ors' Anton'! And to think that it never happened to a brave fellow like me to make a double shot at the police!"

While talking, the bandit examined Orso's arm, and slit open his sleeve with his stiletto.

"That is nothing," he said. "This coat will give Colomba some work. Ah! what do I see? this tear in the front of it? Did anything enter there? No, you would not be so gay. Here, try to move your fingers—do you feel my teeth when I bite your little finger? Not at all? That is all right then; it won't amount to anything. Let me take your handkerchief and cravat; your frock coat is entirely spoiled. Why are you arrayed so finely? Are you on the way to your wedding? There, drink a drop of wine. Why don't you carry a gourd? Does a Corsican ever go out without a gourd?" Then, in the

midst of the dressing, he interrupted himself to exclaim: "A double shot! Both of them stark dead! How the vicar will laugh — a double shot! Ah, here comes that little snail of a Chilina."

Orso did not answer. He was as pale as death, and was trembling from head to foot.

"Chili!" shouted Brandolaccio, "go and look behind that wall. How's that?"

The child, making use of her feet and hands, clambered up on the wall, and as soon as she perceived the corpse of Orlanduccio, made the sign of the cross.

"That isn't anything," continued the bandit; "go and look farther, over there."

The child again made the sign of the cross.

"Did you do it, uncle?" she asked timidly.

"I! haven't I become an old good-for-nothing? Chili, it is the work of this gentleman. Pay him your compliments."

"Colomba will be very glad," said Chilina; "and she will be very sorry to know that you are wounded, Ors' Anton'."

"Here, Ors' Anton'," said the bandit, when he had finished the dressing. "Chilina has caught your horse. Mount, and come with me to the *maquis* of Stazzona. He would be a clever man who could find you there. We will give you our best treatment. When we get to the cross of Saint Christine, you must dismount. You will give your horse to Chilina, who will go to inform Colomba about you, and on the way you will give her your messages. You can tell everything to the little girl, Ors' Anton'; she would rather be hacked to pieces than betray her friends." Then in a gentle tone he said: "Here, you little jade, be excommunicated, rogue!" Since Brandolaccio, like many bandits, was superstitious, he was afraid of fascinating children by addressing to them benedictions of praises; for every one knows that the mysterious powers exercised by looks and speech have the bad habit of bringing about just the opposite of what we wish.

"Where do you want me to go, Brando?" asked Orso, in a faint voice.

"Why, that is for you to choose, — to prison or to the *maquis*. But a della Rebbia does not know the way to prison. Go to the *maquis*, Ors' Anton'!"

"Farewell to all my hopes, then!" moaned the wounded man.

"Your hopes! The deuce! did you hope to do better with a double-barreled gun? Come, now! how did they manage to hit you? These fellows must have had as many lives as a cat to do it."

"They shot first," replied Orso.

"That's so — I forgot. . . . Pif! pif! boom! boom! A double shot with one hand! When any one beats that, I shall go hang. Oh! there you are mounted; before going, just take a look at your work. It is not polite to leave the company without saying good-by."

Orso spurred his horse; he would not for anything in the world have looked at the unfortunate men whom he had just killed.

"Look here, Ors' Anton'," said the bandit, seizing Orso's reins, "will you let me speak frankly? Well, with no offense to you, I am grieved about these two young men. I beg you to excuse me,— they were so handsome, so strong, so young. I have hunted with Orlanduccio many a time. Only four days ago he gave me a package of cigars. And Vincentello was always so good-natured! It is true that you have done what you ought to have done; and, besides, the shot was too fine to be regretted. But as for me, I had nothing to do with your revenge. I know that you are right; when one has an enemy, one must get rid of him. But the Barricinis were one of the old families — now there is one less of them, and by a double shot! It is really curious."

Thus making the funeral oration of the Barricinis, Brandolaccio hastily conducted Orso, Chilina, and the dog Brusco towards the *maquis* of Stazzona.



CLASSIC CHINESE POEMS.[1]

(From the Shi-King: translated by William Jennings.)

A Challenge.

[This is a parallel, from the woman's side, to George Wither's "Shall I, pining in Despair."]

If, boy, thy thoughts of me were kind,
  I'd lift my skirts and wade the Tsin;

[1] By permission of G Routledge & Sons. (Price 3s 6d)

But if thou be of other mind,
 Is there none else my love would win?
  O craziest of crazy boys!

Ay, if thy thoughts of me were kind,
 I'd lift my skirts and wade the Wei;
But if thy thoughts are else inclined,
 Is there none other gallant nigh?
  O craziest of crazy boys!

The Absent Husband.

I picked and picked the mouse ears,
 Nor gained one basket load;
My heart was with my husband:
 I flung them on the road.

I climbed yon rugged mountain,
 My ponies all broke down;
I filled my golden goblet
 Long anxious thought to drown.

I climbed yon lofty ridges,
 With my ponies black and bay;
I filled for me my horn cup
 Long torture to allay.

I climbed yon craggy uplands,
 My steeds grew weak and ill;
My footmen were exhausted; —
 And here I sorrow still!

Lament of a Discarded Wife.

When east winds blow unceasingly,
 They bring but gloominess and rain.
Strive, strive to live unitedly,
 And every angry thought restrain.
Some plants we gather for their leaves,
 But leave the roots untouched beneath;
So, while unsullied was my name,
 I should have lived with you till death.

With slow, slow step I took the road,
 My inmost heart rebelling sore,
You came not far with me, indeed,
 You only saw me to the door.

Who calls the lettuce bitter fare,
  The cress is not a whit more sweet.
Ay, feast there with your new-found bride,
  Well pleased, as when fond brothers meet.

The Wei, made turbid by the king,
  Grows limpid by the islets there.
There, feasting with your new-found bride,
  For me no longer now you care.
Yet leave to me my fishing dam;
  My wicker nets, remove them not.
My person spurned — some vacant hour
  May bring compassion for my lot.

Where ran the river full and deep,
  With raft or boat I paddled o'er;
And where it flowed in shallower stream,
  I dived or swam from shore to shore.
And what we had, or what we lost,
  For that I strained my every nerve;
When other folks had loss, I'd crawl
  Upon my knees, if aught 'twould serve.

And you can show me no kind care,
  Nay, treated like a foe am I!
My virtue stood but in your way,
  Like traders' goods that none will buy.
Once it was feared we could not live;
  In your reverses then I shared.
And now, when fortune smiles on you,
  To very poison I'm compared.

I have laid by a goodly store, —
  For winter's use it was to be; —
Feast on there with your new-found bride, —
  I was for use in poverty!
Rude fits of anger you have shown,
  Now left me to be sorely tried.
Ah, you forget those days gone by,
  When you came nestling to my side!

Comrades in War Time.

How say we have no clothes?
  One plaid for both will do.
Let but the king, in raising men,
  Our spears and pikes renew, —
  We'll fight as one, we two!

How say we have no clothes?
  One skirt our limbs shall hide.
Let but the king, in raising men,
  Halberd and lance provide,—
  We'll do it, side by side!

How say we have no clothes?
  My kirtle thou shalt wear.
Let but the king, in raising men,
  Armor and arms prepare,—
  The toils of war we'll share.

Trust thy Last Friend against the World.

A babbling current fails
To float a load of thorns away,—
Of brothers, few are left us now,
Yet we remain, myself and thou:
Believe not others' tales,
Others will lead thee far astray.

The babbling current fails
To float the firewood fagots far.—
Of brothers there are left but few,
Yet I and thou remain, we two:
Believe not others' tales
For verily untrue they are!



THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF GOD.[1]

By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

(From "Ten Great Religions")

[James Freeman Clarke, an American Unitarian clergyman, theologian, and miscellaneous author, was born at Hanover, N.H, April 4, 1810, and died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., June 8, 1888. Having graduated at Harvard, he prepared for the ministry at the Cambridge Divinity School; preached at Louisville, Ky., 1833–1840, and in 1841 founded, in Boston, the Church of the Disciples, of which he was pastor for forty-five years. He became noted as a preacher and

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JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

author, and took a prominent part in all educational and reform movements in Boston. His principal publications are: "Ten Great Religions" (1871–1883), "Christian Doctrine of Prayer," "Thomas Didymus," "Common Sense in Religion," "Events and Epochs in Religious History," and "Self-Culture."]

THE mixture of a hidden and private Monotheism with a public Polytheism was the religion of the civilized world, with the exception of Judea, when Christ came. Now, probably, one half of the human race have a Monotheistic religion. These Monotheistic religions are the work of two prophets, Moses and Jesus, from whose teachings Mohammed drew his own inspiration. The semi-Monotheism of China and Eastern Asia is also the result of the teaching of two great souls, Buddha and Confucius. The nature of their inspiration we shall consider in another chapter. Christianity teaches the highest form of Monotheism. Jesus gives no personal name to the Deity, as the religions before him had done. He does not call God by the sacred Jewish name of Yahveh, but by a word designating his character of parental care and love, "Father." The peculiarity of Christian Monotheism is that it combines with the conception of one Supreme, All-perfect Being, Maker and Ruler of all things, which is the philosophic Monotheism, and with that of holy Lawgiver and Judge, and Beneficent Providence, the faith in an infinite tenderness of love. God in Christ comes near to each soul, as an ever-present friend and helper; as one who forgives and saves; a perpetual inspiration and guide; a friend nearer than any other to every child high or low. Farther than this Monotheism can hardly go, for this combines the two extremes of religious thought in a harmonious whole, that of the Being who is infinitely removed from us by his greatness, and the Being who comes nearest to us by his love. This is the fullness of him who fills all in all.

Of all the beliefs of man in regard to the supernatural world, the belief in a human soul as a substantial essence, capable of existing independently of the body, has prevailed most widely. It is found in all parts of the world, in all times, among all classes, however widely separated from each other by physical and moral barriers. The lowest tribes of savages unite with the most sublime philosophers in this conviction. On this point the Hottentot and the Fiji islander agree with Plato and Aristotle.

The evidence of this belief among the lower races, who have no metaphysical theories or language, is to be found in their

universal conviction that all men continue to exist after the death of the body, as disembodied spirits, or, as we say, ghosts.

Our word "ghost," it must be remembered, the same as the German "geist," simply means a spirit. Now the belief of the existence of disembodied spirits is well-nigh universal among the primitive races. All believe in apparitions, in unsubstantial appearances of departed friends. The Esquimaux in the Arctic Circle of North America; the natives of Siberia in the same latitudes in Asia; the Australians and Patagonians at the other extreme of the world; the great religions of antiquity — those of Egypt, China, India, Persia, Greece, Rome, Mexico, Peru, the Tartar tribes of Central Asia, the Negroes of Central and Western Africa; the inhabitants of the innumerable islands of the Pacific — have all believed in such a continued spiritual existence of the dead. This belief could only have come from one of two sources — from outward experience or inward consciousness. Either they have all actually seen ghosts, and believe in them for that reason, or else they have not seen them. If they have not seen them, if ghosts have never appeared, this universal belief has prevailed with no facts of outward experience to support it. It must then be based on some profound and universal fact of inward experience. Is there any such fact? There is. We are conscious of a thinking, feeling, and acting self, which has no bodily qualities. This self acts and feels in every part of the body, and yet is not located in any part, for if a part of the body is lost, the thinking and feeling and acting energy remains unimpaired. It seems to go out of the body in dreams, in memory, in imagination, and in thought which makes the past present, the distant near. The soul seems to leave the body in dreams, for then it enters into another world, seemingly as real as this one. It has a marvelous unity, correlating and combining in a central self or ego, imagination, memory, hope and fear, love and hatred, thought and sensation, action, choice, and passive receptivity. It is the one simple ego which has all this experience. Our consciousness does not allow us to suppose that one part of the soul is devoted to thought, another part to feeling, and the like. We say, "I think, I feel, I remember, I am in pain, I like the taste of this fruit, I smell the perfume of that rose, I foresee that some evil may occur, I intend to build a house next year." It is one and the same undivided, indivisible self which does all this. The consciousness of this indivisible unity, a unity of which the

body is incapable, is the same in the savage and the philosopher. It is a primitive, universal, and necessary conviction. The body dissolves at death, but the self within the body is indissoluble. It continues one and the same through all the changes of life, and therefore will continue, men believe, after the physical body dies. Primitive man does not argue in this way, and convince himself thus of his immortality; but the belief is the natural outgrowth of his self-consciousness.

Some eminent thinkers, however, take a different view. They tell us that the man who sleeps and dreams thinks he has two individualities, one of which leaves the other in his sleep, and comes back to it again when he wakes.

Schoolcraft reports that "the North American Indians believe in duplicate souls, one of which remains with the body, while the other departs during sleep." But this is surely a misinterpretation of their idea. There is evidence enough that many primitive races believe that the conscious thinking soul leaves the body during sleep. But there is not a second conscious thinking soul left behind. There is no evidence that any human being, on awakening from a dream, ever remembered that he existed simultaneously in two distinct series of conscious thoughts and actions. His thinking self was only one. It seemed to leave his body and go elsewhere. He saw that the body had a principle of life left with it, but not a second principle of thought. This theory, then, of a double soul is a mere misuse of words, and rests on no scientific basis of observation or experience.

There have been instances of persons who, by some strange cerebral conditions, have passed from one state of consciousness into another, and in the second state have forgotten all they knew in the previous condition. They have then passed back, during an interval of sleep, into their original state, instantly remembering all they learned before while in that condition, but forgetting all they knew in the second. But even this extremely rare phenomenon does not justify the assumption of a double soul. The patient in this case had no double consciousness, but simply *forgot in one condition* what was remembered in another. This was not having two souls, but it was one soul passing into two different states of thought and life.

It is often asserted that the primitive races regard their shadows as their soul, and hence it is argued that the very notion of the soul may have been derived from the sight of the

shadow. This is reversing the order of thought. The idea of the soul must have existed before it could have been compared to a shadow. When the Romans called a disembodied spirit an "umbra," or shadow, and the Greeks used the same word, they simply meant that it was unsubstantial, like a shadow.

As a shadow is visible, but not tangible, as it retains the outline of the form, so the ghost was believed to be visible but not tangible, and to have a vague outline of the human form. But how could any human being believe that the shadow which always accompanies the body, and is never seen without it, can be the spirit which has no body, and which leaves the body in dreams? The most striking case on record of such an imagination is in the story of Peter Schlemihl, the man who sold his shadow. We ourselves often use the word "shadow" to express something unsubstantial, as when we say, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" No one would infer from this that we considered our souls to be the shadows. We can usually best get at the conceptions of the undeveloped races by recalling our own notions when we were children. We shall remember, I think, that our shadow had a mysterious quality to our infantile mind. It aroused our fancy; we may have tried to run away from it; we may have stamped upon it; it was an attendant from which we could not get away. But it never occurred to us for a moment that it was our soul, or self. Similar childish fancies take possession of the childlike races. The natives of Benin call a man's shadow his guide, and believe it will witness if he has done well or ill. The Basutos are careful not to let their shadow fall on the river, lest a crocodile should seize it, and draw them in.

One remarkable and unaccountable exception, if it is an exception, to the universal belief of mankind in the soul as a simple substantial principle of feeling, thought, and will, known by consciousness, is the great religion of Buddha. We are positively assured by the best-informed writers on this religion, that it persistently denies and rejects the notion of a soul in man. This is stated in the most decided form by Rhys Davids, one of the most recent and learned writers. Buddhism, he says, teaches that man is a flux of emotions, thought, acts, with no abiding principle behind them. He quotes a passage from the "Sutta Pitaka," to the effect that the unlearned and sensual man regards the soul as residing in sensation and matter, and so gets the idea "I am." But the wise man who has

escaped both from ignorance and from acquired knowledge does not have this idea, "I am."

Here, however, comes in the necessity of understanding the meaning of words, of entering into the state of mind of the Buddhist thinker. It is of small consequence to have any statement, unless we comprehend the intention of the man who makes it.

Now the whole purpose of original Buddhism was to teach men how to escape the miseries of life by the destruction of desire. Among these desires is the wish for continued existence. This also must be destroyed. Therefore the Pitakas, or oldest religious books, perpetually repeat such statements as this: —

> I see in the world this trembling race given to desire for existences; they lament in the mouth of death, not being free from the desire for reiterated existences. Look on those men trembling with selfishness; let them be unselfish, not having any attachment to existences.

The object being to produce perfect peace by the destruction of all desire — even the desire for continued existence — the remedy must be found in knowledge, which is the Buddhist way of salvation. Brahmanism in the time of Buddha sought the same end. The Laws of Manu say of the sage: "Let him not seek for death, let him not seek for life." But their method of extinguishing all desire was by ascetic mortifications. Buddha had tried these, and found them insufficient. His great discovery was that salvation came through knowledge, knowledge of the laws of being. He reached that state, not by reasoning or philosophy, which he declares can never produce knowledge, but only fluctuating opinion. To him knowledge came by an interior insight of spiritual, moral, and physical law. To destroy all desire, the desire for future existence must be destroyed. This is destroyed by seeing that there is no soul, or personal identity, or ego to continue. Thus Buddhism seems to deny the existence of the soul.

On the other hand it teaches transmigration. This is a fundamental doctrine with Buddhism. But how can there be a migration of souls from one body to another, unless there are souls to migrate? The answer is an ingenious one. Here comes in the great law called Karma, which is the law of cause

and effect made universal. Every moral or immoral action which a man performs produces its result. If he does right he goes up, if wrong he goes down. When a man dies the whole results of his life are summed up in a new being, who takes his place by the law of Karma. He does not pass into another body, but another being appears as the consequence of his conduct. So the Buddhist metaphysicians say that what we call transmigration is really metamorphosis.

But this fine-spun doctrine belongs to the metaphysics, not to the religion of Buddhism. Even Hardy himself tells us that "it is almost universally repudiated." In historical composition, in narrative, and in conversation, the common idea of transmigration is always presented. We meet with innumerable passages like the following: "These four, by the help of Buddha, went after death to the celestial world. 'I myself was the wise merchant of this transaction.'"

This Buddhist doctrine of no soul is, therefore, no exception to the general law. The Buddhists, like the rest of mankind, believe in the personal ego, and its continued existence hereafter. Whatever their metaphysics may demand, their faith is in the continued existence of the individual through many births and deaths till he reach Nirvána. One of the most learned writers on Buddhism, Samuel Beal, takes this view in his introduction to "The Romantic History of Buddha."

We have seen how belief in a personal self arises through consciousness. Observation of organized life leads to a like conclusion. We observe in all animals and plants an organization in which matter is governed, molded, renewed, correlated, and brought into unity by some power not perceptible to the senses. There is a cause which operates steadily and constantly on every part of the organization, bringing all under the use of the unit,—a law of growth in the plant, of sensation in the animal, of thought in the man. While the vital vortex is going on, all the physical laws to which the molecules of the body are otherwise subject are neutralized and overcome. The law of gravity is neutralized and overcome in the plant which grows upward. The law of inertia is overcome in animals, who can originate motion. The chemical laws are overcome in plants and animals, which resist change and decay. If the phrase vital principle is objected to, no one can deny the existence of a vital unity, which is unexplained by the senses. We are obliged to suppose some cause of all this, and a common

cause of this correlation. Men have decided to call it life or soul.

Not only has the existence of the soul been received in all religions (with the apparent exception of Buddhism), but also it has been the basis of all philosophies which deserve that name.

According to Pythagoras the soul is an emanation of the world soul, and so partakes of the divine nature. At death it leaves this body to take another, and so goes through the circle of appointed forms. The soul in man is a self-moving principle. Ovid describes this Pythagorean view of transmigration in verses thus translated by Dryden:—

> Souls cannot die They leave a former home
> And in new bodies dwell, and from them roam.
> Nothing can perish, all things change below,
> For spirits through all forms may come and go.
> Good beasts shall rise to human forms; and men
> If bad, shall backward turn to beasts again
> Thus, through a thousand shapes, the soul shall go,
> And thus fulfill its destiny below.

The human soul, according to Plato, is essentially rational. It is pure mind, but associated with a lower animal soul, composed of energy or active power, and desire or passive affection.

The immortality of the soul is argued in the beautiful dialogue of "Phædo," one of the most charming works in all literature. According to Socrates, in this dialogue, the soul is the ego, the mind which thinks, loves, and acts, and when death comes, it is not the mind which dies, but the body. At the close of this long dialogue, one of the disciples of Socrates asks him what he wishes them to do with him after his death. He smiles and says: "Anything you please, if you can catch me."

According to the Stoics, the soul is an emanation of the Deity, an inborn breath of God, extending through the body.

According to Aristotle, all living things have a soul; the plant has a soul which enables it to grow; it is a constructive force. The vital force of the animal adds to this, sensation, desire, locomotion; in man, the faculty of reason is added.

Materialism assumes that what we call soul is the result of bodily organization. (1) Because all we know is sensible phenomena. (2) Because the state of the mind conforms constantly to the condition of the body. All we know, it says, is

sensible phenomena, outward facts, and the grouping of these facts into laws. But the simple answer of common sense to this statement is that we know mind better than we know body; that thought, love, and purpose are not sensible phenomena, and yet we are certain of their existence. All we know of matter we know through the senses; it is that which is hard and soft, extended in space, which has shape, color, and so forth. All we know of mind is different. Moreover, the mind has a unity and identity not found in matter; it is simple, indivisible unity; whereas matter is capable of division. It is one and the same soul which thinks, feels, remembers, hopes, chooses, laments, imagines. It is the same soul which existed last year and exists now. But matter is always changing, never the same. Moreover, there is a principle of life which correlates all parts of a living body, and keeps them working together. Great objection has been made to calling this the vital principle, on the ground that this assumes the existence of the soul before it is proved. But the eminent naturalist, Quatrefages, says he must use some such word to describe the vital vortex, for the fact exists. The equilibrium of life is not maintained by the molecular motion of the atoms, for these act independently of each other. The unity of organic life is maintained by some power not in the material particles themselves. Call it soul, or vital principle, or by any other name, its existence is certain. You cannot explain life in terms of matter and motion. The gulf between an atom of inorganic matter and the lowest form of life has never been passed over by human thought.

The second objection of materialism to the existence of an immaterial soul is that the condition of the body affects the soul, inevitably and always. A little improper food taken into the system affects the mind; a drop of blood extravasated in the brain destroys the power of thought; as the body grows old, the mind weakens; as the brain fibers decay, memory goes; without phosphorus, no thought,—is not then thought the result of the body? To this, however, the answer is conclusive. All these facts only prove that while the soul is in this body, the body is its necessary organ of communication with the outward world. Just as a carpenter cannot work when his tools are dull; as the most accomplished musician cannot charm our souls when the strings of his piano are out of tune, or broken; so the soul cannot communicate with us when the body is dis-

ordered. It is highly probable that we could not think if the proper amount of phosphorus was not supplied to the brain. But this is no such great discovery. Not "phosphorus" alone, but a good many other chemical elements have always been known to be necessary. Without oxygen, no thought; without hydrogen and carbon, no thought. All this merely means that while the soul remains in its present environment, it needs a healthy bodily organization with which to do its work.



SELF-CULTURE.

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

[William Ellery Channing, American Unitarian clergyman, one of the chief founders of his sect in America, was born at Newport, R.I., April 7, 1780; died at Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842. An edition of his sermons, addresses, and other productions was published in 1848.]

In looking at our nature, we discover among its admirable endowments the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth

and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, or child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice. But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be the most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say: the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us, when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness, and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit; when it imagines to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite; or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus

outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes; and of consequence the way to see and feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual, and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature; and I name this that you may see, what I am anxious to show, the harmony which subsists among all branches of human culture, or how each forwards and is aided by all.

There is another power which man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank too depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles, nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

I do not look on a human being as a machine, made to be kept in action by a foreign force, to accomplish an unvarying succession of motions, to do a fixed amount of work, and then to

color. The Minister, from a well-burnished font, sprinkled water in the face of the child, and after the usual formula baptized it "Urania Bathsheba."

Finally Mistress Ramsdill insisted on Margaret's remaining to the catechizing. Margaret at first demurred, but Deacon Ramsdill supported the request of his wife with one of his customary smiles, remarking that, "catechizing was as good arter the sermon to the children as greasing arter shearing, it would keep the ticks off," which, he said, "were very apt to fly from the old sheep to the lambs." The class, comprising most of the youths in town, was arranged in the broad aisle, the boys on one side, and the girls on the other, with the Minister in the pulpit at the head.

"What is the chief end of man?" was the first question; to which a little boy promptly and swiftly gave the appropriate answer.—"How many persons are there in the Godhead?" "There are four persons in the Godhead," began a boy, quite elated and confident. There was an instant murmur of dissent. The neophyte, as it were challenged to make good his ground, answered not so much to the Minister as to his comrades. "There is God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and God Buonaparte,—Tony Washington said the Master said so." This anti-Gallicism and incurable levity of the pedagogue wrought a singular mistake; but it was soon rectified, and the Catechism went on. "Wherein consists the sinfulness of that state wherein man fell?" "The sinfulness of that state wherein man fell, God having out of his mere good pleasure elected some to everlasting life, is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man that is naturally engendered in him, and deserveth God's wrath and damnation," was the rapid and disjointed answer. The question stumbling from one to another was at length righted by Job Luce, the little hunchback. The voice of this child was low and plaintive, soft and clear, and he quite engaged Margaret's attention. There were signs of dissatisfaction on the faces of others. But his own was unruffled as a pebble in a brook. Shockingly deformed, the arms of the lad were long as an ape's, and he seemed almost to rest on his hands, while his shoulders rose high and steep above his head. "That's Job Luce," whispered Mistress Ramsdill, to Margaret; and if there ever was a Christian, I believe he is one, if he is crooked. Don't you see how he knows the Catechism? He has got the whole Bible eeny

most by heart, and he is only three years old." Margaret forgot everything else to look at a creature so unfortunate and so marvelous.

When the Catechism was over and the people left the church, she at once hastened to Job and took one of his hands; little Isabel Weeks too, sisterlike, took his other hand, and these two girls walked on with the strange boy. Margaret stooped and looked into his eye, which he turned up to her, blue, mild, and timid, seeming to ask, "Who are you that cares for me?" In truth, Job was, we will not say despised, but for the most part neglected. His mother was a poor widow, whose husband had been a shoemaker, and she got her living binding shoes. The old people treated her kindly, but rather wondered at her boy; and what was wonder in the parents degenerated into slight, jest, and sometimes scorn, in the children; so that Job numbered but few friends. Then he got his lessons so well the more indolent and duller boys were tempted to envy him.

"You didn't say the Catechism," said he to Margaret.

"No," she replied, "I don't know it; but I have a Bird Book and can say Mother Goose Songs." Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation and a sigh from Miss Amy and the Widow Luce, who were close behind.

"Woe, woe to a sinful mother!" was the language of the latter.

"Child, child!" cried the former, addressing herself to Margaret, "don't you like the Catechism?"

"I don't know it," replied Margaret.

"She isn't bad, if she is an Injin," interposed Isabel.

"Does she understand Whippoorwill?" abstractedly asked Job.

"God's hand is heavily upon us!" mournfully ejaculated the Widow.

"Can anything be done?" anxiously asked Miss Amy.

They stopped. Miss Amy was moved to take Margaret by the hand, and with some ulterior object in view she detached the child from Job, and went with her up the West Street, the natural route to the Pond.

"Did you never read the Primer?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," was the reply.

"Have you never learned how many persons there are in the Godhead?"

"One of the little boys said there were four, the others that there were but three. I should love to see it."

"How dare you speak in that way of the great Jehovah!"

"The great what?"

"The Great God, I mean."

"I thought it was a bird."

"Can it be there is such heathenism in our very midst!" said the lady to herself. Her interest in the state of Margaret was quickened, and she pushed her inquiry with most philanthropic assiduity.

"Do you ever say your prayers?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied Margaret. "I can say the Laplander's Ode and Mary's Dream."

"What do you do when you go to bed?"

"I go to sleep, ma'am, and dream."

"In what darkness you must be at the Pond!"

"We see the sun rise every morning, and the snowdrops don't open till it's light."

"I mean, my poor child, that I am afraid you are very wicked there."

"I try to be good, and pa is good when he don't get rum at Deacon Penrose's; and Chilion is good; he was going to mend my flower bed to-day to keep the hogs out."

"What, break the Sabbath! Violate God's holy day! Your father was once punished in the stocks for breaking the Sabbath. God will punish us all if we do so."

"Will it put our feet in the stocks the same as they did father?"

"No, my child. He will punish us in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

"What, the same as Chilion and Obed and I burnt up the bees?"

"Alas! alas!" sorrowed the lady.

"We were so bad," continued Margaret, "I thought I should cry."

"Deacon Penrose and the rest of us have often spoken of you at the Pond; and we have thought sometimes of going up to see you. In what a dreadful condition your father is."

"Yes, ma'am, sometimes. He rolls his eyes so, and groans, and shakes, and screams, and nobody can help him. I wish Deacon Penrose would come and see him, and I think he would not sell him any more rum."

"Poor little one! — don't you know anything of the Great God who made you and me?"

"Did that make me? I am so glad to know. The little chickens come out of the shells, the beans grow in the pods, the dandelions spring up in the grass, and Obed said I came in an acorn; but the pigs and wild turkeys eat up the acorns, and I can't find one that has a little girl in it like me."

"Would you like to come down to Meeting again?"

"I don't know as I like the Meeting. It don't seem so good as the Turkey Shoot and Ball. Zenas Joy didn't hurt my arm there, and Beulah Ann Orff and Grace Joy talked with me at the Ball. To-day they only made faces at me, and the man at the door told me to throw away my flowers."

"How deceitful is the human heart, and desperately wicked!"

"Who is wicked?"

"We are all wicked."

"Are you wicked? Then you do not love me, and I don't want you to go with me any farther."

"Ah! my dear child, we go astray speaking lies as soon as we be born."

"I never told a lie."

"The Bible says so: do not run away; let me talk with you a little more."

"I don't like wicked people."

"I wish to speak to you about Jesus Christ; do you know him?"

"No, ma'am — yes, ma'am, I have heard Hash speak about it when he drinks rum."

"But did you not hear the Minister speak about him in the pulpit to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am — does he drink rum too?"

"No, no, child, he only drinks brandy and wine."

"I have heard Hash speak so when he only drank that."

"The Minister is not wicked like Hash, — he does not get drunk."

"Hash wouldn't be wicked if he didn't drink. I wish he could drink and not be wicked too."

"Oh! we are all wicked, Hash and the Minister, and you and I; we are all wicked; and I was going to tell you how Christ came to save wicked people."

"What will he do to Hash?"

"He will burn him in hell fire, my child."

"Won't he burn the Minister too? I guess I shall not come to Meeting any more. You and the Minister and all the people here are wicked. Chilion is good. I will stay at home with him."

"The Minister is a holy man, a good man I mean; he is converted, he repents of his sins. I mean he is very sorry he is so wicked."

"Don't he keep a being wicked? You said he was wicked."

"Why, yes, he is wicked. We are all totally depraved. You do not understand. I fear I cannot make you see it as it is. My dear child, the eyes of the carnal mind are blind, and they cannot see. I must tell you, though it may make you feel bad, that young as you are, you are a mournful instance of the truth of Scripture. But I dare not speak smooth things to you. If you would read your Bible, and pray to God, your eyes would be opened so you could see. But I did want to tell you about Jesus Christ, who was both God and Man. He came and died for us. He suffered the cruel death of the cross. The Apostle John says he came to take away the sins of the world. If you will believe in Christ, he will save you. The Holy Spirit, that came once in the form of a dove, will again come, and cleanse your heart. You must have faith in the blood of Christ. You must take him as your Atoning Sacrifice. Are you willing to go to Christ, my child?"

"Yes, ma'am, if he won't burn up Hash; and I want to go and see that little crooked boy, too."

"It's wicked for children to see one another Sundays."

"I did see him at Meeting."

"I mean to meet and play and show picture books, and this little boy is very apt to play; he catches grasshoppers, and goes down by the side of the brook, before sundown; that is very bad."

"Are his eyes sore like Obed's, sometimes, and the light hurts him?"

"It is God's day, and he won't let children play."

"He lets the grasshoppers play."

"But he will punish children."

"Won't he punish the grasshoppers too?"

"No."

"Well, I guess I am not afraid of God."

Miss Amy, whether that she thought she had done all she

could for the child, or that Margaret seemed anxious to break company with her, or that she had reached a point in the road where she could conveniently leave her, at this instant turned off into Grove Street, and Margaret pursued her course homeward.



THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.[1]

By LUDWIG UHLAND.

(Translated by Elizabeth Craigmyle)

[JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND occupies a foremost place among the great lyric poets of Germany in the nineteenth century. Born at Tubingen, April 26, 1787, he studied law at the university there, and practiced as an advocate at Stuttgart, but subsequently devoted himself to linguistic studies and literary work. For several years he published ballads and other lyrics in various periodicals, the first collection of which, under the title of "Gedichte," appeared in 1815. To this he kept adding during his lifetime, and it is on these "Gedichte" that his fame rests. He is the acknowledged head of the so-called Swabian school of German poets. He died at Tubingen, November 13, 1862]

THERE stood in times of story a castle proud and high,
The sailors saw afar off its turrets pierce the sky,
Around were perfumed gardens, a garland rich and fair,
Within them rainbow fountains sprang sparkling high in air.

The king that ruled within it was great in power and might,
His brows were dark and lowering, his lips with wrath were white;
His very thoughts are murder, his glance devouring flame,
His words they fall like scourges, in blood he writes his name.

And to the evil castle came once a minstrel pair,
The younger's locks were golden, gray was the other's hair;
Upon a noble charger the aged singer rode,
With untired step beside him his young companion strode.

Then spake the gray-haired minstrel, "Be ready now, my son,
Hard is the task that waits us; sing as thou ne'er hast done.
Sing of all pain and pleasure, and strain thine utmost art,
To-day we strive to soften the brute king's stony heart."

Soon stand both daring singers within the palace hall,
The thronèd king is listening, the queen and nobles all:
The king in fearful splendor, like the Northern Lights' red glare,
The queen so soft and gentle, like a moonbeam white and fair.

[1] By permission of Walter Scott, Ltd.

And, hark, upon the harp-chords his hand the harper flings;
What wondrous music shivers from out the stricken strings!
Then like a stream came welling the youth's voice heavenly clear,
It cadenced with the old man's, like an angel's to the ear.

They sing of love and springtime, of joy and faithfulness,
Of freedom and of manhood, of faith and holiness;
They sing all unknown sweetness that comes and passes by,
They sing of all things lofty, that make the heart beat high.

The courtiers throng around them,—they are not jesting now!
The haughty plumes are bending, to God the helmed heads bow;
The queen's eyes melt and soften,—What are both throne and crown?
The rose from out her bosom to the minstrel she throws down!

"Ye have seduced my people, seduce ye now my queen?"
The king he shrieks in frenzy, trembling in wrathful teen.
And at the stripling straightway his battle blade he flings,
Instead of quivering music, the heart blood quivering springs.

The crowd of listeners scattered like dust before the storm.
Upon the old man's bosom there lies a lifeless form,
He wraps his mantle round it, he sets it on his horse,
And upright in the saddle he binds the mangled corse.

Before the castle portal the ancient singer stood,
He took his harp so wondrous of gold and precious wood,
Against a marble pillar he shivered it in twain;
Then shrieked this imprecation till the castle rang amain:—

"Woe, woe, ye palace chambers! Woe, woe, ye halls so proud!
No more shall song or harpings within you sound aloud,
But groans and dreary sobbings and stealthy step of slaves,
Till Vengeance stamps your turrets a-level with men's graves!

"Woe, woe, ye perfumed gardens, in all your fair May light!
Look on this ghastly, soulless clod,—and wither at the sight!
On every spring and fountain shall this sight a seal be placed,
So ye shall lie in future days a desert, stony waste.

"Woe to thee, murderer! Thine hand hath crushed the singer's crown;
Fruitless shall be thy striving for the garland of renown,—
Thy very name shall perish, despite thy craft and care,
Even as a last death rattle dies out in empty air!"

So hath the old man cursed him — and God in heaven hath heard;
The halls and ramparts crumble at the minstrel's magic word;
One pillar only standeth of the ruined splendors all,
And that, already cloven, is nodding to its fall.

Around, instead of gardens, is a desert heathen land;
No tree gives cooling shadow, no fount breaks through the sand;
The king has been forgotten, no bards his deeds rehearse,
His very name is vanished! Such is the Minstrel's Curse!



THE BROCKENHAUS.

By HEINRICH HEINE.

(From "Travel Pictures.")

[HEINRICH HEINE, one of the most celebrated of German lyric poets, was born of Jewish parents at Dusseldorf, December 13, 1799, and was sent to Hamburg to prepare for a commercial life, but preferred studying law. At Bonn he became a pupil and friend of August W. Schlegel, and at Berlin associated with Varnhagen von Ense, Chamisso, Grabbe, and other leading literary characters of the day. In 1825 he renounced Judaism, and after the French Revolution of July, 1830, lived mostly in Paris He died there February 17, 1856, after many years of suffering from spinal paralysis. His best works are. "The Book of Songs," "New Poems," "Romanzero," "Reisebilder" ("Pictures of Travel").]

My entrance into the Brockenhaus produced on me a strange eerie sensation. After a long solitary scramble among rocks and pine trees, one finds oneself suddenly transplanted to a house in the clouds; after leaving towns, mountains, and forests below, one meets above a mixed company of strangers, by whom, as is natural in such places, one is received almost like an expected acquaintance, with a mixture of curiosity and indifference. I found the house full, and, like a prudent traveler, I thought at once about night quarters and the discomfort of a shakedown in the straw. In a die-away voice I at once asked for tea, and the landlord had the sense to see that one so ill as I must have a proper bed. This he procured me in a room the size of a closet, where a young merchant, who looked like an emetic powder in a long brown wrapper, had already established himself.

In the coffeeroom I found nothing but life and movement. Students of various universities, some just arrived and refresh-

ing themselves; others just off again, strapping on their knapsacks, writing their names in the visitors' book, receiving Brocken nosegays from the chambermaids, chucking them under the chin, singing, jumping, jodeling, questioning, answering questions, "fine weather, short cut, your health, adieu!" Some of the departing students were more or less fuddled, and these, as drunken men see double, must have doubly enjoyed the view.

After recruiting myself, I ascended the observatory, where I found a short gentleman with two ladies, one young, the other oldish. The young lady was very beautiful. A splendid profile, curling hair confined by a black satin helmet-shaped hat, with a white feather, which waved in the wind; a close-fitting black silk mantle which revealed the fine lines of her slim figure; great open eyes looking calmly out on the great open world.

When I was a boy I thought of nothing but fairy tales and stories of magic, and every pretty woman I saw with ostrich feathers in her bonnet was for me an elfin queen: and if I did chance to notice that her skirts were wet, I thought her a water witch. Now that I have studied natural history, and know that those symbolic feathers are plucked from the stupidest of birds, and that the skirts of a lady's dress may get wet by a very natural process, I have lost my early faith. But if I could have seen with my boyish eyes the fair lady as and where I have described her on the Brocken, I should certainly have thought, This is the fairy of the mountain, and 'tis she that spoke the spell that cast such a wondrous glamour on the whole scene beneath. Yes, very wonderful is our first view from the Brocken; each side of our nature receives new impressions, and these separate impressions, mostly distinct, nay contradictory, produce on us a powerful effect, though we cannot as yet analyze or understand it. If we succeed in grasping the conception which underlies this state of feeling, we recognize the character of the mountain. Its character is wholly German in its weakness no less than in its strength. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he shows us clearly and plainly as in a giant panorama the hundreds of cities, towns, and villa[illegible] (mostly to the north), and all around, the hills, forest[illegible], and plains, stretching away to the distant hori[illegible] this very distinctness gives everything the sharp [illegible] and clear coloring of a local chart; there is nowhere

a really beautiful landscape for the eye to rest on. This is just our way. Thanks to the conscientious exactitude with which we are bent on giving every single fact, we German compilers never think about the form that will best represent any particular fact. The mountain, too, has something of German calmness, intelligence, and tolerance, just because it can command such a wide, clear view of things. And when such a mountain opens its giant eyes, it may well happen that it sees more than we dwarfs, who clamber over him with purblind eyes. Many, indeed, declare that the Brocken is thoroughly *bourgeois*, and Claudius has sung of "The Blocksberg, that tall Philistine." But that is a mistake. It is true that owing to his bald pate, over which he sometimes draws his white cap of mist, he gives himself an air of *bourgeoisie*, but, as with many other great Germans, this is pure irony. Nay, it is notorious that the Brocken has his wild freshman days, *e.g.* the first of May. Then he tosses his cloud cap in the air and goes romantic mad, like a genuine German.

I tried at once to engage the pretty lady in a conversation, for one never properly enjoys the beauties of nature unless one can talk them over on the spot. She was no genius, but bright and intelligent. Really distinguished manners, not the common stiff and starched distinction, a negative quality which knows what *not* to do, but that rare positive quality, the ease of manner which tells us exactly how far we may go, and by setting us at our ease give us a perfect sense of social self-possession. I displayed an amount of geographical knowledge that astonished myself, satisfied the curiosity of my fair inquirer by telling her the names of all the towns that lay at our feet, looked them out and showed them to her on my pocket map, which I unrolled on the stone table in the middle of the observatory with the air of a regular professor. Several towns I failed to find, perhaps because I sought them with my finger rather than with my eyes, which were engaged in taking the bearings of the fair face and finding there more attractive regions than Schierke and Elend. The face was one of those that always please, though we are rarely enchanted and never fall in love with them. I like such faces because they smile to rest my too susceptible heart. The lady was not married, although she had reached the full flower of beauty which gives its possessor a claim to matrimony. But it's a matter of everyday experience that the prettiest girls find it hardest to get a

husband. Even in ancient times this was the case, and we know that the three Graces were all old maids.

In what relationship the short gentleman stood to the ladies he was escorting I could not make out. He was a spare, odd-looking figure. A small head, with a sprinkling of gray hairs straggling over his low forehead as far as his green dragon-fly eyes; a broad prominent nose; mouth and chin, on the other hand, receding almost to the ears. The face seemed made of that soft, yellowish clay that sculptors use for their first models; and when he pursed up his thin lips, some thousands of faint semicircular wrinkles spread over the cheeks. The little man never said a word; only now and then, when the elder lady made some pleasant remark to him in a whisper, he smiled like a lapdog with a cold in its head.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and had, like her, a most distinguished manner. Her eyes betrayed a sort of sickly mysticism, and the lips wore an expression of austere piety; yet I detected traces of past beauty, and it seemed to me as though they had laughed much, felt many a kiss, and given many a kiss in return. Her face was like a palimpsest, where beneath the black modern monkish manuscript of one of the Fathers you can trace the half-obliterated characters of an old Greek love song. Both ladies had this year been to Italy with their companion, and were full of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother talked about the Raphaels in St. Peter's, the daughter of the opera in La Fenice theater. Both were enchanted with the improvisatori. Their native town was Nüremberg, but they could tell me little of its ancient glories. The divine art of the Meistersingers has grown dumb, and in Wagenseil's verse we hear its dying echoes. Now the dames of Nuremberg are edified by the silly extemporizations of Italians and the songs of castrati. Saint Sebaldus! thou art truly but an indifferent patron to-day.

Whilst we were conversing, twilight approached; the air grew cooler, the sun was sinking, and the platform of the watchtower began to fill — students, mechanics, and a few respectable citizens with their wives and daughters, all intent on seeing the sunset. It is a solemnizing spectacle, which frames the beholder's mind to prayer. For full a quarter of an hour we all stood in solemn silence, and gazed at the fiery orb sinking slowly to the west. The ruddy glow lit up our faces, and our hands instinctively were clasped as in prayer.

We seemed a silent congregation, standing in the nave of a giant cathedral, at the moment when the priest is elevating the Host, and the organ rolls forth Palestrina's immortal chorale.

While I was standing thus absorbed in devotion, I heard a voice near me exclaiming, "Generally speaking, how very beautiful Nature is!" These words proceeded from the sentimental breast of the young merchant who shared my bedroom. They restored me to my workaday frame of mind, and I was ready to address to the ladies any number of appropriate remarks about the sunset, and conduct them back to their rooms with perfect nonchalance, as if nothing had happened. They allowed me, moreover, to stay with them for an hour more. Our conversation, like the earth, revolved round the sun. The mother thought that the sun, as it sank in mist, looked like a glowing rose thrown down by her lover the heavens into the outspread white veil of his bride the earth. The daughter smiled and observed that a too frequent sight of such natural phenomena would weaken their impressiveness. The mother corrected her daughter's heresy by quoting a passage from Goethe's "Reisebriefe," and asked me whether I had read his "Werther." I believe we talked besides of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady recited some sunset descriptions with a pretty lisp and sigh. The younger lady, who did not understand English, wanted to know something of the poems, so I recommended her the translation of my fair and accomplished countrywoman Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen, and I did not miss the opportunity of holding forth, as I make a point of doing to all young ladies I meet, on Byron's godlessness, lovelessness, hopelessness, and Heaven knows what besides.

This business over, I went for a turn on the Brocken, for it's never quite dark on the summit. There was only a slight mist, and I made out the outlines of the two mounds called the Witches' Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired off my pistols, but there was not an echo. Suddenly, however, I heard voices that I recognized, and felt myself embraced and kissed. It was a party of my college friends who had left Göttingen four days later than I, and they were now considerably surprised to find me again alone on the Blocksberg. At once we set to — telling the news, expressing our astonishment, making plans, laughing at old college jokes; in the spirit we were back again

in our learned Siberia, where culture is carried to such a pitch that the bears in the public houses run up scores, and the pussies wish the hunter good evening.

In the dining room of the inn supper was laid — a long table with two rows of hungry students. At first we had nothing but the usual university shop, — duels, duels, and still duels. The company was composed mostly of Halle men, and so Halle was the chief topic. The broken windows of Councilor Schutz were exegetically illustrated. Then we heard that the last levée at the King of Cyprus' court had been very brilliant, that he had chosen as his successor a natural son, contracted a left-handed marriage with a Lichtenstein princess, and given the royal mistress her congé, and that the whole ministry, on hearing the sad news, had wept to order. I need hardly explain that all this gossip referred to the king and queen of the Halle drinking halls. The subject then changed to two Chinamen who exhibited themselves two years ago in Berlin, and now hold appointments as private teachers of Chinese æsthetics. Here was an opening for the wits. Suppose a German shown as a rarity in China; posters announcing the show, with certificates from mandarins Tsching-Tschang-Tschung and Hi-Ha-Ho attesting that he is a genuine German; announcing further his accomplishments, the principal being philosophy, smoking, and patience; finally warning visitors who come at twelve o'clock, when the beasts are fed, not to bring dogs with them, as dogs have a way of making off with the poor German's tidbits.

A young students-club man, who had lately kept his feast of Purification at Berlin, was very full of that city, though his information was one-sided and partial. He had been to the theater and Wisotzki's tea gardens, but his criticism of both was erroneous. "Rash youth is ever ready with his word." He talked about extravagant costumes, scandals of actors and actresses, etc. The young man did not know that in Berlin of all towns appearances are everything, as even the common expression, "the correct thing," testifies; that this worship of outside show must flourish most of all on the boards of a theater; that the chief concern of managers is the color of the beard in which a part is played, the fidelity of the costume, attested by historians on their oath, and executed by scientific tailors. And this is all-important. If, for instance, Maria Stuart wore an apron, as aprons did not come in till Queen

Anne's reign, Christian Gumpel the banker would have a right to complain that all illusion was dispelled by such a blunder. If, again, Lord Burleigh was dressed by mistake in Henry IV.'s hose, the wife of the minister for war Frau Dunderhead (*née* Lilidew) would not lose sight of the anachronism the whole evening. This anxiety for illusion, on the part of the managers, is not confined to aprons and breeches: it extends to the persons they envelop. Thus Othello in future must be played by a real Moor, whom Professor Lichtenstein has engaged in Africa for the part. In "Menschenhass und Reue" (Misanthropy and Repentance), the part of Eulalie is in future to be taken by a real runaway wife, Peter by a real blockhead, and the Stranger by a real wittol, though we need not send to Africa for any one of these three characters. In "Die Macht der Verhältnisse" (The Force of Circumstances), the hero is to be a real author, whose ears have really been boxed. In the "Ahnfrau" (The Ancestress), the artist who plays Jaromir must have really committed a robbery, or at least a theft. Lady Macbeth should be played by a lady naturally amiable, as Tieck will have her, but at the same time not unacquainted with the bloody aspect of a real assassination.

Lastly, for the representation of peculiarly shallow, empty-headed, vulgar dogs, the great Wurm should be permanently engaged — Wurm, who enchants all kindred spirits whenever he rises to his true greatness, and towers "every inch a clown." If my young friend misconceived the condition of the Berlin boards, he could hardly be expected to remark that the Spontini Janissary Opera Company, with their kettledrums, elephants, trumpets, and tomtoms, is an heroic cure for the unwarlike apathy in which our nation is sunk, a cure that shrewd politicians like Plato and Cicero have already recommended. Least of all could the young man grasp the diplomatic significance of the ballet. I had difficulty in proving to him that there was more policy in Huguet's feet than in Buchholz's head, that all his *pas* signified diplomatic negotiations, and each movement had some political import. For instance, when he leans forward with a languishing air and stretches out his hands, he means our Prussian cabinet; when he pirouettes round and round on one toe without advancing an inch, he means the German Diet; when he trips round as if his legs were tied together, he represents the petty German princes; when he sways backwards and forwards like a drunken man,

he signifies the balance of power; arms crossed and interlaced mean a congress; and, lastly, when he gradually straightens himself to his full height, rests some moments in this attitude, and then suddenly indulges in a series of tremendous bounds, he is figuring our too powerful friend in the East. To my young friend this was a revelation. He saw for the first time why dancers are better paid than great poets, why the ballet is an inexhaustible topic of conversation with the diplomatic corps, and why a minister so often has private interviews with a fair figurante — of course he spends days and nights in laboring to indoctrinate her with his political views. By Apis! how great is the number of the exoteric theater-goers, how small the number of the esoterics! Look at the mob of gobemouches gaping at the capers and twirls, studying anatomy in the poses of Lemière, clapping the *entrechats* of Rohnisch, and talking of grace, harmony, and legs, and not a soul has an inkling that he has before his eyes in terpsichorean cipher the fate of the German fatherland!

Such interchange of ideas did not make us lose sight of the practical, and the huge dishes liberally filled with meat, potatoes, etc., were done full justice to. But the quality was not equal to the quantity. I ventured to hint as much to my neighbor, who answered me rudely in an unmistakable Swiss accent, that we Germans knew as little of true contentment as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, and remarked that royal lackeys and pastry cooks all the world over were Swiss, in fact as well as in name, and that the present Swiss champions of liberty, who deafen the public with their swaggering politics, reminded me of the hares you see shooting off pistols at fairs. Their boldness sets the rustics and children staring, and yet they are hares.

The son of the Alps had certainly meant no offense. "He was a fat man, and therefore a good man," as Cervantes says. But my neighbor on the other side, a Greifswald man, was nettled by his remark. He maintained that German vigor and simplicity had not degenerated, scowled, smote his breast, and emptied a monstrous glass of pale ale. "My good sir!" cried the Swiss, in a propitiatory tone; but the more he apologized the more the Greifswald man fumed and raved. He was a wild man, and seemed as if he belonged to the age when vermin had a good time of it, and hairdressers were in danger of starving. His hair streamed down his shoulders; he wore a

military berretta and an old-fashioned black coat; his linen was dirty, and served both for shirt and waistcoat; inside it was a medallion, with a tuft of hair from Blücher's white charger. He looked a consummate fool. I like some excitement at supper time, and was not sorry to break a lance with him on the subject of patriotism.

He maintained that Germany should be divided into thirty-three districts ; I argued for forty-eight, to enable a systematic handbook on Germany to be written, and pleaded the necessity of correlating life and science. My Greifswald friend was besides a German bard, and confided to me he was at work on a national epic in commemoration of Hermann and the Hermann battle. I gave him some useful hints for his poem, and suggested that he might represent the swamps and trunk roads of the Teutoberg forest onomatopoetically by wishy-washy lines and jolting rhythms, and that it would be a delicate stroke of patriotism to make Varus and his legionaries talk sheer nonsense. I hope he will make as good use of this literary trick as other Berlin poets have, and succeed in sounds that are "echoes of the sense."

Our company meanwhile grew less stiff and more noisy: beer made way for wine, and wine for steaming punch bowls: we drank, we fraternized, we sang "The Old German Worthy," and other grand songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, etc., were trolled out; pretty airs of Methfessel; best of all, the words of our German Arndt, "God planted iron ore to show he'd have no slaves on earth." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain was taking a part in the music, and some of our reeling topers swore that he was nodding his bald head in approval, which accounted for the unsteadiness of the room. As bottles got lighter brains got heavier; one bawled, another sang falsetto, a third recited passages from "Die Schuld" (Guilt), a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached a sermon on temperance, and a sixth mounted a chair and began to lecture: "Gentlemen, the earth is a barrel, and men are pins stuck seemingly at random on its surface ; but the barrel turns, and the pins strike and give a sound, a few frequently, the rest seldom, and this produces a curious, complicated music which is called history. My subject then divides itself into three heads: music, the world, and [illegible] he last head, however, is subdivided into matters [illegible] Spanish flies"—and so on, with a strange jumble [illegible] nonsense.

A jovial Mecklenberger, who had buried his nose in his punch glass and was inhaling the fragrant steam with a silly smile, remarked that he felt as if he were again at the buffet of the Schwerin theater. Another student put his wine glass to his eye like a telescope, and gazed at the company through it, while the red wine trickled down his cheeks into his open mouth. The Greifswald man threw himself by a sudden inspiration on my breast, and shouted, "Sure you know me, a lover, a happy lover, his love returned — and I'm d——d if she's not accomplished — soft bosom, white frock, plays piano." But the Swiss wept, kissed my hand tenderly, and kept on whimpering, "O Babeli, Babeli!"

During all this mad carouse of dancing plates and flying glasses, I observed two youths sitting opposite me, pale as marble statues, the one like Adonis, the other more like an Apollo. The wine had tinged their cheeks with the faintest touch of pink. They gazed at one another with infinite passion, as though they could read in each other's eyes, and their eyes beamed as though they had caught the drops of light that fall from the love-lit lamp that the angels bear from one star to another. They whispered together, in a voice tremulous with emotion, sad stories, whose melancholy echo reached my ear. "Lory, too, is dead," said one, and sighed; and, after a pause, he told a tale of a Halle maiden who fell in love with a student, and when her lover left Halle, she shut herself up and starved herself, and wept day and night, and did nothing but gaze at the canary that her lover had once given her. "The bird died, and soon after Lory died too!" That was the end of the tale, and both youths ceased talking, and sighed as though their hearts would break. At last one said to the other: "My soul is sad! Come out with me into the darkness of night! I would drink in the breath of the clouds and the beams of the moon. Partner of my misery! I love thee; thy words are musical as whispering reeds; as rippling streams they find an echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful."

The two youths rose, one threw his arm round the other's neck, and they left the roisterers of the supper table. I followed, and observed them enter a dark room, where one of them opened a big wardrobe, mistaking it for the window. Both stood in front of it, and with sentimentally outstretched arms poured forth alternate strains. "Airs of the dusky night," cried the first,

"how refreshingly ye cool my cheeks! how sweetly ye sport with my flowing locks! I stand on the cloudy mountain top, beneath me lie the sleeping cities of men and the blinking blue waters! Hark, below in the valley is the rustle of pine trees! Above me in the mist flit the spirits of my fathers! O! that I might fly with you on your cloud steeds through the stormy night o'er the billowy sea, up, up to the stars. But, O! I am laden with sorrow, and my soul is sad." The other youth had also stretched out his arms, like a lover, to the clothespress. His eyes were streaming, and in a lovelorn strain he addressed a pair of yellow leather breeches, which he mistook for the moon. "Fair art thou, daughter of Heaven! Benign is the peace of thy countenance! Thy paths are paths of pleasantness, and the stars follow thy blue tracks in the East! The clouds rejoice in the joy of thy countenance, and their dark forms are illumined. Who is like thee in Heaven, thou progeny of night? The stars are abashed in thy presence, and turn away their green twinkling eyes. Whither, when at morn thy face pales, dost thou fly from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy Halle? Dost thou live in the shadow of mourning? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven? Thy fellow-pilgrims of the night, are they no more? Yes, bright orb! thy sisters fell from heaven, and thou hidest thyself to mourn them. Yes, the night will come, and then even thou wilt pass away, and thy blue paths know thee no more. Then will the stars lift their green heads, whom once thy presence shamed, and rejoice once more. But now thou art clad in radiant majesty, and lookest down from the gates of Heaven. Part the clouds, ye breezes, that the daughter of Night may shine forth, and the shaggy mountains shine forth, and the deep roll his billows in light!"

A well-known acquaintance of mine, a somewhat corpulent man, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had devoured for his supper as usual enough beef to have satisfied six life guardsmen and a boy, happened at this moment to pass by as merry as a grig (as a pig, I ought to have said), and shoved the two maudlin youths somewhat roughly into the press; after which he blundered out of doors, and there swore at large. Indoors, too, the sounds of revelry grew more confused and less articulate. The two youths in the press kept whining and whimpering. They thought they were lying crushed at the bottom of the mountain, the red wine streamed from their throats, and each was deluged by the other. One youth said to

the other: "Farewell! I feel that I am bleeding to death. Why do ye awake me, O breezes of Spring? Ye woo me and whisper: 'We bedew thee with the dews of heaven;' but my days are in the yellow leaf, the storm will soon scatter my leafy honors. Soon will the wanderer come; to-day he beheld me in my beauty; to-morrow he will seek me and find me not — the flowers of the forest are a' wede away!" But high above the hubbub rose a well-known basso, bellowing and cursing and swearing outside, "Not a blessed lantern alight in the whole of the d——d dark Weenderstrasse, and how's a fellow to tell whose windows he's smashing."

Fortunately I can carry my liquor well, — the exact tale of bottles my modesty forbids me to tell, — and I reached my bedroom not much the worse for the carouse. The young merchant was already in bed, with his white nightcap and his yellow jacket of hygienic flannel, but not yet asleep, and ready to engage me in conversation. He was from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and consequently he began on the Jews, and complained that they were lost to all sense of decency and honor, selling English wares twenty-five per cent under cost price. I was tempted to try and mystify him a bit, so I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beg his pardon by anticipation if I should chance to disturb him in his sleep. In consequence the wretched man, as he confided to me next day, did not get a wink, but lay the whole night in mortal terror that I might, in my sleepwalking, do him a mischief with my pistols, which I had placed at my bedside.



COMING HOME.[1]

By JOHANN LUDWIG RUNEBERG.

[Swedish poet, born in Finland, February 5, 1804; died May 6, 1877.]

Lone sheen, afar,
Flame, pure as that of a star,
Light from my father's hearth hurled,
Art thou still twinkling so late?
Happy, harmonious world,
Dost thou the wanderer await?

[1] By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

Day is all told,
Dark is my pathway and cold,
Drear in the woods where I fare,
Winter, the icy, is king;
Light, where thou twinklest, oh there
Find I my love and my spring.

Haste on thy way,
Fortunate! — thou mayest some day,
Mute, when thy wandering is o'er,
This home parental perceive.
Light is thy dwelling no more,
Chilly and lonesome thine eve.



NIGEL'S DOOM.

BY GRACE AGUILAR.

(From "The Days of Bruce")

[GRACE AGUILAR, an English novelist, was born at Hackney, in June, 1816; died at Frankfort, September 16, 1847. Her parents were Jews, and she became deeply interested in the history of that nation Before reaching her twelfth year she wrote a drama, "Gustava Vasa," and two years later she began a series of poems, published in book form in 1835 under the title "Magic Wreath." Her books, which relate chiefly to Jewish subjects, include: "The Spirit of Judaism" (1841), "The Jewish Faith, its Spiritual Consolation, Moral Guidance, and Immortal Hope" (1845), "The Women of Israel" (1845), "Home Influence" (1847), "A Mother's Recompense" (1850), "The Vale of Cedars" (1850), "Woman's Friendship" (1851), "The Days of Bruce" (1852), and "Home Scenes and Heart Studies" (1853).]

PERPLEXED with many sad thoughts, Nigel Bruce was one day slowly traversing a long gallery leading to some uninhabited chambers in the west wing of the building; it was of different architecture, and ruder, heavier aspect, than the remainder of the castle. Tradition said that those rooms had been the original building inhabited by an ancestor of the line of Bruce, and the remainder had been gradually added to them; that some dark deed of blood had been there committed, and consequently they were generally kept locked, none of the vassals in the castle choosing to run the risk of meeting the spirits which they declared abode there. We have before said that Nigel was not superstitious, though his mind being of a cast which, adopting and embodying the ideal, he was likely

to be supposed such. The particulars of the tradition he had never heard, and consequently it was always with a smile of disbelief he listened to the oft-repeated injunction not to walk at dusk in the western turret. This warning came across him now, but his mind was far otherwise engrossed, too much so indeed for him even to give more than a casual glance to the rude poitraits which hung on either side the gallery.

He mistrusted the Earl of Ross, and there came a fear upon his noble spirit that, in permitting the departure of the queen and her attendants, he might be liable to the censure of his sovereign, that he was failing in his trust; yet how was he to act, how put a restraint upon his charge? Had he indeed believed that the defense of the castle would be successful, that he should be enabled to force the besiegers to ıaise the siege, he might perhaps have felt justified in restraining the queen — but he did not feel this. He had observed there weıe many discontented and seditious spirits in the castle, not indeed in the three hundred of his immediate followers; but what were they compared to the immense force now pouring over the country, and whose goal he knew was Kildrummie? The increase of inmates also, from the number of small villages which had emptied their inhabitants into his walls till he was compelled to prevent further ingress, must inevitably diminish his stores, and when once blockaded, to replenish them would be impossible. No personal fears, no weakness of purpose, entered the high soul of Nigel Bruce amid these painful cogitations. He well knew no shade of dishonor *could* fall on him; he thought not one moment of his own fate, although if the castle were taken he knew death awaited him, either by the besieger's sword or the hangman's cord, for he would make no condition; he thought only that this was well-nigh the last castle in his brother's keeping, which, if lost, would in the present depressed state of his affairs be indeed a fatal blow, and a still greater triumph to England.

These thoughts naturally engrossed his mind to the exclusion of all imaginative whisperings, and therefore was it that he drew back the bolt of a door which closed the passage, without any of those peculiar feelings that at a less anxious time might have possessed him; for souls less gifted than that of Nigel Bruce can seldom enter a spot hallowed by tradition without the electric thrill which so strangely unites the present with the past.

It was a chamber of moderate dimensions to which the oaken door admitted him, hung with coarse and faded tapestry, which, disturbed by the wind, disclosed an opening into another passage, through which he pursued his way. In the apartment on which the dark and narrow passage ended, however, his steps were irresistibly arrested. It was paneled with black oak, of which the floor also was composed, giving the whole an aspect calculated to infect the most thoughtless spirit with gloom. Two high and very narrow windows, the small panes of which were quite incrusted with dust, were *the only* conductors of light, with the exception of a loophole — for it could scarcely be dignified by the name of casement — on the western side. Through this loophole the red light of a declining winter sun sent its rays, which were caught and stayed on what seemed at the distance an antique picture frame. Wondering to perceive a picture out of its place in the gallery, Nigel hastily advanced towards it, pausing, however, on his way to examine, with some surprise, one of the planks in the floor, which, instead of the beautiful black polish which age had rather heightened than marred in the rest, was rough and white, with all the appearance of having been hewn and scraped by some sharp instrument.

It is curious to mark how trifling a thing will sometimes connect, arrange, and render clear as day to the mind all that has before been vague, imperfect, and indistinct. It is like the touch of lightning on an electric chain, link after link starts up till we see the illumined whole. We have said Nigel had never heard the particulars of the tradition; but he looked on that misshapen plank, and in an instant a tale of blood and terror weaved itself in his mind; in that room the deed, whatever it was, had been done, and from that plank the sanguine evidence of murder had been with difficulty erased. A cold shuddering passed over him, and he turned instinctively away, and strode hastily to examine the frame which had attracted him. It did contain a picture, — we should rather say a portrait, — for it comprised but one figure, the half-length of a youthful warrior, clad in steel, save the beautifully formed head, which was covered only by his own luxuriant raven curls. In a better light it could not have been placed, particularly in the evening; the rays, condensed and softened, seemed to gather up their power into one focus, and throw such an almost supernatural glow on the half-face, give such an extraordinary appearance

of life to the whole figure, that a casual visitant to that chamber might well fancy it was no picture, but reality on which he gazed. But no such emotion was at work in the bosom of Nigel Bruce, though his first glance upon that face occasioned an almost convulsive start, and then a gaze of such intense, such almost fearful interest, that he stood as if fascinated by some overpowering spell. His features, worked with internal emotions, flushed and paled alternately. It was no weak-minded terror which bound him there, no mood in which a step or sound could chill and startle, for so wrapt was he in his own strange dreams that he heard not a slow and measured step approach him; he did not even start when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and the melodious voice of the seer caused him to turn slowly around.

"The warnings thou hast heard have no power on thee, young lord," he said, slightly smiling, "or I should not see thee here at this hour alone. Yet thou wert strangely wrapt."

"Knowest thou aught of *him*, good father?" answered Nigel, in a voice that to his own ears sounded hoarse and unnatural, and turning his glance once again to the portrait. "My thoughts are busy with that face and yon tale-telling plank; there are wild, feverish, incongruous dreams within me, and I would have them solved. Thou of all others art best fitted to the task, for amid the records of the past, where thou hast loved to linger, thou hast surely found the tradition of this tower. I shame not to confess there is in my heart a deep yearning to learn the truth. Wherefore, when thy harp and song have so pleasantly whiled the evening hours, did not this tale find voice, good father?"

"Alas! my son, 'tis too fraught with horror, too sad for gentle ears. A few stern, rugged words will best repeat it. I love not to linger on the theme; listen then now, and it shall be told thee.

"In the reign of Malcolm the Second, the districts now called Aberdeen and Forfar were possessed, and had been so, so tradition saith, since Kenneth MacAlpine, by the Lords of Brus or Bris, a family originally from the North. They were largely and nobly connected, particularly with Norway and Gaul. It is generally supposed the first possessions in Scotland held in fief by the line of Bruce can be traced back only to the time of David I., in the person of Robert de Bruce, an Anglo-Norman baron, whose father came over to England with

the Conqueror. The cause of this supposition my tale will presently explain.

"Haco Brus or Bris was the Lord of Aberdeen in the reign of Malcolm the Second. He spent many years abroad, indeed, was supposed to have married and settled there, when, to the surprise of his vassals, he suddenly returned unmarried, and soon after uniting himself with a beautiful and accomplished girl, nearly related to the blood royal of Scotland, settled quietly in this tower, which was the stronghold of his possessions. Years passed; the only child of the baron, a son, born in the first year of his marriage, grew up in strength and beauty, the idol not only of his mother, but of his father, a man stern and cold in seeming, even morose, but with passions fearful alike in their influence and extent. Your eye glances to that pictured face: he was not the baron's son of whom I speak. The affections, nay, the very passions of the baron were centered in this boy. It is supposed pride and ambition were their origin, for he looked, through his near connection with the sovereign, for further aggrandizement for himself. Theie were some who declared ambition was not the master passion, that a deeper, sterner, fiercer emotion dwelt within. Whether they spoke thus from the sequel, I know not, but that sequel proved their truth.

"There was a gathering of all the knightly and noble in King Malcolm's court, not perchance for trials at arms iesembling the tourneys of the present day, but very similar in their motive and bearing, though ruder and more dangerous. The wreath of glory and victory was ever given by the gentle hand of beauty. Bright eyes and lovely forms presided at the sports even as now, and the king and his highest nobles joined in the revels.

"The wife of the Baion of Brus and his son, now a fine boy of thirteen, were of course amongst the royal guests. Though matron grace and dignified demeanor had taken the place of the blushing charms of early girlhood, the Lady Helen Brus was still very beautiful, and as the niece of the king and wife of such a distinguished baron, commanded and received universal homage. Among the combatants was a youthful knight, of an exterior and bearing so much more polished and graceful than the sons of the soil or their more northern visitors, that he was instantly recognized as coming from Gaul, then as now the most polished kingdom of the south. Delighted with his bravery,

his modesty, and most chivalric bearing, the king treated him with most distinguished honor, invited him to his palace, spoke with him as friend with friend on the kingdoms of Normandy and France, to the former of which he was subject. There was a mystery, too, about the young knight, which heightened the interest he excited; he bore no device on his shield, no cognizance whatever to mark his name and birth; and his countenance, beautiful as it was, often when in repose expressed sadness and care unusual to his years, for he was still very young, though in reply to the king's solicitations that he would choose one of Scotland's fairest maidens (her dower should be princely) and make the Scottish court his home, he had smilingly avowed that he was already a husband and father.

"The notice of the king, of course, inspired the nobles with similar feelings of hospitality. Attention and kindness were lavished on the stranger from all, and nothing was talked of but the nameless knight. The Lord of Brus, who had been absent on a mission to a distant court during the continuance of the martial games, was on his return presented by the king himself to the young warrior. It is said that both were so much moved by this meeting, that all present were mystified still more. The baron, with that deep subtlety for which he was remarkable, recovered himself the first, and accounted for his emotion to the satisfaction of his hearers, though not apparently to that of the stranger, who, though his cheek was blanched, still kept his bright searching eyes upon him, till the baron's quailed 'neath his gaze. The hundred tongues of rumor chose to speak of relationship, that there was a likeness between them, yet I know not how that could be. There is no impress of the fiendish passion at work in the baron's soul on those bright, beautiful features."

"Ha! Is it of him you speak?" involuntarily escaped from Nigel, as the old man for a moment paused; "of him? Methought yon portrait was of an ancestor of Bruce, or wherefore is it here?"

"Be patient, good my son. My narrative wanders, for my lips shrink from its tale. That the baron and the knight met, not in warlike joust but in peaceful converse, and at the request of the latter, is known, but of what passed in that interview even tradition is silent — it can only be imagined by the sequel; they appeared, however, less reserved than at first. The baron treated him with the same distinction as his fellow-nobles, and

the stranger's manner towards him was even more respectful than the mere difference of age appeared to demand. Important business with the Lord of Brus was alleged as the cause of his accepting that nobleman's invitation to the tower of Kildrummie, in preference to others earlier given and more eagerly enforced. They departed together, the knight accompanied but by two of his followers, and the baron leaving the greater number of his in attendance on his wife and child, who, for some frivolous reason, he left with the court. It was a strange thing for him to do, men said, as he had never before been known to lose sight of his boy even for a day. For some days all seemed peace and hospitality within the tower. The stranger was too noble himself, and too kindly disposed towards all his fellow-creatures, to suspect aught of treachery, or he might have remarked the retainers of the baron were changed; that ruder forms and darker visages than at first were gathering around him. How the baron might have intended to make use of them — almost all robbers and murderers by trade — cannot be known, though it may be suspected. In this room the last interview between them took place, and here, on this silent witness of the deed, the hand of the father was bathed in the blood of the son!"

"God in heaven!" burst from Nigel's parched lips, as he sprang up. "The son — how could that be? how known?"

"Fearfully, most fearfully!" shudderingly answered the old man; "through the dying ravings of the maniac Lord of Brus himself. Had not heaven, in its all-seeing justice, thus revealed it, the crime would ever have remained concealed. His bandit hirelings were at hand to remove and bury, many fathoms deep in moat and earth, all traces of the deed. One of the unfortunate knight's followers was supposed to have shared the fate of his master, and to the other, who escaped almost miraculously, you owe the preservation of your royal line.

"But there was one witness of the deed neither time nor the most cunning art could efface. The blood lay in a pool on the oaken floor, and the voice of tradition whispers that day after day it was supernaturally renewed; that vain were the efforts to absorb it, it ever seemed moist and red; and that to remove the plank and re-floor the apartment was attempted again and again in vain. However this may be, it is evident that *erasing it* was attended with extreme difficulty; that the

blood had penetrated well-nigh through the immense thickness of the wood."

Nigel stooped down over the crumbling fragment; years, aye, centuries had rolled away, yet there it still stood, arrested it seemed even in its decay, not permitted to crumble into dust, but to remain an everlasting monument of crime and its retribution. After a brief pause Nigel resumed his seat, and pushing the hair from his brow, which was damp with some untold emotion, signed to the old man to proceed.

"That the stranger warrior returned not to Malcolm's court, and had failed in his promises to various friends, was a matter of disappointment, and, for a time, of conjecture to the king and his court. That his followers, in obedience, it was said, to their master's signet, set off instantly to join him either in England or Normandy, for both of which places they had received directions, satisfied the greater number. If others suspected foul play, it was speedily hushed up; for the baron was too powerful, too closely related to the throne, and justice then too weak in Scotland to permit accusation or hope for conviction. Time passed, and the only change observable in the baron was that he became more gloomy, more abstracted, wrapt up, as it were, in one dark remembrance, one all-engrossing thought. Towards his wife he was changed—harsh, cold, bitterly sarcastic, as if her caresses had turned to gall. Her gentle spirit sank beneath the withering blight, and he was heard to laugh, the mocking laugh of a fiend, as he followed her to the grave; her child, indeed, he still idolized, but it was a fearful affection, and a just heaven permitted not its continuance. The child, to whom many had looked as likely to ascend the Scottish throne, from the failure of all direct heirs, the beautiful and innocent child of a most guilty father, faded like a lovely flower before him, so softly, so gradually, that there came no suspicion of death till the cold hand was on his heart, and he lay lifeless before him who had plunged his soul in deadliest crime through that child to aggrandize himself. Then was it that remorse, torturing before, took the form of partial madness, and there was not one who had power to restrain, or guide, or soothe.

"Then it was the fearful tale was told, freezing the blood, not so much with the wild madness of the tone, but that the words were too collected, too stamped with truth, to admit of aught like doubt. The couch of the baron was, at his own

command, placed here, where we now stand, covering the spot where his firstborn fell, and that portrait, obtained from Normandy, hung where it now is, ever in his sight. The dark tale which those wild ravings revealed was simply this: —

"He had married, as was suspected, during his wanderings, but soon tired of the yoke, more particularly as his wife possessed a spirit proud and haughty as his own; and all efforts to mold her to his will being useless, he plunged anew into his reckless career. He had never loved his wife, marrying her simply because it suited his convenience, and brought him increase of wealth and station; and her ill-disguised abhorrence of many of his actions, her beautiful adherence to virtue, however tempted, occasioned all former feelings to concentrate in hatred the most deadly. More than one attempt to rid himself of her by poison she had discovered and frustrated, and at last removed herself and her child, under a feigned name, to Normandy, and ably eluded all pursuit and inquiry.

"The baron's search continued some time, in the hope of silencing her forever, as he feared she might prove a dangerous enemy; but failing in his wishes, he traveled some time over different countries, returned at length to Scotland, and acted as we have seen. The young knight had been informed of his birthright by his mother, at her death, which took place two years before he made his appearance in Scotland; that she had concealed from him the fearful character of his father, being unable so completely to divest herself of all feeling towards the father of her child, as to make him an object of aversion to his son. She had long told him his real name, and urged him to demand from his father an acknowledgment of his being heir to the proud barony of the Bruce. His likeness to herself was so strong, that she knew it must carry conviction to his father; but to make his identity still more certain, she furnished him with certain jewels and papers, none but herself could produce. She had done this in the presence of two faithful witnesses, the father and brother of her son's betrothed bride, high lords of Normandy, the former of which made it a condition annexed to his consent to the marriage, that as soon as possible afterwards he should urge and claim his rights. Sir Walter, of course, willingly complied; they were married by the name of Brus, and their child so baptized. A war, which retained Sir Walter in arms with his sovereign, prevented his seeing Scotland till his boy was a year old, and then for his sake,

far more than for his own, the young father determined on asserting his birthright,—his child should not be nameless, as he had been; but to spare his unknown parent all public mortification, he joined the martial games without any cognizance or bearing on his shield.

"Terrible were the ravings in which the baron alluded to the interview he had had with his murdered child; the angelic mildness and generosity of the youthful warrior; that, amid all his firmness never to depart from his claim—as it was not alone himself but his child he would irreparably injure—he never wavered in his respectful deference to his parent. He quitted the court in the belief that the baron sought Kildrummie to collect the necessary papers for substantiating his claim; but ere he died, it appeared his eyes were opened. The fierce passions of the baron had been too long restrained in the last interview; they burst even his politic control, and he had flung the papers received from the hand of his too confiding son on the blazing hearth, and with dreadful oaths swore that if he would not instantly retract his claim, and bind himself by the most sacred promise never to breathe the foul tale again, death should be its silent keeper. He would not bring his own head low, and avow that he had dishonored a scion of the blood royal.

"Appalled far more at the dark, fiendish passions he beheld than the threat held out to himself, Sir Walter stood silent awhile, and then mildly demanded to be heard; that if so much public mortification to his parent would attend the pursuance of his claims at the present time, he would consent to forego them, on condition of his father's solemnly promising on his deathbed to reveal the truth, and do him tardy justice then, but forego them altogether he would not, were his life the forfeit. The calm firmness of his tone, it is supposed, lashed his father into greater madness, and thus the dark deed was done.

"That the baron several times endeavored to possess himself of the infant child of Sir Walter also came to light in his dying moments; that he had determined to exterminate root and branch, fearful he should still possess some clew to his birth, he had frantically avowed, but in his last hour he would have given all his amassed treasure, his greatness, his power, but for one little moment of assurance that his grandson lived. He left him all his possessions, his lordship, his name, but as there were none came forth to claim, they of neccessity passed to the crown."

"But the child, the son of Sir Walter, — if from him our line descends, he must have lived to manhood, — why did he not demand his rights?"

"He lived, aye, and had a goodly progeny; but the fearful tale of his father's fate related to him again and again by the faithful Edric, who had fled from his master's murdered corse to watch over the safety of that master's child, and warn all who had the charge of him of the fiend in human shape who would probably seek the boy's life as he had his father's, caused him to shun the idea of his Scottish possessions with a loathing horror which he could not conquer; they were associated with the loss of both his parents, for his father's murder killed his devoted mother. He was contented to feel himself Norman in possessions as well as in name. He received lands and honors from the Dukes of Normandy, and at the advanced age of seventy and five, accompanied Duke William to England. The third generation from him obtained anew Scottish possessions, and gradually Kildrummie and its feudal tenures returned to its original lords; but the tower had been altered and enlarged, and except the tradition of these chambers, the fearful fate of the second of the line has faded from the minds of his descendants, unless casually or supernaturally recalled."

"Ha! supernaturally, sayest thou?" interrupted Nigel, in a tone so peculiar it almost startled his companion. "Are there those who assert they have seen his semblance — good, gifted, beautiful as thou hast described him? why not at once deem him the guardian spirit of our house?"

"And there are those who deem him so, young lord," answered the seer. "It is said that until the Lords of Bruce again obtained possession of these lands, in the visions of the night the form of the murdered warrior, clad as in yon portrait, save with the addition of a scarf across his breast bearing the crest and cognizance of the Bruce, appeared once in his lifetime to each lineal descendant. Such visitations are said to have ceased, and he is now only seen by those destined like himself to an early and bloody death, cut off in the prime of manhood, nobleness, and joy."

"And where — sleeping or waking?" demanded the young nobleman, in a low, deep tone, laying his hand on the minstrel's arm, and looking fixedly on his now strangely agitated face.

"Sleeping or waking? it hath been both," he answered, and his voice faltered. "If it be in the front of the war, amid the

press, the crush, the glory of the battle, he hath come, circled with bright forms and brighter dreams, to the sleeping warrior on the eve of his last fight; if" — and his voice grew lower and huskier yet — "if by the red hand of the foe, by the captive's chain and headsman's ax, as the noble Wallace, there have been those who say — I vouch not for its truth — he hath been seen in the vigils of the night on the eve of knighthood, when the young, aspiring warrior hath watched and prayed beside his arms. Boy! boy! why dost thou look upon me thus?"

"Because thine eye hath read my doom," he said, in a firm, sweet tone; "and if there be aught of truth in thy tale, thou knowest, feelest, I have seen him. God of mercy, the captive's chain, the headsman's ax! Yet 'tis Thy will, and for my country — let it come."



MARIA'S RESCUE FROM THE STAKE.

By WILHELM MEINHOLD.

(From "The Amber Witch.")

[JOHANN WILHELM MEINHOLD, German poet, dramatist, and novelist, was born in 1797 in the island of Usedom, off the coast of Pomerania, in the Baltic Sea, and was a pastor there and at Krummin and Rehwinkel. He published poems and dramas, but is best known as the author of "The Amber Witch" (translated by Lady Duff Gordon, 1844) and "Sidonia the Sorceress." He died in 1851.]

AND when we had gone through the little wood, we suddenly saw the Streckelberg before us, covered with people, and the pile and stake upon the top, upon the which the tall constable jumped up when he saw us coming, and beckoned with his cap with all his might. Thereat my senses left me, and my sweet lamb was not much better; for she bent to and fro like a reed, and stretching her bound hands toward heaven, she once more cried out: —

"Rex tremendæ majestatis!
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!"

And, behold, scarce had she spoken these words, when the sun came out and formed a rainbow right over the mountain

most pleasant to behold; and it is clear that this was a sign from the merciful God, such as he often gives us, but which we blind and unbelieving men do not rightly mark. Neither did my child heed it; for albeit she thought upon that first rainbow which shadowed forth our troubles, yet it seemed to her impossible that she could now be saved, wherefore she grew so faint that she no longer heeded the blessed sign of mercy, and her head fell forwards (for she could no longer lean it upon me, seeing that I lay my length at the bottom of the cart) till her garland almost touched my worthy gossip his knees. Thereupon he bade the driver stop for a moment, and pulled out a small flask filled with wine, which he always carries in his pocket when witches are to be burnt, in order to comfort them therewith in their terror. (Henceforth I myself will ever do the like, for this fashion of my dear gossip pleases me well.) He first poured some of this wine down my throat, and afterwards down my child's; and we had scarce come to ourselves again, when a fearful noise and tumult arose among the people behind us, and they not only cried out in deadly fear, "The Sheriff is come back! the Sheriff is come again!" but as they could neither run away forwards or backwards (being afraid of the ghost behind and of my child before them), they ran on either side, some rushing into the coppice, and others wading into the Achterwater up to their necks. *Item*, as soon as *Dom. Camerarius* saw the ghost come out of the coppice with a gray hat and a gray feather, such as the Sheriff wore, riding on the gray charger, he crept under a bundle of straw in the cart, and *Dom. Consul* cursed my child again, and bade the coachmen drive on as madly as they could, even should all the horses die of it, when the impudent constable behind us called to him, "It is not the Sheriff, but the young lord of Nienkerken, who will surely seek to save the witch: shall I, then, cut her throat with my sword?" At these fearful words my child and I came to ourselves again, and the fellow had already lift up his naked sword to smite her, seeing *Dom. Consul* had made him a sign with his hand, when my dear gossip, who saw it, pulled my child with all his strength back into his lap. (May God reward him on the day of judgment, for I never can.) The villain would have stabbed her as she lay in his lap; but the young lord was already there, and seeing what he was about to do, thrust the boar spear which he held in his hand in between the constable's shoulders, so

that he fell headlong on the earth, and his own sword, by the guidance of the most righteous God, went into his ribs on one side, and out again at the other. He lay there and bellowed, but the young lord heeded him not, but said to my child, "Sweet maid, God be praised that you are safe!" When, however, he saw her bound hands, he gnashed his teeth, and, cursing her judges, he jumped off his horse, and cut the rope with his sword, which he held in his right hand, took her hand in his, and said, "Alas, sweet maid, how have I sorrowed for you! but I could not save you, as I myself also lay in chains, which you may see from my looks."

But my child could answer him never a word, and fell into a swound again for joy; howbeit, she soon came to herself again, seeing my dear gossip still had a little wine by him. Meanwhile the dear young lord did me some injustice, which, however, I freely forgive him; for he railed at me and called me an old woman, who could do naught save weep and wail. Why had I not journeyed after the Swedish king, or why had I not gone to Mellenthin myself to fetch his testimony, as I knew right well what he thought about witchcraft? (But, blessed God, how could I do otherwise than believe the judge, who had been there? Others, besides old women, would have done the same; and I never once thought of the Swedish king; and say, dear reader, how could I have journeyed after him, and left my own child? But young folks do not think of these things, seeing they know not what a father feels.)

Meanwhile, however, *Dom. Camerarius*, having heard that it was the young lord, had again crept out from beneath the straw, *item Dom. Consul* had jumped down from the coach and ran towards us, railing at him loudly, and asking him by what power and authority he acted thus, seeing that he himself had heretofore denounced the ungodly witch? But the young lord pointed with his sword to his people, who now came riding out of the coppice, about eighteen strong, armed with sabers, pikes, and muskets, and said, "There is my authority, and I would let you feel it on your back if I did not know that you were but a stupid ass. When did you hear any testimony from me against this virtuous maiden? You lie in your throat if you say you did." And as *Dom. Consul* stood and straightway foreswore himself, the young lord, to the astonishment of all, related as follows: That as soon as he heard of the misfortune which had befallen me and my child, he ordered his horse to be

saddled forthwith, in order to ride to Pudgla to bear witness to our innocence. . . .

When the worthy young lord had stated this before *Dom. Consul* and all the people, which flocked together on hearing that the young lord was no ghost, I felt as though a millstone had been taken off my heart; and seeing that the people (who had already pulled the constable from under the cart, and crowded round him, like a swarm of bees) cried to me that he was dying, but desired first to confess somewhat to me, I jumped from the cart as lightly as a young bachelor, and called to *Dom. Consul* and the young lord to go with me, seeing that I could easily guess what he had on his mind. He sat upon a stone, and the blood gushed from his side like a fountain (now that they had drawn out the sword); he whimpered on seeing me, and said that he had in truth hearkened behind the door to all that old Lizzie had confessed to me, namely, that she herself, together with the Sheriff, had worked all the witchcraft on man and beast, to frighten my poor child and force her to play the wanton. That he had hidden this, seeing that the Sheriff had promised him a great reward for so doing; but that he would now confess it freely, since God had brought my child her innocence to light. Wherefore he besought my child and myself to forgive him. And when *Dom. Consul* shook his head, and asked whether he would live and die on the truth of this confession, he answered, "Yes!" and straightway fell on his side to the earth and gave up the ghost.

Meanwhile time hung heavy with the people on the mountain, who had come from Coserow, from Zitze, from Gnitze, etc., to see my child burnt, and they all came running down the hill in long rows like geese, one after the other, to see what had happened. And among them was my plowman, Claus Neels. When the worthy fellow saw and heard what had befallen us, he began to weep aloud for joy; and straightway he too told what he had heard the Sheriff say to old Lizzie in the garden, and how he had promised her a pig in the room of her own little pig, which she had herself bewitched to death in order to bring my child into evil repute. *Summa:* all that I have noted above, and which till *datum* he had kept to himself for fear of the question. Hereat all the people marveled, and greatly bewailed her misfortunes; and many came, among them old Paasch, and would have kissed my daughter her hands and feet, as also mine own, and praised us now as much

as they had before reviled us. But thus it ever is with the people. Wherefore my departed father used to say: —

"The people's hate is death,
Their love a passing breath!"

My dear gossip ceased not from fondling my child, holding her in his lap, and weeping over her like a father (for I could not have wept more myself than he wept). Howbeit, she herself wept not, but begged the young lord to send one of his horsemen to her faithful old maidservant at Pudgla, to tell her what had befallen us, which he straightway did to please her. But the worshipful court (for *Dom. Camerarius* and the *scriba* had now plucked up a heart, and had come down from the coach) was not yet satisfied, and *Dom. Consul* began to tell the young lord about the bewitched bridge, which none other save my daughter could have bewitched. Hereto the young lord gave answer that this was indeed a strange thing, inasmuch as his own horse had also broken a leg thereon, whereupon he had taken the Sheriff his horse, which he saw tied up at the mill; but he did not think that this could be laid to the charge of the maiden, but that it came about by natural means, as he had half discovered already, although he had not had time to search the matter thoroughly. Wherefore he besought the worshipful court and all the people, together with my child herself, to return back thither, where, with God's help, he would clear her from this suspicion also, and prove her perfect innocence before them all.

Thereunto the worshipful court agreed; and the young lord, having given the Sheriff his gray charger to my plowman to carry the corpse, which had been laid across the horse's neck, to Coserow, the young lord got into the cart by us, but did not seat himself beside my child, but backward by my dear gossip; moreover, he bade one of his own people drive us instead of the old coachman, and thus we turned back in God his name. *Custos Benzensis*, who, with the children, had run in among the vetches by the wayside (my defunct *Custos* would not have done so, he had more courage), went on before again with the young folks, and by command of his reverence the pastor led the Ambrosian *Te Deum*, which deeply moved us all, more especially my child, insomuch that her book was wetted with her tears, and she at length laid it down and said, at the same time giving her hand to the young lord, "How can I

thank God and you for that which you have done for me this day?" Whereupon the young lord answered, saying, "I have greater cause to thank God than yourself, sweet maid, seeing that you have suffered in your dungeon unjustly, but I justly, inasmuch as by my thoughtlessness I brought this misery upon you. Believe me that this morning when, in my donjon keep, I first heard the sound of the dead bell, I thought to have died; and when it tolled for the third time, I should have gone distraught in my grief, had not the Almighty God at that moment taken the life of my strange father, so that your innocent life should be saved by me. Wherefore I have vowed a new tower, and whatsoe'er beside may be needful, to the blessed house of God; for naught more bitter could have befallen me on earth than your death, sweet maid and naught more sweet than your life!" . . .

Meanwhile we were come to the bridge again, and all the folks stood still, and gazed open-mouthed, when the young lord jumped down from the cart, and after stabbing his horse, which still lay kicking on the bridge, went on his knees, and felt here and there with his hand. At length he called to the worshipful court to draw near, for that he had found out the witchcraft. But none save *Dom. Consul* and a few fellows out of the crowd, among whom was old Paasch, would follow him; *item*, my dear gossip and myself, and the young lord showed us a lump of tallow about the size of a large walnut, which lay on the ground, and wherewith the whole bridge had been smeared, so that it looked quite white, but which all the folks in their fright had taken for flour out of the mill; *item*, with some other *materia*, but what it was we could not find out. Soon after a fellow found another bit of tallow, and showed it to the people; whereupon I cried, "Aha! none hath done this but that ungodly miller's man, in revenge for the stripes which the Sheriff gave him for reviling my child." Whereupon I told what he done, and *Dom. Consul*, who also had heard thereof, straightway sent for the miller.

He, however, did as though he knew naught of the matter, and only said that his man had left his service about an hour ago. But a young lass, the miller's maidservant, said that that very morning, before daybreak, when she had got up to let out the cattle, she had seen the man scouring the bridge. But that she had given it no further heed, and had gone to sleep for another hour; and she pretended to know no more

than the miller whither the rascal was gone. When the young lord had heard this news, he got up into the cart, and began to address the people, seeking to persuade them no longer to believe in witchcraft, now that they had seen what it really was. When I heard this, I was horror-stricken (as was but right) in my conscience as a priest, and I got upon the cart wheel and whispered into his ear, for God his sake, to leave this *materia*, seeing that if the people no longer feared the devil, neither would they fear our Lord God."

The dear young lord forthwith did as I would have him, and only asked the people whether they now held my child to be perfectly innocent? and when they had answered "Yes!" he begged them to go quietly home, and to thank God that he had saved innocent blood. That he, too, would now return home, and that he hoped that none would molest me and my child if he let us return to Coserow alone. Hereupon he turned hastily towards her, took her hand and said: "Farewell, sweet maid, I trust that I shall soon clear your honor before the world, but do you thank God therefore, not me." He then did the like to me and to my dear gossip, whereupon he jumped down from the cart, and went and sat beside *Dom. Consul* in his coach. The latter also spake a few words to the people, and likewise begged my child and me to forgive him (and I must say it to his honor, that the tears ran down his cheeks the while), but he was so hurried by the young lord that he brake short his discourse, and they drove off over the little bridge, without so much as looking back. Only *Dom. Consul* looked round once, and called out to me that in his hurry he had forgotten to tell the executioner that no one was to be burned to-day: I was therefore to send the churchwarden of Uekeritze up the mountain to say so in his name; the which I did. And the bloodhound was still on the mountain, albeit he had long since heard what had befallen; and when the bailiff gave him the orders of the worshipful court, he began to curse so fearfully that it might have awakened the dead; moreover, he plucked off his cap, and trampled it underfoot, so that any one might have guessed what he felt.

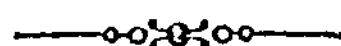
But to return to ourselves, my child sat as still and as white as a pillar of salt, after the young lord had left her so suddenly and so unawares, but she was somewhat comforted when the old maidservant came running, with her coats tucked up to her knees, and carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand. We

heard her afar off, as the mill had stopped, blubbering for joy, and she fell at least three times on the bridge, but at last she got over safe, and kissed now mine and now my child her hands and feet; begging us only not to turn her away, but to keep her until her life's end; the which we promised to do. She had to climb up behind where the impudent constable had sat, seeing that my dear gossip would not leave me until I should be back in mine own manse. And as the young lord his servant had got up behind the coach, old Paasch drove us home, and all the folks who had waited till *datum* ran beside the cart, praising and pitying as much as they had before scorned and reviled us. Scarce, however, had we passed through Uekeritze, when we again heard cries of "Here comes the young lord, here comes the young lord!" so that my child started up for joy, and became as red as a rose; but some of the folks ran into the buckwheat, by the road, again, thinking it was another ghost. It was, however, in truth the young lord who galloped up on a black horse, calling out as he drew near us, "Notwithstanding the haste I am in, sweet maid, I must return and give you safe conduct home, seeing that I have just heard that the filthy people reviled you by the way, and I know not whether you are yet safe." Hereupon he urged old Paasch to mend his pace, and as his kicking and trampling did not even make the horses trot, the young lord struck the saddle horse from time to time with the flat of his sword, so that we soon reached the village and the manse. Howbeit, when I prayed him to dismount awhile, he would not, but excused himself, saying that he must still ride through Uzedom to Anclam, but charged old Paasch, who was our bailiff, to watch over my child as the apple of his eye, and should anything unusual happen he was straightway to inform the town clerk at Pudgla, or *Dom. Consul* at Uzedom, thereof; and when Paasch had promised to do this, he waved his hand to us and galloped off as fast as he could.

But before he got round the corner by Pagel his house, he turned back for the third time; and when we wondered thereat, he said we must forgive him, seeing his thoughts wandered to-day.

That I had formerly told him that I still had my patent of nobility, the which he begged me to lend him for a time. Hereupon I answered that I must first seek for it, and that he had best dismount the while. But he would not, and again

excused himself, saying he had no time. He therefore stayed without the door until I brought him the patent, whereupon he thanked me and said, "Do not wonder hereat, you will soon see what my purpose is." Whereupon he struck his spurs into his horse's sides, and did not come back again.



THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.[1]

By COVENTRY PATMORE.

[COVENTRY KEARSEY DIGHTON PATMORE, English poet, was born at Woodford, in Essex, July 23, 1823, and was librarian of the British Museum 1847–1868. He married Emily Augusta Andrews in 1847, and after her death embraced Catholicism. He ultimately removed to Hastings, where he built a large Catholic church at his own expense. His writings include: "Tamerton Church Tower" (1853), "The Angel in the House" (1854–1862), "The Unknown Eros and other Odes" (1877), "Religio Poetæ" (1893), and "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower" (1895). Patmore ardently supported the Preraphaelite movement and contributed several poems to the *Germ*, the organ of the Preraphaelites. He died in 1896.]

HONORIA.

PRELUDES.

I.

The Lover.

HE meets, by heavenly chance express,
  The destined maid; some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
  Which others cannot understand.
His merits in her presence grow,
  To match the promise in her eyes,
And round her happy footsteps blow
  The authentic airs of Paradise.
For joy of her he cannot sleep;
  Her beauty haunts him all the night;
It melts his heart, it makes him weep
  For wonder, worship, and delight.
O, paradox of love, he longs,
  Most humble when he most aspires,
To suffer scorn and cruel wrongs
  From her he honors and desires.
Her graces make him rich, and ask
  No guerdon; this imperial style

[1] By permission of Geo. Bell & Sons. (7th edition, fcap 8vo, price 3s 6d)

Affronts him; he disdains to bask,
  The pensioner of her priceless smile.
He prays for some hard thing to do,
  Some work of fame and labor immense,
To stretch the languid bulk and thew
  Of love's fresh-born magnipotence.
No smallest boon were bought too dear,
  Though bartered for his love-sick life;
Yet trusts he, with undaunted cheer,
  To vanquish heaven, and call her Wife.
He notes how queens of sweetness still
  Neglect their crowns, and stoop to mate;
How, self-consigned with lavish will,
  They ask but love proportionate;
How swift pursuit by small degrees,
  Love's tactic, works like miracle;
How valor, clothed in courtesies,
  Brings down the haughtiest citadel;
And therefore, though he merits not
  To kiss the braid upon her skirt,
His hope, discouraged ne'er a jot,
  Outsoars all possible desert.

II.

Love a Virtue.

Strong passions mean weak will, and he
  Who truly knows the strength and bliss
Which are in love, will own with me
  No passion but a virtue 'tis
Few hear my word; it soars above
  The subtlest senses of the swarm
Of wretched things which know not love,
  Their Psyche still a wingless worm.
Ice cold seems heaven's noble glow
  To spirits whose vital heat is hell;
And to corrupt hearts even so
  The songs I sing, the tale I tell.
These cannot see the robes of white
  In which I sing of love. Alack,
But darkness shows in heavenly light,
  Though whiteness, in the dark, is black!

III

Unthrift

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
  On her sweet self set her own price,

Knowing man cannot choose but pay,
  How has she cheapened paradise;
How given for naught her priceless gift,
  How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
  Had made brutes men, and men divine.

IV.

The Attainment.

You love? That's high as you shall go;
  For 'tis as true as Gospel text,
Not noble then is never so,
  Either in this world or the next.

The County Ball.

PRELUDES.

I.

Love Ceremonious.

Keep your undrest, familiar style
  For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
  Is and asks honor without end.
'Tis found, and needs it must so be,
  That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
  In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Let love make home a gracious Court;
  There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashioned to a loftier port,
  And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
  Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear
  None treading on another's train.
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
  And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
  Befitting our immortal life.

II.

The Rainbow.

A stately rainbow came and stood,
  When I was young, in High-Hurst Park;

Its bright feet lit the hill and wood
  Beyond, and cloud and sward were dark;
And I, who thought the splendor ours
  Because the place was, t'wards it flew,
And there, amidst the glittering showers,
  Gazed vainly for the glorious view.
With whatsoever's lovely, know
  It is not ours; stand off to see,
Or beauty's apparition so
  Puts on invisibility.

III.

A Paradox.

To tryst Love blindfold goes, for fear
  He should not see, and eyeless night
He chooses still for breathing near
  Beauty, that lives but in the sight.

Love in Idleness.

PRELUDES.

I.

Honor and Desert.

O queen, awake to thy renown,
  Require what 'tis our wealth to give,
And comprehend and wear the crown
  Of thy despised prerogative!
I, who in manhood's name at length
  With glad songs come to abdicate
The gross regality of strength,
  Must yet in this thy praise abate,
That, through thine erring humbleness
  And disregard of thy degree,
Mainly, has man been so much less
  Than fits his fellowship with thee.
High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
  The coward had grasped the hero's sword,
The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
  Just to thyself, been worth's reward.
But lofty honors undersold
  Seller and buyer both disgrace;
And favors that make folly bold
  Banish the light from virtue's face.

birthday her father bought her a lottery ticket which drew a prize of £20,000. She was well educated and in 1810 published her first volume of poems. She wrote several dramas, including "Julian," "The Foscari," "Rienzi," and "Charles I."; contributed poems and essays to magazines; and the following books: "Our Village" (5 vols., 1824–1832), "Recollections of a Literary Life" (1852), and "Atherton, and Other Tales" (1854).]

THE Shaw, leading to Hannah Bint's habitation, is a very pretty mixture of wood and coppice, that is to say, a tract of thirty or forty acres covered with fine growing timber — ash, and oak, and elm, very regularly planted, and interspersed here and there with large patches of underwood, hazel, maple, birch, holly, and hawthorn, woven into almost impenetrable thickets by long wreaths of the bramble, the briony, and the brier rose, or by the pliant and twisting garlands of the wild honeysuckle. In other parts, the Shaw is quite clear of its bosky undergrowth, and clothed only with large beds of feathery fern, or carpets of flowers, primroses, orchids, cowslips, ground ivy, crane's bill, cotton grass, Solomon's seal, and forget-me-not, crowded together with a profusion and brilliancy of color such as I have rarely seen equaled even in a garden. Here the wild hyacinth really enamels the ground with its fresh and lovely purple; there,

On aged roots, with bright green mosses clad,
Dwells the wood sorrel, with its bright thin leaves
Heart shaped and triply folded, and its root
Creeping like beaded coral; whilst around
Flourish the copse's pride, anemones,
With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
Most delicate; but touched with purple clouds,
Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow.

The variety is much greater than I have enumerated; for the ground is so unequal, now swelling in gentle accents, now dimpling into dells and hollows, and the soil so different in different parts, that the sylvan Flora is unusually extensive and complete.

The season is, however, now too late for this floweriness; and except the tufted woodbines, which have continued in bloom during the whole of this lovely autumn, and some lingering garlands of the purple wild vetch, wreathing round the thickets, and uniting with the ruddy leaves of the bramble, and the pale festoons of the briony, there is little to call one's attention from the grander beauties of the trees — the syca-

more, its broad leaves already spotted—the oak, heavy with acorns—and the delicate shining rind of the weeping birch, "the lady of the woods," thrown out in strong relief from a background of holly and hawthorn, each studded with coral berries, and backed with old beeches, beginning to assume the rich tawny hue which makes them perhaps the most picturesque of autumnal trees, as the transparent freshness of their young foliage is undoubtedly the choicest ornament of the forest in spring.

A sudden turn round one of these magnificent beeches brings us to the boundary of the Shaw, and leaning upon a rude gate, we look over an open space of about ten acres of ground, still more varied and broken than that which we have passed, and surrounded on all sides by thick woodland. As a piece of color, nothing can well be finer. The ruddy glow of the heath flower, contrasting, on the one hand, with the golden-blossomed furze—on the other, with a patch of buckwheat, of which the bloom is not past, although the grain be ripening, the beautiful buckwheat, whose transparent leaves and stalks are so brightly tinged with vermilion, while the delicate pink-white of the flower, a paler persicaria, has a feathery fall, at once so rich and so graceful, and a fresh and reviving odor, like that of birch trees in the dew of a May evening. The bank that surmounts this attempt at cultivation is crowned with the late foxglove and the stately mullein; the pasture of which so great a part of the waste consists, looks as green as an emerald; a clear pond, with the bright sky reflected in it, lets light into the picture; the white cottage of the keeper peeps from the opposite coppice; and the vine-covered dwelling of Hannah Bint rises from amidst the pretty garden, which lies bathed in the sunshine around it.

The living and moving accessories are all in keeping with the cheerfulness and repose of the landscape. Hannah's cow grazing quietly beside the keeper's pony; a brace of fat pointer puppies holding amicable intercourse with a litter of young pigs; ducks, geese, cocks, hens, and chickens scattered over the turf; Hannah herself sallying forth from the cottage door, with her milk bucket in her hand, and her little brother following with the milking stool.

My friend, Hannah Bint, is by no means an ordinary person. Her father, Jack Bint (for in all his life he never arrived at the dignity of being called John, indeed in our parts he was commonly known by the cognomen of London Jack), was a drover

of high repute in his profession. No man, between Salisbury Plain and Smithfield, was thought to conduct a flock of sheep so skillfully through all the difficulties of lanes and commons, streets and highroads, as Jack Bint, aided by Jack Bint's famous dog, Watch; for Watch's rough, honest face, black, with a little white about the muzzle, and one white ear, was as well known at fairs and markets as his master's equally honest and weather-beaten visage. Lucky was the dealer that could secure their services; Watch being renowned for keeping a flock together better than any shepherd's dog on the road—Jack, for delivering them more punctually, and in better condition. No man had a more thorough knowledge of the proper night stations, where good feed might be procured for his charge, and good liquor for Watch and himself; Watch, like other sheep dogs, being accustomed to live chiefly on bread and beer. His master, though not averse to a pot of good double X, preferred gin; and they who plod slowly along, through wet and weary ways, in frost and in fog, have undoubtedly a stronger temptation to indulge in that cordial and reviving stimulus, than we water drinkers, sitting in warm and comfortable rooms, can readily imagine. For certain, our drover could never resist the gentle seduction of the gin bottle, and being of a free, merry, jovial temperament, one of those persons commonly called good fellows, who like to see others happy in the same way with themselves, he was apt to circulate it at his own expense, to the great improvement of his popularity, and the great detriment of his finances.

All this did vastly well whilst his earnings continued proportionate to his spendings, and the little family at home were comfortably supported by his industry: but when a rheumatic fever came on, one hard winter, and finally settled in his limbs, reducing the most active and hardy man in the parish to the state of a confirmed cripple, then his reckless improvidence stared him in the face; and poor Jack, a thoughtless but kind creature, and a most affectionate father, looked at his three motherless children with the acute misery of a parent who has brought those whom he loves best in the world to abject destitution. He found help, where he probably least expected it, in the sense and spirit of his young daughter, a girl of twelve years old.

Hannah was the eldest of the family, and had, ever since her mother's death, which event had occurred two or three

years before, been accustomed to take the direction of their domestic concerns, to manage her two brothers, to feed the pigs and the poultry, and to keep house during the almost constant absence of her father. She was a quick, clever lass, of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride, and a horror of accepting parochial relief, which is every day becoming rarer amongst the peasantry, but which forms the surest safeguard to the sturdy independence of the English character. Our little damsel possessed this quality in perfection; and when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage and removing to the workhouse, whilst she and her brothers must go to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution, and without disturbing the sick man by any participation of her hopes and fears, proceeded after settling their trifling affairs to act at once on her own plans and designs.

Careless of the future as the poor drover had seemed, he had yet kept clear of debt, and by subscribing constantly to a benefit club, had secured a pittance that might at least assist in supporting him during the long years of sickness and helplessness to which he was doomed to look forward. This his daughter knew. She knew also that the employer in whose service his health had suffered so severely was a rich and liberal cattle dealer in the neighborhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant, and had, indeed, come forward with offers of money. To assistance from such a quarter Hannah saw no objection. Farmer Oakley and the parish were quite distinct things. Of him, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way—"a cow! any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow! she would be bound to keep it well; if she did not, he might take it back again. She even hoped to pay for it by and by, by installments, but that she would not promise!" and, partly amused, partly interested, by the child's earnestness, the wealthy yeoman gave her, not as a purchase, but as a present, a very fine young Alderney. She then went to the lord of the manor, and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow on the Shaw common. "Farmer Oakley had given her a fine Alderney, and she would be bound to pay the rent, and keep her father off the parish, if he would only let it graze on the waste;" and he, too, half from real good nature —half, not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so

much that the produce of the vine seldom fails to satisfy their kind landlord.

Now Hannah showed great judgment in setting up as a dairywoman. She could not have chosen an occupation more completely unoccupied, or more loudly called for. One of the most provoking of the petty difficulties which beset people with a small establishment in this neighborhood is the trouble, almost the impossibility, of procuring the pastoral luxuries of milk, eggs, and butter, which rank, unfortunately, amongst the indispensable necessaries of housekeeping. To your thoroughbred Londoner, who, whilst grumbling over his own breakfast, is apt to fancy that thick cream, and fresh butter, and new-laid eggs, grow, so to say, in the country — form an actual part of its natural produce — it may be some comfort to learn that in this great grazing district, however the calves and the farmers may be the better for cows, nobody else is; that farmers' wives have ceased to keep poultry; and that we unlucky villagers sit down often to our first meal in a state of destitution, which may well make him content with his thin milk and his Cambridge butter, when compared to our imputed pastoralities.

Hannah's Alderney restored us to one rural privilege. Never was so cleanly a little milkmaid. She changed away some of the cottage finery which, in his prosperous days, poor Jack had pleased himself with bringing home, the china tea service, the gilded mugs, and the painted waiters, for the useful utensils of the dairy, and speedily established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, honey, and poultry — for poultry they had always kept.

Her domestic management prospered equally. Her father, who retained the perfect use of his hands, began a manufacture of mats and baskets, which he constructed with great nicety and adroitness; the eldest boy, a sharp and clever lad, cut for him his rushes and osiers, erected, under his sister's direction, a shed for the cow, and enlarged and cultivated the garden (always with the good leave of her kind patron the lord of the manor) until it became so ample that the produce not only kept the pig, and half kept the family, but afforded another branch of merchandise to the indefatigable directress of the establishment. For the younger boy, less quick and active, Hannah contrived to obtain an admission to the charity school, where he made great progress — retaining him at home, how-

ever, in the haymaking and leasing season, or whenever his services could be made available, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, whose favorite he is, and who piques himself so much on George's scholarship (your heavy sluggish boy at country work often turns out quick at his book), that it is the general opinion that this much-vaunted pupil will, in process of time, be promoted to the post of assistant, and may, possibly, in course of years, rise to the dignity of a parish pedagogue in his own person; so that his sister, although still making him useful at odd times, now considers George as pretty well off her hands, whilst his elder brother, Tom, could take an under gardener's place directly, if he were not too important at home to be spared even for a day.

In short, during the five years that she has ruled at the Shaw cottage, the world has gone well with Hannah Bint. Her cow, her calves, her pigs, her bees, her poultry, have each, in their several ways, thriven and prospered. She has even brought Watch to like buttermilk, as well as strong beer, and has nearly persuaded her father (to whose wants and wishes she is most anxiously attentive) to accept of milk as a substitute for gin. Not but Hannah hath had her enemies as well as her betters. Why should she not? The old woman at the lodge, who always piqued herself on being spiteful, and crying down new ways, foretold from the first she would come to no good, and could not forgive her for falsifying her prediction; and Betty Barnes, the slatternly widow of a tippling farmer, who rented a field, and set up a cow herself, and was universally discarded for insufferable dirt, said all that the wit of an envious woman could devise against Hannah and her Alderney; nay, even Ned Miles, the keeper, her next neighbor, who had whilom held entire sway over the Shaw common, as well as its coppices, grumbled as much as so good-natured and genial a person could grumble, when he found a little girl sharing his dominion, a cow grazing beside his pony, and vulgar cocks and hens hovering around the buckwheat destined to feed his noble pheasants. Nobody that had been accustomed to see that paragon of keepers, so tall and manly, and pleasant looking, with his merry eye, and his knowing smile, striding gayly along, in his green coat, and his gold-laced hat, with Neptune, his noble Newfoundland dog (a retriever is the sporting word), and his beautiful spaniel Flirt at his heels, could conceive how askew he looked, when he first found

Hannah and Watch holding equal reign over his old territory, the Shaw common.

Yes! Hannah hath had her enemies; but they are passing away. The old woman at the lodge is dead, poor creature; and Betty Barnes, having herself taken to tippling, has lost the few friends she once possessed, and looks, luckless wretch, as if she would soon die too! — and the keeper? — why, he is not dead, or like to die; but the change that has taken place there is the most astonishing of all — except, perhaps, the change in Hannah herself.

Few damsels of twelve years old, generally a very pretty age, were less pretty than Hannah Bint. Short and stunted in her figure, thin in face, sharp in feature, with a muddled complexion, wild sunburnt hair, and eyes whose very brightness had in them something startling, overinformed, supersubtle, too clever for her age, — at twelve years old she had quite the air of a little old fairy. Now, at seventeen, matters are mended. Her complexion has cleared; her countenance has developed itself; her figure has shot up into height and lightness, and a sort of rustic grace; her bright, acute eye is softened and sweetened by the womanly wish to please; her hair is trimmed and curled and brushed, with exquisite neatness; and her whole dress arranged with that nice attention to the becoming, the suitable both in form and texture, which would be called the highest degree of coquetry, if it did not deserve the better name of propriety. Never was such a transmogrification beheld. The lass is really pretty, and Ned Miles has discovered that she is so. There he stands, the rogue, close at her side (for he hath joined her whilst we have been telling her little story, and the milking is over!) — there he stands — holding her milk pail in one hand, and stroking Watch with the other; while she is returning the compliment by patting Neptune's magnificent head. There they stand, as much like lovers as may be; he smiling and she blushing — he never looking so handsome nor she so pretty in all their lives. There they stand, in blessed forgetfulness of all except each other; as happy a couple as ever trod the earth. There they stand, and one would not disturb them for all the milk and butter in Christendom. I should not wonder if they were fixing the wedding day.

LOTHAIR BECOMES OF AGE.[1]

By the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

(From "Lothair.")

[Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, a famous English statesman and novelist, was born in London, December 21, 1804, the son of Isaac D'Israeli. He entered the House of Commons in 1837, and became one of the leaders of the Young England party, and leader of the Protectionist Tories against Peel from about 1845 He was chancellor of the exchequer in three administrations, premier in 1868 and 1874–1880, and in 1876 was created Earl of Beaconsfield. The chief activity of his last government was displayed in foreign politics, and his part in the treaty of Berlin won him great popularity. In the elections of 1880, however, his party was crushingly defeated, and he only survived the disaster a year, his death occurring in London, April 19, 1881. His chief novels are: "Vivian Grey" (1826–1827), "The Young Duke" (1831), "Contarini Fleming" (1832), "The Rise of Iskander" (1834), "Coningsby" (1844), "Sybil" (1845), "Lothair" (1870), and "Endymion" (1880).]

There can be little doubt, generally speaking, that it is more satisfactory to pass Sunday in the country than in town. There is something in the essential stillness of country life which blends harmoniously with the ordinance of the most divine of our divine laws. It is pleasant too, when the congregation breaks up, to greet one's neighbors; to say kind words to kind faces; to hear some rural news profitable to learn, which sometimes enables you to do some good, and sometimes prevents others from doing some harm. A quiet domestic walk too in the afternoon has its pleasures; and so numerous and so various are the sources of interest in the country, that, though it be Sunday, there is no reason why your walk should not have an object.

But Sunday in the country, with your house full of visitors, is too often an exception to this general truth. It is a trial. Your guests cannot always be at church, and, if they could, would not like it. There is nothing to interest or amuse them: no sport; no castles or factories to visit; no adventurous expeditions; no gay music in the morn, and no light dance in the evening. There is always danger of the day becoming a course of heavy meals and stupid walks, for the external scene and all its teeming circumstances, natural and human, though full of concern to you, are to your visitors an insipid blank.

How did Sunday go off at Muriel Towers?

In the first place there was a special train, which at an early

[1] By permission of Longmans, Green & Co. (Crown 8vo, price 1s 6d)

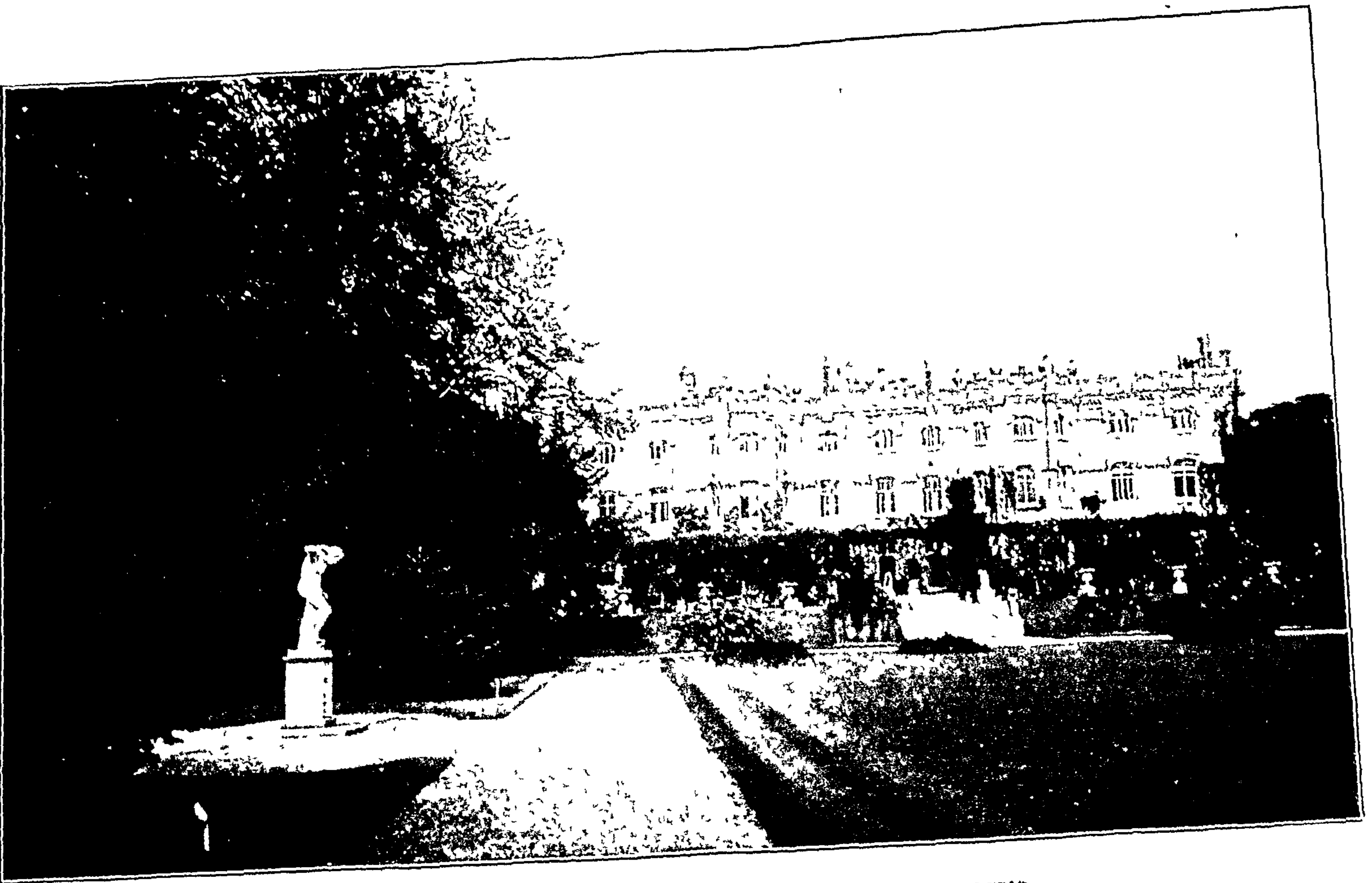
hour took the Cardinal and his suite and the St. Jerome family to Grandchester, where they were awaited with profound expectation. But the Anglican portion of the guests were not without their share of ecclesiastical and spiritual excitement, for the Bishop was to preach this day in the chapel of the Towers, a fine and capacious sanctuary of florid Gothic, and his Lordship was a sacerdotal orator of repute.

It had been announced that the breakfast hour was to be somewhat earlier. The ladies in general were punctual, and seemed conscious of some great event impending. The Ladies Flora and Grizell entered with each in her hand a prayer book of purple velvet adorned with a decided cross, the gift of the Primus. Lord Culloden, at the request of Lady Corisande, had consented to their hearing the Bishop, which he would not do himself. He passed his morning in finally examining the guardians' accounts, the investigation of which he conducted and concluded during the rest of the day with Mr. Putney Giles. Mrs. Campian did not leave her room. Lord St. Aldegonde came down late, and looked about him with an uneasy, ill-humored air.

Whether from the absence of Theodora or from some other cause, he was brusque, ungracious, scowling, and silent, only nodding to the Bishop, who benignly saluted him, refusing every dish that was offered, then getting up and helping himself at the side table, making a great noise with the carving instruments, and flouncing down his plate when he resumed his seat. Nor was his costume correct. All the other gentlemen, though their usual morning dresses were sufficiently fantastic (trunk hose of every form, stockings bright as paroquets, wondrous shirts, and velvet coats of every tint), habited themselves to-day, both as regards form and color, in a style indicative of the subdued gravity of their feelings. Lord St. Aldegonde had on his shooting jacket of brown velvet and a pink shirt and no cravat, and his rich brown locks, always to a certain degree neglected, were peculiarly disheveled.

Hugo Bohun, who was not afraid of him and was a high churchman, being in religion and in all other matters always on the side of the duchesses, said, "Well, St. Aldegonde, are you going to chapel in that dress?" But St. Aldegonde would not answer; he gave a snort and glanced at Hugo with the eye of a gladiator.

The meal was over. The Bishop was standing near the



THE HOME OF DISRAELI, HUGHENDON MANOR, BUCKS

mantelpiece talking to the ladies, who were clustered round him, the Archdeacon and the Chaplain and some other clergy a little in the background; Lord St. Aldegonde, who, whether there were a fire or not, always stood with his back to the fireplace with his hands in his pockets, moved discourteously among them, assumed his usual position, and listened, as it were grimly, for a few moments to their talk; then he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, and with the groan of a rebellious Titan, "How I hate Sunday!"

"Granville!" exclaimed Lady St. Aldegonde, turning pale. There was a general shudder.

"I mean in a country house," said Lord St. Aldegonde. "Of course I mean in a country house. I do not dislike it when alone, and I do not dislike it in London. But Sunday in a country house is infernal."

"I think it is now time for us to go," said the Bishop, walking away with dignified reserve, and they all dispersed.

The service was choral and intoned; for although the Rev. Dionysius Smylie had not yet had time or opportunity, as was his intention, to form and train a choir from the household of the Towers, he had secured from his neighboring parish and other sources external and effective aid in that respect. The parts of the service were skillfully distributed, and rarely were a greater number of priests enlisted in a more imposing manner. A good organ was well played; the singing, as usual, a little too noisy; there was an anthem and an introit, but no incense, which was forbidden by the Bishop; and though there were candles on the altar, they were not permitted to be lighted.

The sermon was most successful; the ladies returned with elate and animated faces, quite enthusiastic and almost forgetting in their satisfaction the terrible outrage of Lord St. Aldegonde. He himself had by this time repented of what he had done and recovered his temper, and greeted his wife with a voice and look which indicated to her practiced senses the favorable change.

"Bertha," he said, "you know I did not mean anything personal to the Bishop in what I said. I do not like bishops; I think there is no use in them; but I have no objection to him personally; I think him an agreeable man; not at all a bore. Just put it right, Bertha. But I tell you what, Bertha, I cannot go to church here. Lord Culloden does not go, and he is a very religious man. He is the man I most agree with

on these matters. I am a free churchman, and there is an end of it. I cannot go this afternoon. I do not approve of the whole thing. It is altogether against my conscience. What I mean to do, if I can manage it, is to take a real long walk with the Campians."

Mrs. Campian appeared at luncheon. The Bishop was attentive to her, even cordial. He was resolved she should not feel he was annoyed by her not having been a member of his congregation in the morning. Lady Corisande too had said to him, "I wish so much you would talk to Mrs. Campian; she is a sweet, noble creature, and so clever! I feel that she might be brought to view things in the right light."

"I never know," said the Bishop, "how to deal with these American ladies. I never can make out what they believe, or what they disbelieve. It is a sort of confusion between Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the Fifth Avenue congregation and Barnum," he added with a twinkling eye.

The second service was late; the Dean preached. The lateness of the hour permitted the Lord Lieutenant and those guests who had arrived only the previous day to look over the castle, or ramble about the gardens. St. Aldegonde succeeded in his scheme of a real long walk with the Campians, which Lothair, bound to listen to the head of his college, was not permitted to share.

In the evening Signor Mardoni, who had arrived, and Madame Isola Bella favored them with what they called sacred music,—principally prayers from operas and a grand Stabat Mater.

Lord Culloden invited Lothair into a further saloon, where they might speak without disturbing the performers or the audience.

"I'll just take advantage, my dear boy," said Lord Culloden, in a tone of unusual tenderness, and of Doric accent, "of the absence of these gentlemen to have a little quiet conversation with you. Though I have not seen so much of you of late as in old days, I take a great interest in you, no doubt of that, and I was very pleased to see how good-natured you were to the girls. You have romped with them when they were little ones. Now, in a few hours, you will be master of a great inheritance, and I hope it will profit ye. I have been over the accounts with Mr. Giles, and I was pleased to hear that you had made yourself properly acquainted with them in detail. Never you

sign any paper without reading it first, and knowing well what it means. You will have to sign a release to us if you be satisfied, and that you may easily be. My poor brother-in-law left you as large an income as may be found on this side Trent, but I will be bound he would stare if he saw the total of the whole of your rent roll, Lothair. Your affairs have been well administered, though I say it who ought not. But it is not my management only, or principally, that has done it. It is the progress of the country, and you owe the country a good deal, and you should never forget you are born to be a protector of its liberties, civil and religious. And if the country sticks to free trade, and would enlarge its currency, and be firm to the Protestant faith, it will, under Divine Providence, continue to progress.

"And here, my boy, I'll just say a word, in no disagreeable manner, about your religious principles. There are a great many stories about, and perhaps they are not true, and I am sure I hope they are not. If Popery were only just the sign of the cross, and music, and censer pots, though I think them all superstitious, I'd be free to leave them alone if they would leave me. But Popery is a much deeper thing than that, Lothair, and our fathers found it out. They could not stand it, and we should be a craven crew to stand it now. A man should be master in his own house. You will be taking a wife some day; at least it is to be hoped so; and how will you like one of these Monsignores to be walking into her bedroom, eh; and talking to her alone when he pleases, and where he pleases; and when you want to consult your wife, which a wise man should often do, to find there is another mind between hers and yours? There's my girls, they are just two young geese, and they have a hankering after Popery, having had a Jesuit in the house. I do not know what has come to the women. They are for going into a convent, and they are quite right in that, for if they be Papists they will not find a husband easily in Scotland, I ween.

"And as for you, my boy, they will be telling you that it is only just this and just that, and there's no great difference, and what not; but I tell you that if once you embrace the scarlet lady, you are a tainted corpse. You'll not be able to order your dinner without a priest, and they will ride your best horses without saying with your leave or by your leave."

The concert in time ceased; there was a stir in the room;

the Rev. Dionysius Smylie moved about mysteriously, and ultimately seemed to make an obeisance before the Bishop. It was time for prayers.

"Shall you go?" said Lord St. Aldegonde to Mrs. Campian, by whom he was sitting.

"I like to pray alone," she answered.

"As for that," said St. Aldegonde, "I am not clear we ought to pray at all, either in public or private. It seems very arrogant in us to dictate to an all-wise Creator what we desire."

"I believe in the efficacy of prayer," said Theodora.

"And I believe in you," said St. Aldegonde, after a momentary pause.

On the morrow the early celebration in the chapel was numerously attended. The Duchess and her daughters, Lady Agramont, and Mrs. Ardenne were among the faithful; but what encouraged and gratified the Bishop was that the laymen, on whom he less relied, were numerously represented. The Lord Lieutenant, Lord Carisbrooke, Lord Montairy, Bertram, and Hugo Bohun accompanied Lothair to the altar.

After the celebration, Lothair retired to his private apartments. It was arranged that he was to join his assembled friends at noon, when he would receive their congratulations, and some deputations from the county.

At noon, therefore, preparatively preceded by Mr. Putney Giles, whose thought was never asleep, and whose eye was on everything, the guardians, the Cardinal and the Earl of Culloden, waited on Lothair to accompany him to his assembled friends, and, as it were, launch him into the world.

They were assembled at one end of the chief gallery, and in a circle. Although the deputations would have to advance the whole length of the chamber, Lothair and his guardians entered from a side apartment. Even with this assistance he felt very nervous. There was no lack of feeling, and, among many, of deep feeling, on this occasion, but there was an equal and a genuine exhibition of ceremony.

The Lord Lieutenant was the first person who congratulated Lothair, though the High Sheriff had pushed forward for that purpose, but, in his awkward precipitation, he got involved with the train of the Honorable Lady Clotworthy, who bestowed on him such a withering glance, that he felt a routed man, and gave up the attempt. There were many kind and some earnest

words. Even St. Aldegonde acknowledged the genius of the occasion. He was grave, graceful, and dignified, and addressing Lothair by his title he said, "that he hoped he would meet in life that happiness which he fell confident he deserved." Theodora said nothing, though her lips seemed once to move; but she retained for a moment Lothair's hand, and the expression of her countenance touched his innermost heart. Lady Corisande beamed with dazzling beauty. Her countenance was joyous, radiant; her mien imperial and triumphant. She gave her hand with graceful alacrity to Lothair, and said in a hushed tone, but every word of which reached his ear, "One of the happiest hours of my life was eight o'clock this morning."

The Lord Lieutenant and the county members then retired to the other end of the gallery, and ushered in the deputation of the magistracy of the county, congratulating their new brother, for Lothair had just been appointed to the bench, on his accession to his estates. The Lord Lieutenant himself read the address, to which Lothair replied with a propriety all acknowledged. Then came the address of the Mayor and Corporation of Grandchester, of which city Lothair was hereditary high steward; and then that of his tenantry, which was cordial and characteristic. And here many were under the impression that this portion of the proceedings would terminate; but it was not so. There had been some whispering between the Bishop and the Archdeacon, and the Rev. Dionysius Smylie had, after conference with his superiors, twice left the chamber. It seems that the clergy had thought fit to take this occasion of congratulating Lothair on his great accession, and the proportionate duties which it would fall on him to fulfill. The Bishop approached Lothair and addressed him in a whisper. Lothair seemed surprised and a little agitated, but apparently bowed assent. Then the Bishop and his staff proceeded to the end of the gallery and introduced a diocesan deputation, consisting of archdeacons and rural deans, who presented to Lothair a most uncompromising address, and begged his acceptance of a Bible and prayer book richly bound, and borne by the Rev. Dionysius Smylie on a cushion of velvet.

The habitual pallor of the Cardinal's countenance became unusually wan; the cheek of Clare Arundel was a crimson flush; Monsignore Catesby bit his lip; Theodora looked with curious seriousness as if she were observing the manners of a

foreign country; St. Aldegonde snorted and pushed his hand through his hair, which had been arranged in unusual order. The great body of those present, unaware that this deputation was unexpected, were unmoved.

It was a trial for Lothair, and scarcely a fair one. He was not unequal to it, and what he said was esteemed at the moment by all parties as satisfactory; though the Archdeacon in secret conclave afterwards observed that he dwelt more on Religion than on the Church, and spoke of the Church of Christ and not of the Church of England. He thanked them for their present of volumes which all must reverence or respect.

While all this was taking place within the Towers, vast bodies of people were assembling without. Besides the notables of the county and his tenantry and their families, which drained all the neighboring villages, Lothair had forwarded several thousand tickets to the Mayor and Corporation of Grandchester, for distribution among their fellow-townsmen, who were invited to dine at Muriel and partake of the festivities of the day, and trains were hourly arriving with their eager and happy guests. The gardens were at once open for their unrestricted pleasure, but at two o'clock, according to the custom of the county under such circumstances, Lothair held what in fact was a levée, or rather a drawing-room, when every person who possessed a ticket was permitted, and even invited and expected, to pass through the whole range of the state apartments of Muriel Towers, and at the same time pay their respects to, and make the acquaintance of, their lord.

Lothair stood with his chief friends near him, the ladies however seated, and every one passed: farmers and townsmen and honest folk down to the stokers of the trains from Grandchester, with whose presence St. Aldegonde was much pleased, and whom he carefully addressed as they passed by.

After this great reception they all dined in pavilions in the park: one thousand tenantry by themselves and at a fixed hour; the miscellaneous multitude in a huge crimson tent, very lofty, with many flags, and in which was served a banquet that never stopped till sunset, so that in time all might be satisfied; the notables and deputations, with the guests in the house, lunched in the armory. It was a bright day, and there was unceasing music.

In the course of the afternoon, Lothair visited the pavilions,

where his health was proposed and pledged, in the first by one of his tenants, and in the other by a workman, both orators of repute; and he addressed and thanked his friends. This immense multitude, orderly and joyous, roamed about the parks and gardens, or danced on a platform which the prescient experience of Mr. Giles had provided for them in a due locality, and whiled away the pleasant hours, in expectation a little feverish of the impending fireworks, which, there was a rumor, were to be on a scale and in a style of which neither Grandchester nor the county had any tradition.

"I remember your words at Blenheim," said Lothair to Theodora. "You cannot say the present party is founded on the principle of exclusion."

In the mean time, about six o'clock, Lothair dined in his great hall with his two hundred guests at a banquet where all the resources of nature and art seemed called upon to contribute to its luxury and splendor. The ladies who had never before dined at a public dinner were particularly delighted. They were delighted by the speeches, though they had very few; they were delighted by the national anthem, all rising; particularly they were delighted by "three times three and one cheer more," and "hip, hip." It seemed to their unpracticed ears like a great naval battle, or the end of the world, or anything else of unimaginable excitement, tumult, and confusion.

The Lord Lieutenant proposed Lothair's health, and dexterously made his comparative ignorance of the subject the cause of his attempting a sketch of what he hoped might be the character of the person whose health he proposed. Every one intuitively felt the resemblance was just and even complete, and Lothair confirmed their kind and sanguine anticipations by his terse and well-considered reply. His proposition of the ladies' healths was a signal that the carriages were ready to take them, as arranged, to Muriel Mere.

The sun had set in glory over the broad expanse of waters still glowing in the dying beam; the people were assembled in thousands on the borders of the lake, in the center of which was an island with a pavilion. Fanciful barges and gondolas of various shapes and colors were waiting for Lothair and his party, to carry them over to the pavilion, where they found a repast which became the hour and the scene: coffee and ices and whimsical drinks, which sultanas would sip in Arabian tales. No sooner were they seated than the sound of music

was heard, distant, but now nearer, till there came floating on the lake, until it rested before the pavilion, a gigantic shell, larger than the building itself, but holding in its golden and opal seats Signor Mardoni and all his orchestra.

Then came a concert rare in itself, and ravishing in the rosy twilight; and in about half an hour, when the rosy twilight had subsided into a violet eve, and when the white moon that had only gleamed began to glitter, the colossal shell again moved on, and Lothair and his companions embarking once more in their gondolas, followed it in procession about the lake. He carried in his own bark the Duchess, Theodora, and the Lord Lieutenant, and was rowed by a crew in Venetian dresses. As he handed Theodora to her seat the impulse was irresistible: he pressed her hand to his lips.

Suddenly a rocket rose with a hissing rush from the pavilion. It was instantly responded to from every quarter of the lake. Then the island seemed on fire, and the scene of their late festivity became a brilliant palace, with pediments and columns and statues, bright in the blaze of colored flame. For half an hour the sky seemed covered with blue lights and the bursting forms of many-colored stars; golden fountains, like the eruption of a marine volcano, rose from different parts of the water; the statued palace on the island changed and became a forest glowing with green light; and finally a temple of cerulean tint, on which appeared in huge letters of prismatic color the name of Lothair.

The people cheered, but even the voice of the people was overcome by troops of rockets rising from every quarter of the lake, and by the thunder of artillery. When the noise and the smoke had both subsided, the name of Lothair still legible on the temple but the letters quite white, it was perceived that on every height for fifty miles round they had fired a beacon.